# THE LITERARY DIGEST

(Title registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries)

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## TOPICS OF THE DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

# CAN THE MISSISSIPPI BE TAMED?

IS THE NATION WHOSE ENGINEERING GENIUS and financial power gave us the Panama Canal incapable of solving the problem of flood control in the Mississippi basin? The challenge of this question will remain after all has been done that can be done to alleviate the misery of dwellers in the flood zone and to repair the colossal property damage of the present appalling disaster. While the problem is not a new one—for engineers have been struggling to hold the "Father of Waters" in leash ever since De la Tour, who laid out New Orleans, began the first levee in 1717—it has probably never before so insistently impress itself upon the public mind as a problem vital not merely to the seven States most immediately affected, but to the whole nation. Some idea of the stupendous bulk and strength of this giant river which is now indulging in one of its devastating rampages, and of the difficulty of bringing it under human control, may be gathered from the following statements which we quote from an article in the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin:*

### A CALL TO HELP OUR OWN

**THE cry of our own stricken people rings to-day in the ears of America, which has always met so generously the call of distress from alien lands. Gathering together all the rain-swollen streams between the Alleghanies and the Rockies, the mighty Mississippi has become a mad destructive giant, the most terrible flood torrent that ever swept through our land. As the crest of the flood has moved on past St. Louis, Cairo, Memphis, Vicksburg, New Orleans, it has broken through levees, swept over city streets, carried away homes, destroyed thousands and thousands of acres of farm lands. Hundreds of people trapped on the levees or in isolated homes have been sucked down to death. A quarter of a million of our own people in the very heart of the country are homeless, penniless wanderers. They have lost their all, their only means of livelihood. Each day new levees break, more towns are flooded, the peril spreads, more refugees come crowding in to the emergency camps set up by the Red Cross. They must have food, shelter, clothing, medical care, at once. And after the first emergency is met the demand will continue, for these people must be restored to their homes and the peril of disease in the flooded areas must be averted. The call will at once touch the hearts of the more than five million readers of THE LITERARY DIGEST who have never failed in generously and quickly responding to all human appeals. Our own check for $5,000 is now in the hands of the Treasurer of our great American Red Cross, and we urge all who read this brief appeal promptly to send a contribution to the American Red Cross, Washington, D. C.**

"The Mississippi, with its 250 tributaries, fifty of which rank as navigable streams, drains thirty-one States, comprising about 40 per cent. of the country's total area. This enormous watershed, reaching from the Continental Divide to the Alleghanies, makes the problem of checking the floods of the lower Mississippi complicated and difficult. Excessive precipitation anywhere in this area of central United States has no outlet to the sea save by way of the big river.

"The largest tributaries of the Mississippi are the Missouri, Ohio, Arkansas, Red, St. Francis, Yazoo, White, and Tensas. The maximum discharge of the Arkansas equals that of the upper Mississippi. The Missouri doubles, and the Ohio triples it. A flood condition on any one of these rivers means trouble in the Mississippi basins. When several of them get busy at once, disaster follows.

"The Mississippi channel below Cairo overflows when the discharge exceeds 1,000,000 cubic feet per second. And the Ohio alone has been known to send down 1,500,000 feet. In the great flood of 1912 it is estimated that 1,000,000 cubic feet more than the channel capacity was running past Cairo.

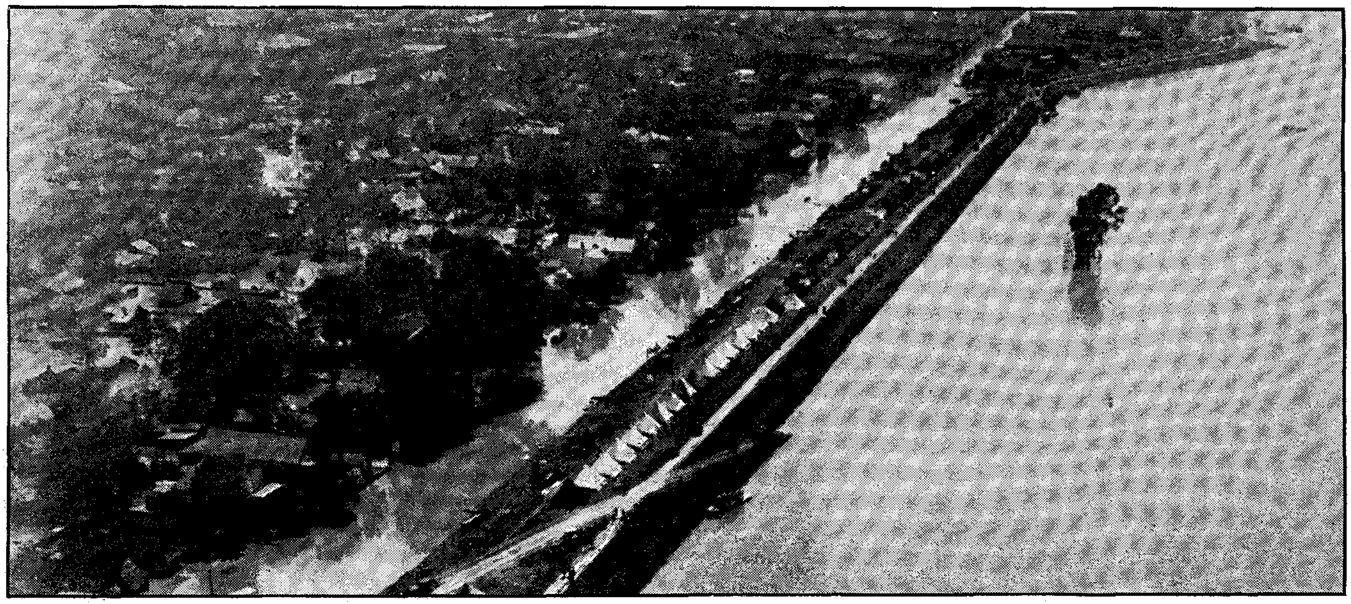
"The alluvial valley each side of the river shows that floods have always been common. As long ago as 1785 a flood of great proportions took place. The people of New Orleans erected the first levee away back in 1718. But the steady deposit of silt by the river along its edge and in its bed raises the stream, so that it actually creates a sort of causeway. From time to time, before the valley began to be settled, the river would break out of its channel, and cut a new one on lower ground. In the attempt to wall it in, about 1,500 miles of levees have been built below Cairo. Behind these banks, which are fifteen to twenty-five feet high, the farmers of the Mississippi basin live and work.

"When flood waters burst the levees, they roll with great speed out across the land and into the old bayous, carrying everything before them, because they are actually rolling down hill from the river.

"The planters and farmers of the Mississippi Valley basins go about their daily tasks with the bottom of the big river in many places as high as the tops of their barns."

While the taming of the Mississippi is a task for the nation as a whole, it is one of which the inhabitants of the flooded regions can speak with peculiar authority. THE DIGEST therefore telegraphed to a number of Mississippi Valley papers, asking them what negligence, if any, is responsible for the present disaster, and what precautions should be taken against its recurrence. From Vicksburg, Mississippi, *The Herald* replies that "the colossal loss in the Mississippi Valley this spring has not been due to negligence on the part of those in authority and on whose shoulders rests the responsibility of directing the fight to hold the river levees." The disaster, it says, "has been caused by the greatest flood in history coming down from the watersheds of the northern valleys, and by the heaviest rains ever known in the Arkansas Valley." On the subject of prevention it goes on to say:

"This paper is convinced that the flood problem calls for national action through a Federal commission, with the taking of flood control out of the hands of politics as much as possible. The problem can be solved. It must be on a comprehensive scale. Federal and State jurisdiction must be coordinated, as



International Newsreel photograph

A FLOODED MISSISSIPPI RIVER TOWN, WITH REFUGEES ENCAMPED ON THE LEVEE

well as the various economic, commercial and financial interests of the nation. Levees alone will not protect the people from floods of such tremendous volume as rolled down the valley this year. Source stream control with spillways above New Orleans will undoubtedly solve flood control. The cost will be great, but not too great when one considers the loss of life and property damage in the present flood and also the cost to the Government. It should not be forgotten that floods like the present come but once in a hundred years, but it is also true that with the cutting away of the forest of the north each succeeding flood has been heavier and that the problem is now one that must be treated on a national scale and the question of flood control taken up as a whole.

"The development, improvement, regulation and control of navigation as a part of interstate and foreign commerce, also the related questions of irrigation, drainage, forestry, arid and swamp land reclamation, clarification of streams, regulation of flow, control of floods, utilization of water-power, prevention of soil erosion and waste, storage and conservation of water for agricultural, industrial, municipal and domestic uses, cooperation of railways and waterways, and promotion of terminal and transfer facilities, all enter into the question."

From the same city, however, comes the statement of *The Evening Post* that the levee system can be made effective if enough money is available for this purpose:

"The United States Engineers' representatives in this section who have studied the question, and the people who live behind the levees and suffer when crevasses occur and their lands are flooded, believe that the levees can be made safe to hold the Mississippi River flood if only enough dirt is placed on them. People living along the levees have taxed themselves to the limit in building levees, and they feel that national aid for solving this national problem should be more generous.

"While ten million dollars is now available yearly from the Government for flood-control work in the Mississippi River valley, much more than Congress would agree to appropriate regularly in the past, this sum becomes small when it is considered how many hundreds of miles of levees must be built and protected."

From St. Louis, four or five hundred miles farther up the river, comes the statement that while levees are important, and even indispensable, they alone can not tame the Father of Waters. Says the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat:*

"The remedy is written in the rolling hand of the waters themselves on the scroll of a vast landscape: prevent all the rivers from rising at the same time. As this is not to be done by control of the rainfall, so also is it not to be done, as the country now seems well convinced, by levee control either on trunk streams or tributaries.

"Levees are important, will always be indispensable, but they are not enough. It is all a matter of the water pressure as the floods mount, of compelling the tributaries to take their turn in adding to that pressure, instead of all adding to it at the same time.

"The waters themselves show how it is to be done, when the inundations following the breaking of some levees enable other levees to stand by reducing the pressure by which they are assaulted. Regulated inundations, inundations brought on by design in places where they will do no damage, in places even prepared for them, is the solution of the stupendous problem in continental hydraulics."

From the same Missouri city comes the statement of *The Star* that "something evidently is wrong with the method of levee construction along the great streams of the Mississippi Valley." As this paper sees it—

"The old type of earth embankment, after a century of trial, is clearly inadequate. It ought to be clear to Army engineers and drainage officials after the present flood disaster that a new and stronger type of dike is needed. Modern engineering ought to be able to devise something new and better.

"There is a proposal to impound the waters and turn them over to power production. On the face of it this scheme is feasible, but there is also danger that such a scheme under Federal control will become another white elephant such as is Muscle Shoals to-day. In private hands such a work would permit exploitation of the whole valley by the power interests unless thoroughly safeguarded.

"It is a problem of first importance. An adequate plan in the interest of the whole people is needed. Uncle Sam can not get down to this thorough study too soon."

The South can not stand these recurring disasters, declares the Memphis *Press-Scimitar*, which goes on to say:

"Its cities and farm homes have been built behind these levees in a sense of security which has proven false. Its future development can not be undertaken in the face of the threat of repeated flood disasters which will wipe out property values as fast as they are created.

"The levee system has proved and affirmed its inadequacy. Drainage projects developed along the little rivers tributary to the Mississippi, developed to relieve flood areas, have served the levee system badly; for when the rains come in the spring the swift currents gather the water from the flats and bottoms and rush it down into the big river to be hurled against the dikes which men, in their concern to save themselves for the present, have built and added to, and the levees are swept away, so that the flood is far greater, far more a disaster than it might have been without the walls designed to imprison the waters.

"We need another Goethals to build a flood-control system for the Mississippi Valley.

"For this gigantic job, *The Press-Scimitar* nominates Herbert

Hoover. Not only has he the organizing genius, as he has demonstrated by carrying out several of the largest jobs ever turned over to one man, but he is also an engineer of world renown.

"Hoover, we believe, is capable of doing what should and must be done on the Mississippi River. And if he is the man we believe him to be, he would rather do this than be President."

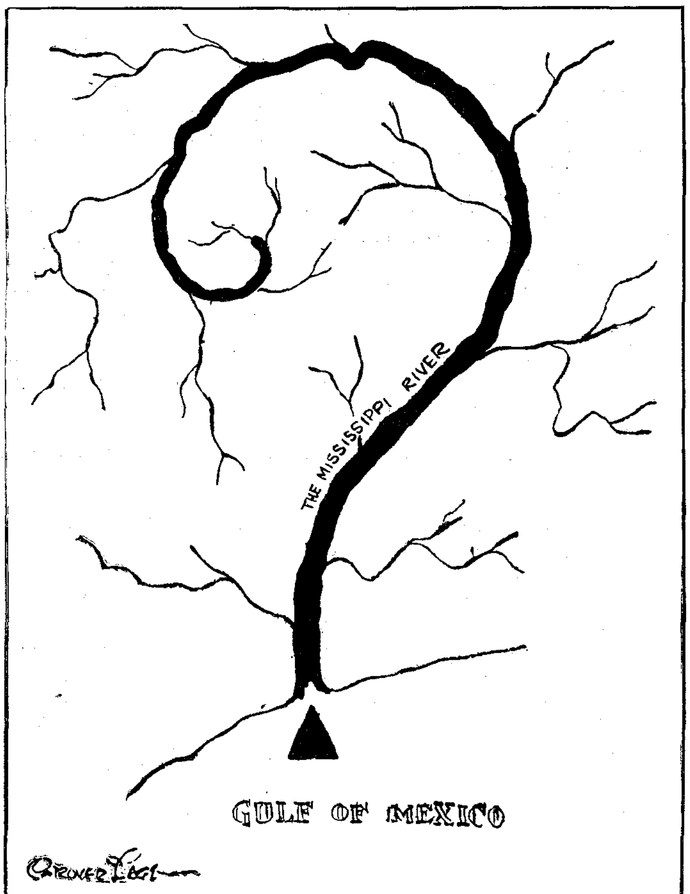
From New Orleans both *The Times-Picayune* and *The Item-Tribune* call attention to the duty of the nation, through Congress, to recognize flood control in the Mississippi basin as a great national problem. Says *The Times-Picayune:*

"Congress has been persuaded to pass some partial measures of flood control, but has neglected the adoption of the comprehensive flood-control program urged upon it repeatedly. That program includes the establishment of the strongest levee system practicable along the lower reaches of the Mississippi, but it neither begins nor ends there. The flood menace is greatest in the lower valley, but it originates far northward in the upper reaches of the great river and its tributaries.

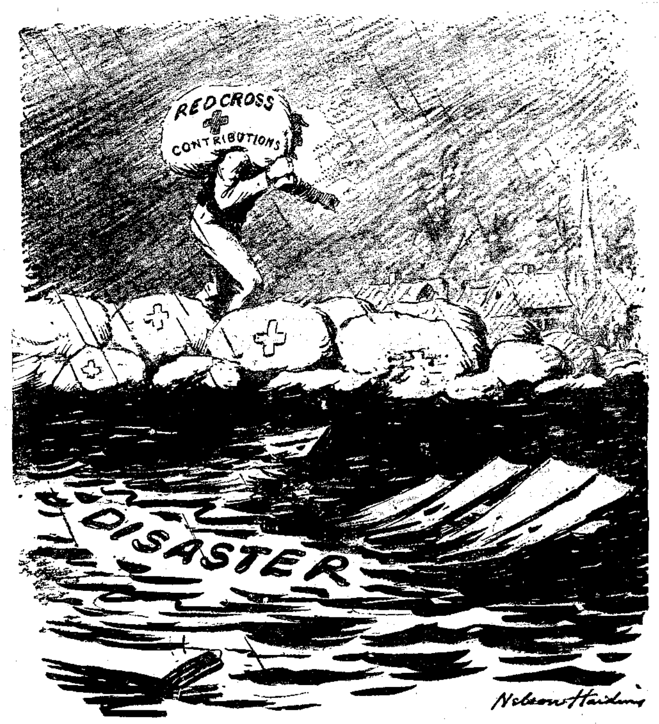
"The way to 'eliminate or abate' the flood destructiveness has been repeatedly outlined and discust in newspapers and magazines, before conventions and before Congress. But the Federal Government alone can apply the measures needed for comprehensive and effective solution of the flood problem. They include stream control, up-river as well as down-river, reservoirs to impound the surplus waters barred out from their natural basins up-stream; spillways where practicable. That it is possible and practicable to regulate the water-flow, usefully employ the surplus waters, prevent or greatly minimize the danger of costly overflows, is, we believe, almost universally conceded by engineering experts.

"A bill directing a comprehensive survey of the problem and the ways and means of the solution—one of several—went unpassed through the last Congress. It will be reintroduced in the next. Soon or late it will be passed, marking the beginning of a successful attack upon the flood-menace. But Congress must take the initiative—and Congress is prone to forget the need when the rivers rest from troubling and less vital matters clamor for its attention."

The one thing in the world that "will adequately and permanently prevent the recurrent menace, in ever more damaging proportions, that the floods of the Mississippi Valley present," declares *The Item-Tribune*, "is an honest acceptance of its just responsibility by the nation as a whole, for a comprehensive Federal attack all along the line." And this Louisiana paper goes on to say:



HOW IT LOOKS TO THE GOVERNMENT ENGINEERS
—Page in the Louisville *Courier-Journal.*



HELP BUILD THE LEVEE
—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle.*

"Every high water in the lower valley is worse than every one preceding it. The higher you build the levees the harder they fall. Yet the higher the floods become the higher the levees must be. The limit is at hand. The bat-blind policy of 'levees only' is obsolete. Our own limited experiment down here with a spillway measure, entirely inadequate because done in the face of out-of-date engineering opposition and opposition from apprehensive communities in the prospective path of the spilling waters, none the less shows that the spillway has merit for flood control in relieving strain on the levees.

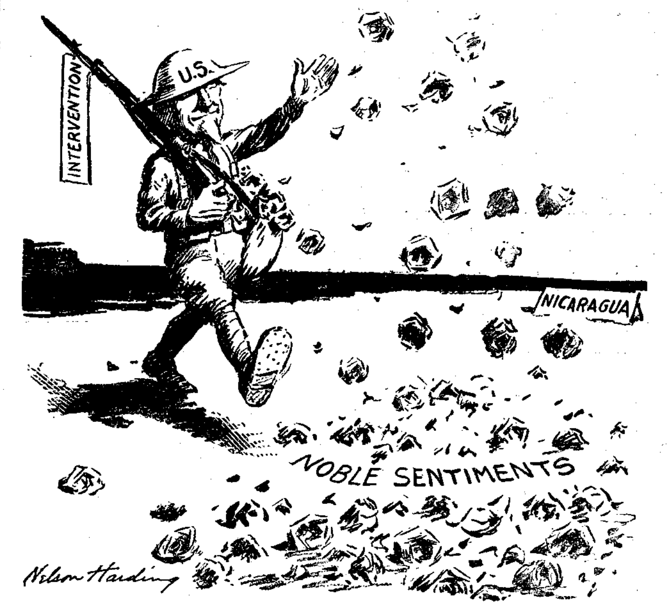
"Beyond spillways and levees, however, must come great national works for impounding the waters near their sources and turning them from destructive to useful purposes under engineering control. It is an enormous job, but national responsibility for it is clear. National benefits to be derived from it are equally clear. It would not cost more than a fraction of the price of an Isthmian Canal, and what it did cost would be largely offset by new gains in irrigation for agriculture and by newly created hydro-electric power.

"Meanwhile the whole mid-continent, from the Alleghanies to the Rockies, continues to deforest itself and precipitate upon us in the neck of the funnel ever-rising flood levels with which we can no longer cope alone."

Heretofore, a Washington correspondent of the New York *Journal of Commerce* reminds us, the Federal Government has limited its interest in flood control to the lower Mississippi on the theory that it was only justified in spending Federal funds where the floods directly affected navigation. Therefore it has not paid much attention to the problems of controlling headwater and so-called local floods on the upper tributaries. But the present disaster, the correspondent says, "proves beyond argument that levee protection is not enough and that the Southern States have a very real interest in flood prevention on the upper reaches of the Mississippi and Missouri watersheds." Therefore, he predicts, the South will join with the North to demand of the next Congress a new and more comprehensive program for dealing with this stupendous and baffling problem.

# A "COOLIDGE DOCTRINE" FOR CENTRAL AMERICA

OUR THREE THORNS, they say, are Mexico, Nicaragua, and China. So when President Coolidge undertook, a few evenings ago, to reveal some of the inmost secrets of his foreign policy, it was our attitude toward these three nations that he sought to justify. Let it be said before going further that the general tone and tenor of the President's speech evoked almost universal approbation on the part of the press; that the forecast of an early settlement with Mexico was received with vast relief; that the sympathetic remarks about China pleased even the most insistent critics of the Administration—but Nicaragua is found to be still a tough, sharp thorn. For in saying that our Government has special responsibilities in Nicaragua and other Central American countries, President Calvin Coolidge laid down what Washington, New York, London, and Paris observers consider a new and historic statement of American foreign policy—a "Coolidge doctrine." Right here the journalistic battle breaks out and the friends and foes of the Administration rush to the fray. One editor finds our rôle in pursuance of the Coolidge doctrine "constructive and benevolent"; another deems it "untenable, unmoral, and un-American."



SAYING IT WITH FLOWERS

—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

President Coolidge's address, as newspaper readers may recall, was delivered on April 25 at the twentieth anniversary dinner of the United Press in New York City. After stating his opinion that the American press "ought to be first of all thoroughly American," when our Government has controversies with foreign nations—a remark that has called out a certain amount of editorial dissent—President Coolidge characterized our foreign policy in general as peaceful and benevolent. He then made the emphatic observation that "the person and property of a citizen are a part of the general domain of a nation even when abroad." On the other hand, he continued, "there is a distinct and binding obligation on the part of self-respecting governments to afford protection to the persons and property of their citizens, wherever they may be." All this was leading up to Mexico. The history of our controversy with that nation, from the American standpoint, was briefly given, with the dictum that arbitration is difficult since our Government can not concede that Mexico has the right to confiscate, without compensation, the property of Americans through retroactive application of her 1917 Constitution; and since Mexico can hardly permit the questioning of her right to enact such a constitution and laws as she pleases. But President Coolidge had a piece of welcome news for his hearers:

> "I am glad to report that the Mexican Ambassador has recently declared to me that she does not intend to confiscate our property; that she has shown diligence in capturing and punishing those who have murdered our citizens, and express the wish, which we so thoroughly entertain, of keeping cordial and friendly relations. With a strong sentiment of this nature, which I am convinced animates the people of both countries, it will surely be possible to reach an amicable adjustment."

In Nicaragua, our marines, according to President Coolidge, were sent solely "to protect American lives and property." Mr. Henry L. Stimson has been sent to Nicaragua to obtain information which will enable the President to deal with the situation there more understandingly. Meanwhile, we are reminded that our citizens have certain investments in Nicaragua; that our Government has secured the right to construct a canal and establish a naval base. President Coolidge wants to correct the impression that there is oil in Nicaragua. But he also desires to call the attention of Administration critics to the fact that our country consumes a vast quantity of oil products, and "if these are to be kept within a reasonable price, which is very important to a great body of our citizens, our people who go abroad to develop new fields and to increase the supply ought to have the encouragement and support of our Government." And now we come to the paragraph announcing the "Coolidge doctrine":

> "Toward the governments of countries which we have recognized this side of the Panama Canal we feel a moral responsibility that does not attach to other nations. We wish them to feel that our recognition is of real value to them and that they can count on such support as we can lawfully give when they are beset with difficulties. We have undertaken to discourage revolutions within that area and to encourage settlement of political differences by the peaceful method of elections. This policy is bound to meet with some discouragements, but it is our hope and belief that ultimately it will prevail."

The final portion of the President's address contained an extremely sympathetic reference to the struggles and aspirations of the Chinese people and the simple declaration that our citizens in China "are being concentrated in ports where we can protect them and remove them. It is solely for this purpose that our war-ships and marines are in that territory."

The Coolidge doctrine, as that experienced Washington commentator, David Lawrence, understands it, simply means "that the United States intends to pursue a policy north of Panama which involves responsibilities and obligations it does not feel toward nations south of Panama or anywhere else in the world." The French, according to Edward L. James, writing from Paris to the New York *Times*, construe the President's statement "as being perilously close to a declaration that we are trying to put our neighbors to the south on a mandate basis." The London *Times* complains that "the purposes, the claims, and political methods of the United States in the Caribbean countries are explained perhaps a little dimly, but certainly they are not concealed." The London daily thinks that the "tendency of the United States to establish something like mandates over those countries long has been common knowledge and there is not the slightest reason to assume that this is a bad tendency." But European difficulty in understanding our statements of foreign policy seem to the New York *Times* to lie "in the nature of the case":

> "The Monroe Doctrine has never been officially defined. The President, in the speech which Europe finds obscure, did not go beyond asserting a kind of 'special,' but undefined, responsibility of the United States for peace and order in the republics immediately to the south. Frankly, we are feeling our way, and

## CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

*Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated.*

1. What two public men are the most effective political broadcasters in America? (p. 46).
2. What was Ramsay MacDonald's first job? (p. 53).
3. Who is described as "the merriest tax-collector since the days of Robin Hood?" (p. 18).
4. Is wine good for chickens? (p. 23).
5. Are the boys of this generation taller or shorter than the boys of fifty years ago? (p. 23).
6. What does President Coolidge think of the Bible? (p. 32).
7. What is the most constant reminder of the war in Belgium? (p. 19).
8. How many Provinces in Canada have tried Prohibition, and abandoned it? (p. 11).
9. What are the four tests of priority and merit that will be applied to each broadcasting station applying to the Radio Commission for a license? (P. 14).
10. What two Canadian Provinces still remain "dry"? (p. 11).
11. What is the "Nobles' bank" in Japan, and why is it so called? (p. 88).
12. What beast of burden makes mountain climbing possible in Tibet? (p. 38).
13. How many States are drained by the Mississippi River and its tributaries? (p. 5).
14. In what year was the *Titanic* sunk? (p. 68).
15. Where was Captain Kidd hanged? (p. 62).
16. What woman golfer has been disbarred from amateur tournaments, and why? (p. 72).
17. What is neon and what is it used for? (p. 21).
18. What great Eastern university has introduced courses in moving-pictures? (p. 27).
19. How many American citizens are there in China? (p. 20).
20. What effect is the net loss of 649,000 of farm population last year likely to have on future prices of foodstuffs? (p. 12).
21. Who is Premier of Japan? (p. 88).
22. What metal is again being hailed as "the metal of the future"? (p. 22).
23. What ancient myth is endangered by revelations about the Hittites? (p. 26).
24. What is the "Coolidge doctrine" in American foreign policy? (p. 8).
25. How may disastrous floods in the Mississippi Valley be prevented or controlled? (p. 6).

> trying to settle troublesome questions as they arise. For such purposes a flexible and adjustable policy is far better than one that is crystallized and unchangeable. The reason why our rulers can not speak more clearly about it is that it is not exactly clear in their own minds. This may seem to statesmen abroad very illogical. They would think us more intelligible if we were more positively doctrinaire. But for our particular objective it is wiser to follow the good old Anglo-Saxon rule of thumb. How that works foreigners will be able to understand should they seek to interfere with the process. It is like the advice given by an old Parliamentary hand to a newcomer in the House of Commons. He asked the best way to find out what were the rules of the House. The reply was: 'Violate them, and then you will quickly learn what they are.'"

In Washington, according to a dispatch to *The Times:*

> "The Coolidge statement is accepted as bringing to the mainland of the Caribbean, particularly Central America, if not to Mexico, the determination of the United States to exercise a guiding hand in the interest of international stability as it had already put forth its hand in the West Indies, notably through the Platt Amendment in Cuba and its assistance in encouraging orderly government of a character friendly to the United States in the Dominican Republic and in Haiti.
>
> "It is understood to have been dictated not only by the national interests of the United States in that region, especially as wrapt up in the treaty with Nicaragua for a canal route, but also by the growing private interests of Americans and Europeans in Central America for the safeguarding of which a condition of public order is essential."

The Coolidge doctrine has the sanction of having been practised by two of President Coolidge's predecessors, says the Dallas *News* (Dem.), "so that it may be said to be a national policy crystallized almost into a tradition." It has the editorial approval of representative dailies like the Denver *Post* (Ind.), Kansas City *Star* (Ind.), San Francisco *Bulletin* (Ind.), and Los Angeles *Express* (Rep.). The New York *Herald Tribune* (Rep.) says:

> "All this area is being brought into closer relations with the United States, its economic as well as political interests becoming entwined with ours. Such association is natural and inevitable. It may be made of the utmost value to these undeveloped States, which need only order and capital to become highly prosperous. The rôle of the United States in Central America is constructive and benevolent. It is helpful, not 'imperialistic.' Efforts to blacken it or frustrate it will make no headway with the American people, who are as faithful to-day to Monroeism and Pan-Americanism as they were a hundred years ago."

But others have their doubts. "Every dominating people has, from the dawn of history," announced some such program as this, remarks the Des Moines *Register* (Ind.), "and it has never worked out in practise." As M. E. Tracy asks in his column in the Scripps-Howard chain of newspapers:

> "Are we to understand that this nation is being committed to a special sphere of influence, that it has cut out a particular slice of the world's surface which it proposes to dominate? That has been a doctrine of European nations in Africa and the East, but this is the first time it has been announced as a doctrine of the United States."

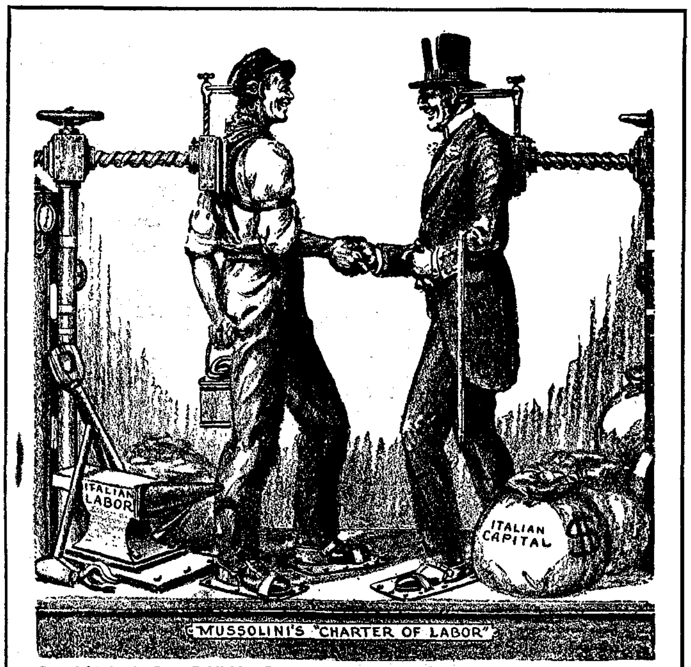
"Americans would all like to believe that this spreading out in the Caribbean is merely service to a backward people," but unfortunately, we read in the St. Louis *Star* (Ind.), "this service is not always conducted as the President declares it must be, and too frequently sinks to the level of mere exploitation, backed up by the military forces of the nation." It seems to the St. Louis daily that "the United States has not convinced the peoples of the Caribbean and of South America that we have no intention of injuring their nationality, and will not seek to destroy their culture, replacing it with American hustle and materialism." *The Nation* (New York) finds in this part of the Coolidge speech "an untenable, unmoral, and un-American doctrine which would forever keep us in hot water, necessitate standing Armies and Navies for all time, and involve us in constant interference in the internal concerns of other nations."

Turning from the more controversial features of the speech, it should be noted that President Calles of Mexico has exprest his agreement with President Coolidge that the way is now open for a peaceful negotiated settlement of the issues between the two countries. Gratification over such a prospect is exprest by leading papers all over the country, including the Democratic New York *World* and Philadelphia *Record*, and the independent Springfield *Republican* in the East; and the independent Seattle *Times*, and Republican Tacoma *Ledger*, and Portland *Oregonian* in the West.

Similar approval of the President's references to China is wide-spread, and Z. L. Chang, Chinese Consul-General in New York, said in a recent speech that President Coolidge's message of "good-will and deepest sympathy" is "very encouraging to the Chinese people."

## MUSSOLINI'S NEW GRIP ON INDUSTRY

A BLOW AT HUMAN FREEDOM is seen by the President of the American Federation of Labor and some of our newspapers in the recently promulgated "charter of labor" of Fascist Italy, altho Premier Mussolini expects the document, when enacted into law, to settle, for Italy, at least, the age-long conflict between capital and labor. This "charter" is generally described in the American press as an elaboration of the principles which became law last summer, and these, remarks the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, "were anything but a charter of liberty." "It is not a charter at all, but a set of rules designed to regulate the joint functioning of capital and labor," declares the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*. As the New York *World* explains: "The Government itself has organized capital and labor throughout the nation. It is to control these organizations—one federation each for employers, laborers, and professional workers; it is to be a party to all their agreements and arbiter of all disputes."



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WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?

—Petrie in the New York *Evening World*.

The object of this program, it is said, is to liberate Italy from the friction of capital and labor, and bring its industrial efficiency to the highest possible level. As we read in an Associated Press dispatch from Rome:

> "The underlying idea of the 'charter of labor' is the State's undisputed right directly to control all forces of production, acting as the guardian both of capital and labor, establishing equality of right and duties between them, compelling them to carry out their tasks for the common good, punishing infractions, and maintaining peace between them at any cost."

Labor's idea in the past, when it got into a squabble with capital, says Arnaldo Cortesi in a Rome dispatch to the New York *Times*, has been to scorn a settlement, and "to hit the employer in the eye." Now, the Fascisti maintain that this is all wrong. In fact, a rather stringent list of regulations forbidding strikes was promulgated last summer. The thirty provisions contained in the "charter of labor," from which the following are taken, seem to be supplementary to the 1926 edict. According to a Rome dispatch to the United Press, some of the 1927 provisions are:

> "The State's interference in economic production occurs only when private initiative is lacking or insufficient. Such interference will have the aspect of control and encouragement, and even direction.
>
> "Stoppages of production and financial panics must be borne equally by all elements of production.
>
> "In collective controversies, judicial action can not be taken until conciliation is tried.
>
> "Organization of operators or industrialists must stipulate collective contracts fixing wages, hours, and conditions.
>
> "Wages must be paid either weekly or fortnightly. Night work must be paid a certain percentage more than day work. There must be a minimum wage for the industrious worker on a piecework basis.
>
> "The workman has a right to a weekly day of rest. Hours of work must be scrupulously observed by workmen.
>
> "After a year's uninterrupted work, a workman has a right to a vacation on pay.
>
> "In industries operating continuously, a workman discharged for reasons beyond his control is entitled to compensation proportionate to the number of years he has served.
>
> "Various organizations must provide and observe laws preventing accidents and requiring insurance.
>
> "Employers and employees must share the burdens of insurance. The State will coordinate these functions."

"No stronger evidence of the complete despotism which Mussolini exercises in Italy could be found than this," asserts the Richmond paper quoted in the preceding column. Hereafter, points out the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*, "the captains of Italian industry will function under the supervision of the State, and their property and wealth may be taken over in any emergency." Furthermore, avers William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, in a recent statement:

> "The so-called Fascist 'charter of labor' is a proclamation of enslavement in that it reduces the working people subject to it to a condition of industrial servitude. It is a blow at human freedom, and sets up compulsory methods in industry for private initiative and freedom of contract. It completely destroys the principle and processes of collective bargaining.
>
> "The world has never witnessed a greater exhibition of autocracy gone mad. The principles underlying the so-called 'charter of labor' are the same as the principles underlying the industrial and political policies pursued by the Soviet Government in Russia.
>
> "There can be no freedom in any nation except where the people are industrially free. This applies to both employers and employees."

"This control of industry and production is repugnant to the conception of individual liberty which has prevailed for centuries in North America and northern European countries," observes the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*. As for Italy, it remains to be seen, remarks the Baltimore *Sun*, whether the "charter of labor" will benefit that country or not.

While there seems to be no outstanding champion of the Mussolini document among American newspapers, it is pointed out by a number that the effect of the doctrine it embodies undoubtedly will be felt far beyond Italy's shores. One of these days, predicts the Milwaukee *Journal*, "the free civilizations of other countries may awaken to the fact that Italy's program has effected a change that neither our present competitive system nor Marxism could accomplish." In fact, observes the New York *Herald Tribune*, "what Mussolini is doing all Europe will, some way or other, eventually have to do." Under Mussolini, we read in the St. Louis *Star:*

> "Italy is slowly and painfully climbing the upward path of material progress. On the theory that the nation is greater than individuals who compose it, Musolini and his black-shirts have reformed the penal code, the judicial code, the civil and maritime laws. Now the labor laws have been brought into line with the ideal that the individual has only a duty in the State.
>
> "The change which has come over Italy is little short of miraculous in the material world. The class war that was wrecking cities and Provinces has abruptly stopt. Instead of bemoaning their lot, Italians have gone to work and are well on their way toward working out a domestic salvation. Italian prestige, at an extremely low ebb as recently as five years ago, is now high internationally. Mussolini has made a profound change in the habits of his people, and has set his nation on the high road of national achievement."

## ANOTHER WET PROVINCE IN CANADA

Only a little while ago all the Provinces of Canada except Quebec were living under "bone-dry" Prohibition laws. But Province after Province has turned from the attempt to outlaw John Barleycorn, and is trying instead to subject him to some effective form of government control. When New Brunswick last month took this step, it left only the two other Maritime Provinces, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, still under the Prohibition banner. What, it is asked, will be the effect of government control of the sale of liquor in New Brunswick under the new law which provides that the person dealing with bootleggers shall receive the same punishment as those convicted of selling the liquor? "Its friends declare it will greatly promote temperance," says a New Brunswick daily, the St. John *Times-Globe*, "while its opponents assert that the ease with which liquor may be procured from government stores, in addition to the supply from bootleggers, will prevent any such improvement." At any rate, we are told, there has been a net gain in the dry direction, for, while New Brunswick has lined up with the other Canadian Provinces that allow liquor to be sold in government stores, no Province has legalized the old-fashioned saloon. Another gain on the dry side is predicted through the elimination of the bootlegger, for, as one paper points out, the Provincial Government will sell liquor at such low prices that there will be no profit in bootlegging. And what bootlegger will carry on at a loss?

It was Premier Baxter, of New Brunswick, supporter of the new measure, who sponsored the war-time dry bill which it supersedes, we are reminded by another New Brunswick paper, the Fredericton *Daily Mail*. Premier Baxter, according to Canadian dispatches, is to put his government-sale law into effect without a plebiscite. A year or two hence, it is said, after the people of the Province have had a chance to see how the law operates, he will hold a general election, the result of which will determine whether Prohibition will be restored or not. That New Brunswick's abandonment of its Prohibition law does not meet with unanimous approval in the Province will be shown later. But the press comment that reaches us is predominantly favorable. Thus *The Daily Mail*, in the Provincial capital, says:

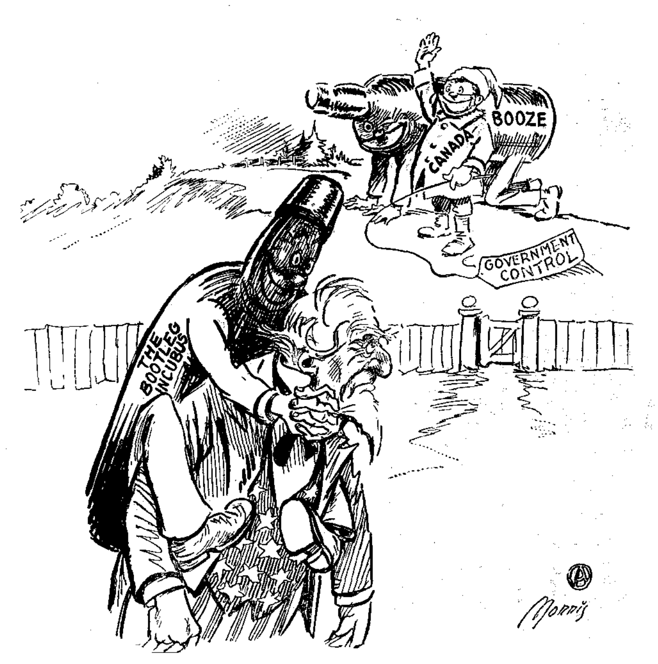
> "The Prohibition law has been a miserable failure in New Brunswick. It has promoted disrespect for all law and encouraged bootlegging. In fact, it has been little better than a farce.
>
> "Premier Baxter and his colleagues have displayed wonderful courage in grappling with the liquor problem, and seeking to remedy by legislation an intolerable condition of affairs.
>
> "The new law, as was pointed out by several of its opponents during the course of debate in the House, is more drastic liquor-control legislation than the Act recently placed on the statute books of Ontario. If, when put into effect, it does not succeed in eliminating the bootlegger, it will certainly go a long way in that direction. The new law will bring the liquor traffic out into the sunlight. Those who want liquor will have the opportunity to procure it in a legal way, and if they choose to patronize bootleggers, they must abide by the consequences.
>
> "The new law was carefully drawn, and we believe the public interests have been amply safeguarded."

It must be conceded that the Prohibition act was not effective, and "the interest of the cause of temperance demanded a change," agrees another Fredericton daily, *The Gleaner*, which adds:

> "Our experience has been that of the other Provinces of Canada, from the Pacific east to Ontario, who are in advance of us in rescinding an Act which was clearly destructive of moral standards; an Act which, in the inability to work out, encouraged abuse and disrespect of the laws of the land. Premier Baxter, his Government, his supporters in the legislature, and others in the House who are not his supporters, have performed a real public service in giving to the people a liquor Act which can be made operative, and which as such will reasonably command public respect."

The Moncton *Times*, another New Brunswick paper, also has a good word for the new law:

> "The great question for the people is the best means of controlling the liquor traffic. Prohibition has been tried, and the Government has been spending thousands of dollars each year to enforce the dry law. The enforcement agents have not been uniformly successful. One of the reasons is that the great majority of the people do not regard violations of the liquor law in the same way that they regard violations of other laws. The Baxter measure calls for severe penalties upon violators of the law, and places the purchaser of illegal liquor in the same category as the vender. This, with the legalized sale at government stores, removes much of the incentive to violate the law. There are few purchasers who will run the risk of conviction when they can supply their wants in a legal way.



U. S.: "I hope you have good luck, neighbor."

—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

> "The Prohibition law does not prohibit. Government control of the sale of liquor may be no better, but it can not be worse. After a trial under both systems, the people of New Brunswick will be in a position to judge which is the better one. And the will of the people must prevail."

But the Moncton *Transcript*, on the other hand, sees no justification for New Brunswick's abandonment of its Prohibition law, which it thinks has never had a fair trial. We read:

> "Premier Baxter has no mandate to repeal the Prohibition law and substitute for it a liquor-control law. No honest effort has been made to enforce the Prohibition law. The Premier knows that no more disgraceful evasion of public duty has ever been known in this Province than the failure of the authorities to give the fullest possible effect to the Prohibition legislation.
>
> "The evil that the Premier and his associates are doing now is involved in their decision to ignore the will of the recorded majority of the electors of New Brunswick."

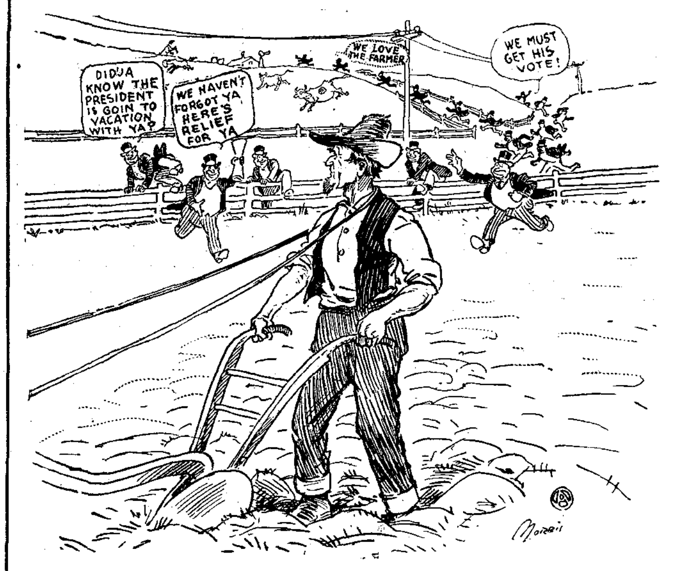
In the opinion of the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger:*

> "Americans are interested in Canada's liquor-law experiments, because from time to time anti-Prohibitionists here have pointed to her governmental control systems as desirable for the United States to adopt instead of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Law. But Prohibition has never been a part of Canada's organic law, so her repeals have not been difficult to bring about when her voters decided they wanted them. On the other hand, wets and drys alike in the United States recognize that it would be exceedingly difficult, if not well-nigh impossible, to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment, so that the most the wets can hope to accomplish is modification of the Volstead enforcement act."

# AN EXODUS THAT MAY RAISE FOOD PRICES

THE FARMERS ARE TREKKING TO TOWN. There is nothing new about this, except that the trek of 1926 was the biggest in any year since the depression of 1920. As a result, Secretary of Agriculture Jardine predicts that the price of food to the consumer will go up, unless the trend reverses itself. While there is nothing alarming in last year's figures, taken by themselves, the real menace to the country, says Mr. Jardine, lies in the inability of the Government to halt the exodus before farms have been so thoroughly depopulated that the United States will not be able to produce enough foodstuffs to meet its needs.

The farmer, says the New York *World*, moves to the city because he can make a better living there than on the farm. It is estimated by the Department of Agriculture that 2,150,000 persons moved from farms to cities, towns, and villages last year, and that 1,135,000 moved to farms. This makes a net movement of more than a million persons away from the farm. "We can't keep that up very long, with the total population increasing all the time, without a food shortage," maintains the Manchester *Union*. But the movement of human beings between farms and cities is not a one-way affair; in 1926 the excess of births over deaths on the farms added 371,000 persons to the agricultural population, so the net loss was reduced to 649,000. In the view of the Washington *Post*, however, "these are not reassuring figures, for the country must have food, and the food must be produced on the farms." Thus, remarks *The Christian Science Monitor*, "the problem of the drift to the cities is one which concerns every man, woman, and child in the United States." In the opinion of the New York *Telegram* and other Scripps-Howard newspapers:


DIDJA KNOW THE PRESIDENT IS GOIN TO VACATION WITH YA?
WE HAVEN'T FORGOT YA HERE'S RELIEF FOR YA
WE LOVE THE FARMER
WE MUST GET HIS VOTE!
Morris

BUT THE "BACK TO THE FARM MOVEMENT" FOR POLITICIANS IS NOW ON

—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

> "It is a great drift and great tragedy that is thus recorded. Behind the drift is the beckoning finger of the city, with its life, movement, and excitement. Behind it is the ambition and restlessness of youth, leaving the farm to make its own way, and the disillusion of the retired farmer, turning his home over to renters, who now operate four out of ten of our farms.
>
> "Behind it—more important than all—is the relentless economic trend which has made it impossible for millions, even of those who have stuck to the farm, to win a decent living.
>
> "It is the trend, in short, which led Professor Dodd, of the University of Chicago, to predict a year ago the development of an American peasantry unless something is done to check it."

"The farm population problem will not be solved," predicts the Providence *Journal*, "until we find some remedy for the present distressing economic conditions in agriculture in various sections of the country." Continues this paper, published in a large industrial city:

> "Some form of substantial farm relief must be obtained shortly that will bring the farm price index into closer approximation to the general price index for all commodities. The nation is absolutely dependent on this great basic industry of farming. It must be restored to a healthy economic condition. And, generally speaking, the only way to do it is to find some relief plan that embodies such economically defensible principles as President Coolidge, for instance, suggested in his veto message on the McNary-Haugen bill."

"That people in general are not blind to the situation is clear," observes the Philadelphia *Record*, "since a number of organizations have been started which would stem, or at least counteract, the exodus of the farm population to the cities." One of these, we are told, is the National Farm School, near Philadelphia, which takes poor boys having only a grammar-school education, and gives them, without charge, a three-year course in scientific agriculture and marketing.

According to O. M. Kile's syndicated editorial service, "How Things Look to the Farmer," the apparent inflow to the farms of 1,135,000 persons last year "is largely an illusion." If this farm authority's information is correct, there was even more of an exodus from the farm to the city than the Department of Agriculture has reported. To quote Mr. Kile further:

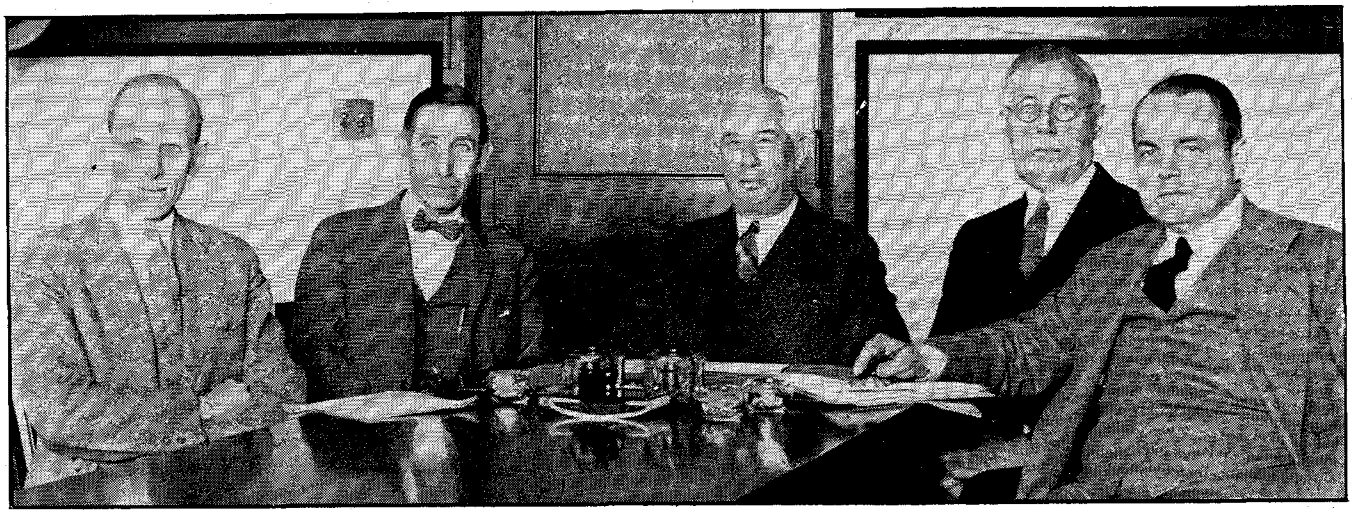
> "The great bulk of those who are said to have abandoned the cities for the farms is made up of city workers who have merely moved out into the country a distance and still carry on their work in the cities. Frequently these persons buy a few acres along the road and build a new house. Sometimes they buy a farm, occupy the farmhouse, and rent the land to a neighboring farmer. In neither instance could the movement of this city family into the country be considered as in any way restoring 'farm' population."

There is another group, however, that does not share Secretary Jardine's fear of a future food shortage and an era of high prices because of the trek to town of a portion of the farm population. Under the circumstances, they affirm, this is the best thing that could happen for the farmers remaining on the soil. The transfer not only reduces competition in producing farm crops, but increases the number of purchasers of farm products. This is the attitude of the Syracuse *Post-Standard*, and to the Council Bluffs *Nonpareil* "it is entirely probable that our immediate farm problem may be worked out eventually by this very decrease in farm population." Says this Iowa paper:

> "If the number of persons on the farms continues to decrease, and the total population of the country continues to increase, there soon will be so many demanding products of the farm and so few furnishing them that the prices for farm products will rise. Good prices on the farm will bring the householders back there."

The fact is, points out the Pittsburgh *Gazette Times*, "while the farm population has been decreasing for years, the surplus products of the soil have been piling up." It is obvious to this paper that "we can spare a good many more farmers." A continuation of the present trend toward the cities, thinks the New York *Herald Tribune*, "indicates that food production is following the normal course of other American industries by increasing its efficiency and releasing labor for other activities." "The greater use of machinery is steadily increasing the production per acre or per man," adds the Boston *Post*, and we read in *The Wall Street Journal:*

> "This is the age of machinery and it is increasing the productive power of agriculture. Look, for instance, at the combine that cuts and threshes the grain at the same time. Three or four men working one of those machines can cut fifty acres of wheat in a day and deliver the grain to the elevator a couple of miles away. The result is an enormous decrease in the amount of labor to the acre."



Times Wide World photograph

THE RADIO COMMISSION THAT IS EXPECTED TO BRING ORDER OUT OF CHAOS IN THE AIR

The members, who were appointed by President Coolidge to control the use of the ether by various broadcasting stations, have decided to do a little pruning, particularly among the country's broadcasting "pirates." They are, from left to right: Henry A. Bellows; Eugene O. Sykes; Admiral W. H. G. Bullard, Chairman; John F. Dillon, and Orestes H. Caldwell.

## TO KILL OFF BROADCASTING "PIRATES"

THE FAITHFUL RADIO FAN will no longer be obliged to listen to a piano solo, a talk on how to take care of the baby, a lecture on the Chinese situation, and the farm market reports when he tunes in on the baseball game between the Philadelphia Athletics and the Washington Senators. This much is gathered from the recent announcement of the Federal Radio Commission that is is going to do a little pruning of the nation's grapevine telegraph. Of course, it is not going to be as easy as all that. No matter what course the Commission may pursue to eliminate the symphony of squeals and the medley of howls that have accompanied both distance and local reception, particularly on the Eastern seaboard, it is certain to be assailed from several directions, fears the Philadelphia *Record*. But the guiding principle of the new government body "is that the public is the party which must be served first, last, and always," explains Walter R. McCallum, in a Washington *Star* article. However, we are reminded by W. W. Jermane, in a Washington dispatch to the Seattle *Times*, "there are the vested rights of the broadcasting corporations to be considered, as well. There are hundreds of millions of dollars invested in broadcasting equipment."

In their efforts to bring order out of chaos in the air, the Commission, remarks the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*, "were in much the same dilemma the mice found themselves in when they decided to bell the cat." As *The Inquirer*, of the same city, brings the situation down to date:

> "Broadcasting was getting along fairly well under Secretary Hoover until the Supreme Court upset things. A Chicago station didn't like the wave-length it had been assigned. It stole one belonging, under international agreement, to Canada. Ordered to desist, it defied authority and went into court. The Supreme Bench decided that the law under which Secretary Hoover was acting was defective and that the station could not be interfered with.
>
> "That decision started trouble—and lots of it. Congress took the matter up and wasted months bickering, either on the floor or in committee rooms. Not until the Sixty-ninth Congress was on its last legs was the new law, which created the Radio Commission, enacted. In the meantime forty-two pirates had raided Canada and picked their own wave-lengths. Stations throughout the land increased and occupied the abandoned ground. There were changes of all sorts. The Radio Commission, therefore, faces a condition which is chaotic. Its task is to clear up the ether and give the six million owners of receiving sets a square run for their money.
>
> "It has begun well. Every one of the forty-two pirates is ordered to find new wave-lengths or shut up shop. This virtually means that they will have to quit outright or be content with assignment to a field where they will be harmless because outside the range of existing machines. There is another crowd that might be classed as semi-pirates. These are the fellows who deliberately gave up wave-lengths that had been allocated to them and took others without regard to the consequences, either to American stations already using them or to the public. These semi-pirates should be the next bunch to be put on the sliding board.
>
> "But even with these eliminations there will still be confusion, due to the multiplicity of stations which will still remain. There is but one thing to do—weed them out."

One of the requirements of the new law creating the Radio Commission is that all broadcasting licenses are to be renewed. The Commission, beginning April 24, decided to extend these licenses, for the present, for only ninety-day periods. "This," notes the New York *World*, "virtually puts all the stations on probation while the Commission is devising a plan for relieving the air jam." An important part of the application for a license, observes the Boston *Globe*, "is the waiver to be signed, giving up any claim to any particular wave-length as against the regulatory power of the United States. This will confirm the Commission in its powers." There will be no widening of the present broadcasting band, we are told. This means that receiving sets of present capacity can still be used. Says the Jersey City *Journal*:

> "The point that interests the majority of broadcast listeners is the fact that if there is a change in the wave-band, 99 per cent. of the receivers in use at the present time will be rendered incapable of covering the broadcast range. A small number of sets are susceptible of change to cover the entire possible range, but the vast majority cover only the present broadcast band, and efforts made by engineers to make them readily adaptable to change have not been particularly successful.
>
> "As a matter of principle, the change in the wave-band reverts back to an argument used by the defenders of interfering radio stations that should receive no consideration. That is the argument that the brunt of the adjustment of the radio chaos should be placed on the listeners. It should be just the reverse. The Radio Commission must, of course, consider the broadcasters, but the board is a creation of the people, and should put the interests of the people first."

At the first meetings of the Radio Commission several weeks ago, we are reminded by the Brooklyn *Eagle*, the desire of the Commissioners seemed to be to avoid interfering with established rights in radio property. Suggestions were made to enlarge the wave-band, to reduce power, to divide time, and to rearrange wave-lengths. Little was said about closing down stations. But, adds the Brooklyn paper, "these milder remedies have not sufficed, so the Commission has decided to cut down the number of stations." To the New York *World*, "this seems to be the only way to reduce the congestion." Late in April the Commission announced that it would insist upon a separation of twenty kilocycles between the stations functioning in New York, and also between those operating in Chicago, the scenes of greatest congestion. Says a Washington dispatch to the New York *Times:*

> "The separation for the country as a whole is ten kilocycles. The wider separation between stations in New York and Chicago, and between stations in each of the two cities, is regarded as necessary in view of the congestion. The separation to be prescribed for New York and Chicago, together with a reduction in each city of the number of stations, is counted upon to relieve the interference that has been the cause of great complaint for several months.
>
> "There are many stations broadcasting in New York and in Chicago. In each city some of the stations will go out of business. Twenty-eight of the forty-six stations authorized to operate in New York under temporary permits will be obliged to divide time. Just how many will retire in each city the Commission is unable to indicate at this time. Indications are that the 732 stations now operating in the United States, less twenty-one portable stations, will be permitted to continue operations, at least for the present. Split time will be required in many sections, notably in the East and on the Pacific coast.
>
> "It was emphasized to-day that, in issuing licenses, the Commission did not intend to 'sacrifice' the rest of the country for New York and Chicago.
>
> "To reduce interference the Commission has decided to order a reduction of power by broadcasting stations in residential districts. Power for such stations will be determined as each situation is presented in applications for licenses.
>
> "Reports have been received by the Commission of considerable interference caused by portable broadcasting stations. Twenty-one such licenses were issued under the law of 1912, which was repealed by the new law. The Commission will not issue any temporary permits to portable broadcasting stations for the present, and such stations will be required to discontinue operation after April 24 unless they certify that they will operate only in a location acceptable to the Commission."

"No Utopia is promised by the Commission," writes Robert Mack, in a Consolidated Press dispatch, "but heterodyne interference will be radically reduced, and a government control authority strictly wielded under the licensing procedure now contemplated by the Commission." Continues this writer:

> "Four tests of priority and merit will be applied to each station applying for a license before such licenses are granted to replace temporary broadcasting permits. The short-term licenses will reallocate waves and powers, and on their basis the Commission will determine by actual practise the conditions upon which final licenses will be granted.
>
> "Public service will be the first test, the record of each applicant station being carefully scrutinized to see what kind of program it has rendered in the past and what it promises to provide in the future. Popularity will be no index, but 'high type and well-rounded' programs will be the determining factor.
>
> "Mechanical efficiency will be the second test. Stations that maintain their power and frequencies with consistency and those that have not jumped or 'wobbled' on their wave-lengths will get prior consideration for the favored powers and waves. Priority in the use of wave-lengths will be recognized by the Commission, particularly in cases where the rights of old and established stations are contested by newer and sometimes less desirable stations.
>
> "Finally, amenability to control in the past and previous cooperation with the authorities will be considered as part of the record of each station. Thus citations made by radio supervisors in the field and officials in Washington may serve as 'black marks' against certain stations.
>
> "Of the seven hundred stations that are expected to remain after voluntary suspensions have reduced the list, the Commission anticipates the 'good boys,' whose past records are unsullied, mechanical efficiency high, and future promise best, will number perhaps 450, large and small. Many of the 'bad boys' will be relegated to the least desirable waves near the lower limit of the broadcast band. No ironclad classifications of stations and no definite penalties are contemplated, but the individual reallocations are expected to reduce the congestion before autumn to an absolute minimum."

## "REDS" UNCLE SAM CAN'T KEEP OUT

THERE IS SOMETHING GRIMLY HUMOROUS to the man in the street—and in the editorial chair of a daily newspaper—in the Department of Labor's attempt to bar from this country as an "alien" an Iroquois Indian whose forefathers roamed the North American continent centuries before the white men crossed the Atlantic and took possession of what is now Canada and the United States. And the decision of Federal Judge Oliver B. Dickinson, of Philadelphia, upholding the right of the first Americans to go about this continent as they please, not only is "good law," remarks the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, "but good sense." It may also be interpreted as "a severe and merited rebuke to bureaucrats who are misusing the Immigration Law," believes the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

The Six Nations, or Iroquois confederacy, claim the right to go and come freely between the United States and Canada, by virtue of one of the oldest treaties of the American Government—the Jay Treaty, which recognized the right of American Indians to unrestricted travel across the border. The office of the United States District Attorney at Philadelphia, seeking to uphold the immigration authorities, claims that this treaty was abrogated by the War of 1812 between England and the United States. Last year the immigration officials at Philadelphia decided that Paul Diabo, a full-blooded Iroquois Indian residing in Canada, had entered the United States illegally and, despite the fact that he was earning $70 a week on the Delaware River Bridge, that "he might become a public charge," according to the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*. He was ordered deported. This ruling, it is said, was upheld at Washington.

Diabo, it seems, was philosophical enough about the deportation, but the Six Nations were not; it created a precedent that might directly affect any one of the 17,000 Iroquois in this country and Canada, to say nothing of its possible application to the 350,000 Indians of the United States. Counsel for the tribes argued that the Indians' rights were not affected by the establishment of the boundary between the United States and Canada, and Federal Judge Dickinson agrees in his ruling that—

> "The boundary line to establish the respective territory of the United States and of Great Britain was clearly not intended to, and just as clearly did not, affect the Indians. The Jay Treaty of 1794 recognized this fact. It has been argued to us pro and con that this treaty was abrogated by the war of 1812. We do not see that the rights of the Indians are in any way affected by the treaty.
>
> "The turning-point of the case is thus to be sought in the answer to the question of whether the Indians are included among the members of the alien nations whose admission to our country is controlled and regulated by the existing immigration laws. The answer, it seems to us, is a negative one. From the Indian view-point he crossed no boundary line. For him this does not exist. This fact the United States has always recognized, and there is nothing in this legislation to work a change in our attitude."

Thus an interesting question is solved, notes the Raleigh *News and Observer*. "The wonder of it is that the point has never been raised before," it adds. In future, points out the Brooklyn *Eagle*, we must remember that "this continent belonged to the Indians before the white man came, with their firearms, to take it away from them." Of Judge Dickinson's decision, the Philadelphia *Inquirer* says:

> "It means that in the future the American Indian may roam to and from Canada regardless of immigration laws. That there should have been any doubt about this will surprize many persons. Judge Dickinson's decision not only settles the question, but puts some needed common sense into the interpretation and administration of the immigration laws.
>
> "We hear a great deal about the early settlers and their rights, but in some quarters there has been a disposition to question the rights of the Indians who were here before the settlers arrived. If there is any such thing as a real American, the Indian is certainly entitled to that distinction."

# TOPICS IN BRIEF

*(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")*

The wet-and-dry issue in this State at present is flood control. —*Arkansas Gazette.*

The wets try to ride the wave of anti-prohibition sentiment, the drys to deride it.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

If the Mississippi continues its wet activities the solid South won't be quite so solid.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"Death Valley" is usually that portion of asphalt lying between two curbstones.—*Wall Street Journal.*

Messrs. Acosta and Chamberlin remained up in the air for 51 hours and 12 minutes without a break. What a mean filibuster these boys could throw.—*San Diego Union.*

A Chicago doctor advises fewer clothes for longer life. But who wants to live long in jail?—*Denver Express.*

When we are able to see over the telephone, we may get a lot of pleasure out of calling wrong numbers.—*San Diego Union.*

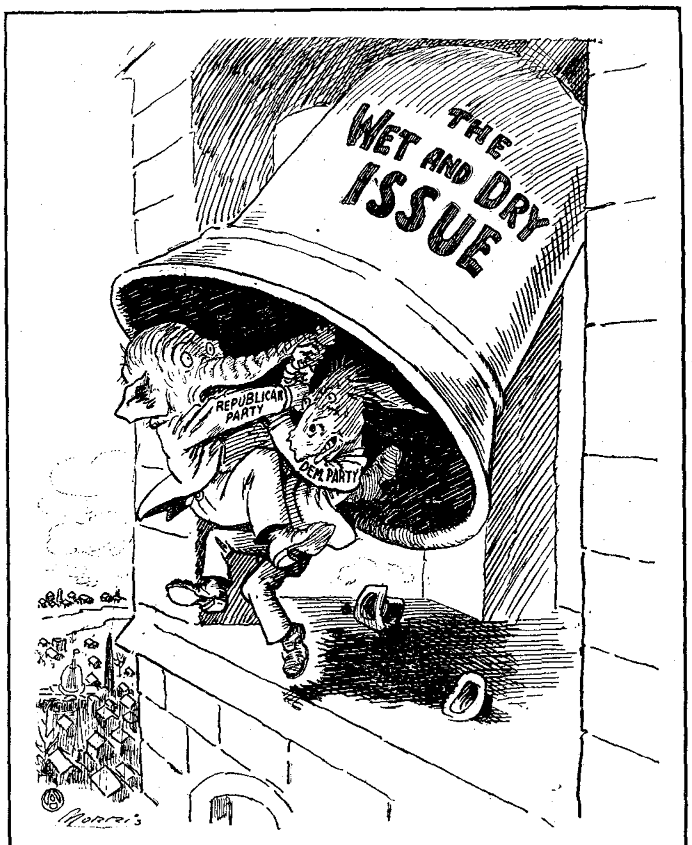
Whenever the Powers try to get below the surface of the disarmament problem, they encounter the submarine.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

There is money in writing, states an article. It all depends on how generous are those to whom you write.—*Wall Street Journal.*

Admirers of Nicholas Longworth are convinced that the speaker of the House would make a good White House spokesman.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

The earth makes one complete revolution every twenty-four hours, and some of its countries do their very best to keep up with it.—*El Paso Times.*

With all the "investigations" and "probes" under way there is no longer any excuse for one-half of the world not knowing how the other half lives.—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*



CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT

—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

Now the Cantonese are busily fighting each other, which may merely be a sign that the Chinese republic has gone Democratic. —*San Diego Union.*

The opposition to a third term for Coolidge is as nothing compared to the opposition to a first term for some other fellows.—*American Lumberman.*

Co-ed's feet are a size and a half larger than those of her mother, says an orthopedist. Is it substantiated then that the New Generation is going to the dogs?—*Detroit News.*

We can intervene in China and Nicaragua any time in the interests of orderly government, and one of these days we may be able to do as much in our large cities.—*El Paso Times.*

According to the Treasury figures, 82 per cent. of our people do not pay income taxes. All these slackers do is provide the incomes for the other 18 per cent. to pay taxes on.—*The New Yorker.*

The Prince of Wales advised a blind soldier what horse to bet on in the grand national, *The Herald* says. Few persons have had better tips on horses than the Prince of Wales.—*El Paso Times.*

Stories of Hollywood marriages seem to be lacking in continuity.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

The cry "Back to the farm" would mean more if raised by those who wish to go.—*Boston Herald.*

The dogs of war might not be loosed so often if the decision were left to the under dogs.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

If a few more levees break, we'll just naturally have to join the navy and see the world.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

An advertisement for a lecturer says he "speaks straight from the shoulder." Too bad some of these talks can't originate a little higher up.—*San Francisco News.*

It is a notable fact that most speed records are made by people who are not going anywhere.—*San Diego Union.*

"Shoot to kill" is a new order given Chicago police. What were their former instructions, "Aim to please"?—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

If these Filipinos finally get their "liberty," we wish they'd tip us off as to the method of obtaining it.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

The most essential things in life are the most minute, says a physiologist, thereby calling the turn on our own bankroll. —*Arkansas Gazette.*

The Chinese invented gunpowder and printing, and it is a question which they are suffering most from now.—*Knoxville Journal.*

Here's to the city of Boston, the home of the bean and the cod; where the streets are notably narrow and the literature not very broad.—*Detroit News.*

At a concert in Honolulu, Paderewski was presented with a ukulele valued at $300. Presumably the thing was ornamented with gold and jewels worth $299.70.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Mackerel, says a household editor, is richer than any other common fish. We were under the impression that the shad had the most bones.—*Detroit News.*

Many of the Chinese revolutionary leaders were educated in American colleges. This is believed to account for much of the current disorder.—*San Diego Union.*

Sir Henry Thornton predicts that Canada will have 25,000,000 population in fifteen years. He expects Prohibition to continue here, evidently.—*Pittsburgh Gazette Times.*

The newly elected Mayor of Chicago declares that American boys shall not be cannon-fodder for the battle-fields of Europe. The battle-fields of Chicago come first, of course.—*Punch.*

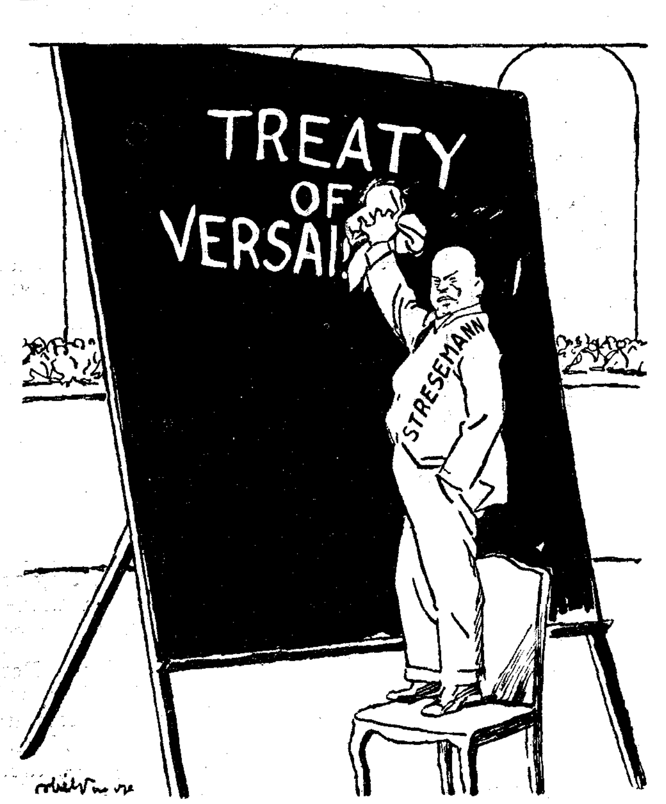
Prof. Irving Fisher says that the dollar, as measured by the standards of dear old 1913, is now worth seventy-one cents. This is such splendid news that somebody ought to break it to the retailers.—*The New Yorker.*

A citizen 101 years old announced yesterday that he had voted for a Democratic candidate for the first time in his career. The Democratic difficulty seems to be that most voters don't succumb so easily.—*San Diego Union.*

# FOREIGN - COMMENT

## DISARMAMENT AT DEADLOCK

HIGH HOPES for converting the sword into the plowshare in Europe, nurtured by the talks about disarmament at Geneva, are suddenly dashed to earth, we are told, because of the inability of the delegates of the various nations to come to any approach to an understanding. Indeed, certain press dispatches from Geneva indicate that the League of Nations is actually in peril of disruption because of the deadlock of disarmament negotiations. In speaking of the preliminary work of the League's Disarmament Commission whose report will be submitted to the League of Nations Council, which will convene June 13, a United Press dispatch from Geneva to the Montreal *Daily Star* relates that:



A FRENCH THRUST AT GERMANY

STRESEMANN: "Let us erase the past!"

—*Le Journal* (Paris).

"On every fundamental question the delegates of the nations have disagreed here. Land, aerial and naval matters were taken up in that order. The Continental Powers resisted any program of reduction in their land forces. No progress was made toward aerial disarmament, and in the field of naval armaments there was disagreement which culminated in a statement by Viscount Cecil, representing Great Britain, warning the Commission that nothing must be done which would hamper the efforts of the forthcoming Coolidge naval-limitations conference to convene at Geneva after June 1. Japan, Great Britain, and the United States will participate in the conference. France refused the first invitation and evaded the second. Italy refused the first and has not yet replied to the second.

"The last of the long series of uncompromising statements which added to the sum of the Commission's disagreements was made by the Italian delegate, who announced that Italy would not accept control and supervision of her armaments by the League of Nations or any other international body. Paul Boncour, the French representative, replied that if it were impossible to establish such control, to insure the effectuation of any disarmament agreement which might be reached, it would be useless to continue efforts to draft a disarmament convention."

According to this United Press dispatch it is expected that the final report of the Commission will merely demonstrate that the divergence in the views of the nations is so great that any general disarmament plan is impossible at this time, and we are further informed that the French delegate, Paul Boncour, made the following statement to the press:

"Disarmament now is a question entirely outside the hands of the Commission and rests with the Governments and with public opinion. The Commission merely has succeeded in making precise just what questions are involved in disarmament. On these questions the Governments represented on the Commission have taken decisive and often divergent stands. If public opinion in the various countries still wants disarmament, it can only be attained by bringing pressure to bear on the Governments to change their attitudes."

The Diplomatic Correspondent of the London *Daily Herald*, a Labor organ, reports that the Preparatory Commission of the disarmament conference will leave it to the League Assembly to decide whether it is worth while to continue the discussions, and this informant goes on to say:

"The fear exprest by Mr. de Brouckére of Belgium that the hope of any reduction of armaments had vanished thus seems only too likely to be fulfilled; and his biting comment that the title of the proposed treaty should be altered to 'Convention on Armaments Publicity' only too well justified.

"The final deadlock yesterday was reached on the question of naval disarmament. The British draft had proposed not only a limitation of total tonnage, but a limitation of the tonnage of each class of vessel. To this Mr. Paul Boncour declines firmly to agree. The French Government, he insists, must remain free to arrange its reduced tonnage in the manner best suited to the needs of national defense. The point really at issue is the limitation of submarines.

"In his final speech Lord Cecil declared that he could make no fresh proposals, nor could he accept those of Mr. Paul Boncour. The French plan would give no real security. And Great Britain must make her maritime communications secure. The Italian delegate also declared the French plan unacceptable.

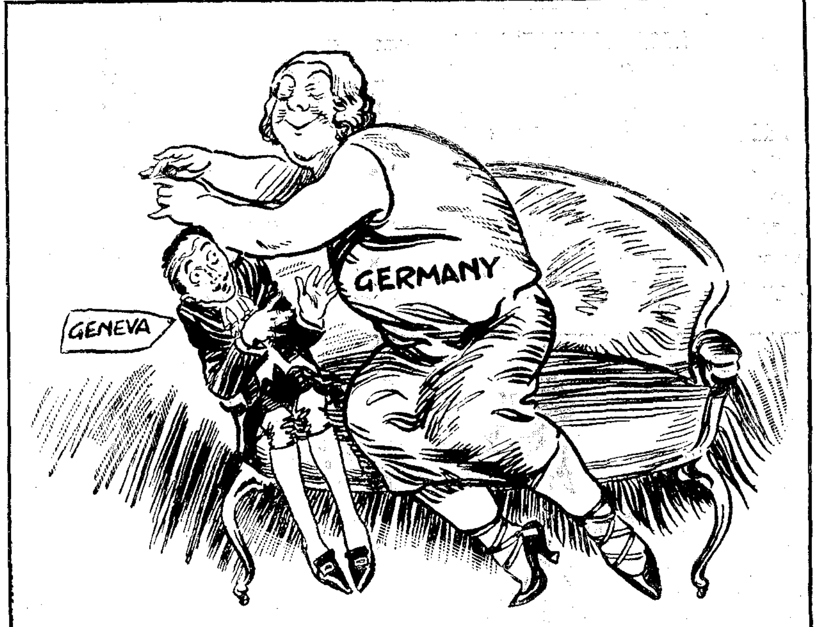
"Tho the deadlock has thus been reached on a naval question, this is only one of the differences for which it has proved impossible to find a solution. On the question of military armaments Great Britain has proposed that in addition to limitation of the number of men serving with the colors, there shall be a limitation of 'effective reserves.' To this nearly every other country objects.

"France, on the other hand, with the idea of limiting armaments as well as armies, has proposed the limitation of military expenditure. Great Britain refuses to agree. Germany has suggested a direct limitation of war material. But this Lord Cecil has declared equally unacceptable.

"Not even with regard to aircraft has a common formula been found. The British proposal to limit the number of planes operating from shore bases drew from Mr. de Brouckére the dry comment that if he were hit by a bomb, he would not much care if the plane which dropt it had come from the land or from the sea."

Contrasting British and French aims, the Manchester *Guardian* thinks it is disappointing to discover that they are still so far apart on the point of what is practicable and desirable. They are not so distant one from the other as they were, but distant enough to make the prospect of an effective convention somewhat remote, according to this journal, which adds:

"The French still consider, for instance, that it is practicable to compare, as factors in the effective fighting strength of different countries, the relative development of their industrial resources, and that it is reasonable to judge the strength of an army by the amount of pay which its soldiers receive. But the chief ground of difference between the French and British proposals is that the British wish to limit the strength of the armies which can be actually mobilized in time of war, whereas the French would apparently exclude reservists from the reckoning. One can quite see, and need not be surprized, that the French proposals are much better suited to themselves and their particular friends than they are to countries like Germany and Great Britain, which have no cheap conscripted soldiers, but have great reserves of industrial strength. This by no means exhausts the list of differences between ourselves and the French, and to them must be added many more which will emerge in the comments or draft proposals of other Powers. Tho we must regret, we must face the fact that the Commission has still much ground to cover before the full Conference can come together with any prospect of real success."



WEIGHT AND SEE!

"Nobody loves a fat girl, but, oh, how a fat girl can love!"

—*The Sunday Mail* (Glasgow).

In a special wireless dispatch from Geneva to the New York *World*, Albin E. Johnson declares that, as a result of disarmament negotiations, the League of Nations is admittedly in a more serious position than it was a year ago, during the crisis that resulted in the withdrawal of Spain and Brazil and the postponement of Germany's admission. Statesmen in Geneva, he goes on to say, believe that Germany has jockeyed the Allies into a position where they must either sacrifice the military clauses of the Versailles Treaty or the League Covenant itself, and he continues:

"Only the former will save the League's face. Enforcement of the Treaty along the present lines may mean the League's end, at least as it is at present constituted and conducted. Germany announced pointblank through Count von Bernstorff, her delegate to Geneva, that the Versailles Treaty is a bilateral instrument, and that the Allied pledge of disarmament is binding. This is interpreted as a threat to attack the validity of the Treaty unless the Allies remove the military and naval restrictions on Germany or disarm to the same extent themselves.

"In the disarmament field the about-face of Tokyo on three important naval and aerial reservations, and Joseph Paul Boncour's recall after an open break with French Foreign Minister Briand, are the two most significant developments.

"According to an authoritative report, Mr. Briand ordered Mr. Paul Boncour, France's delegate to the Preparatory Disarmament Conference, to yield on the question of an international control board which would be empowered to see whether signatories were carrying out their disarmament pledges. The Socialist leader demurred and was told to obey orders or come back to Paris. Bertrand Clauzel replaced him. He had not raised the control question all week, and had adopted a most conciliatory attitude.

"The demeanor of the Italians is more serious. Rome has decided to withdraw from the International Labor Office at the earliest opportunity and will quit the League altogether if Jugoslavia brings the question of the Italo-Albanian treaty before the Council, say the most reliable advices from Italy. These intentions can be confirmed among the disarmament conference delegations, and explain the attitude consistently adopted by General De Marinis, the Italian delegate.

"A conference in London between Mr. Briand and the British Foreign Secretary, Sir Austen Chamberlain, is scheduled for early May. It has been brought about by Britain's hesitancy to back up Italy further.

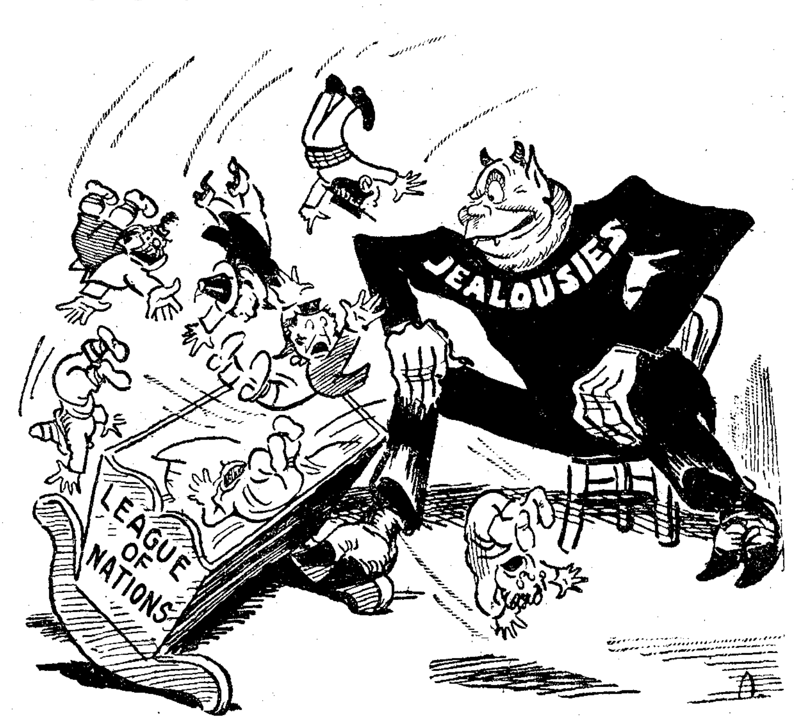
"It is reported in League circles that Downing Street has sent Premier Mussolini the stiffest note the British have written since the Armistice. This note warns against Rome's refusing to submit the Albanian treaty to the League or the Hague Court.

"Meanwhile France is delaying Jugoslavia's contemplated appeal to the League. Consequently unless Italy lands troops in Albania there will be no crisis for the moment. Should Mussolini flaunt British advice, his withdrawal from the League is considered inevitable. Advices from Italy indicate sentiment for such a course is overwhelming.

"Both this situation and Germany's move are driving the British and French closer together, largely because of the British view that the troubles in the Orient make European instability extremely undesirable at this time.

"The Preparatory Disarmament Commission will meet again and begin drafting its report to the Council.

"Viscount Cecil, of England, will return, and efforts will be made to cover up the seriousness of the disagreements in the Commission, pending interchanges between the Foreign Offices."

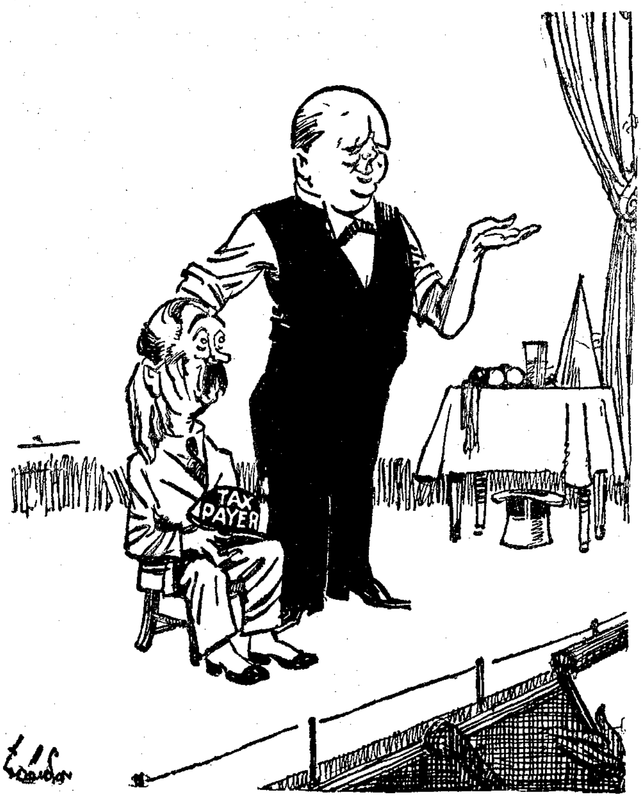


ROCKING THE CRADLE

—*The Evening News* (London).

## PLANNING THE UPKEEP OF BRITAIN

NO MATTER HOW Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer, Winston S. Churchill, had prepared and organized the nation's current budget, it is agreed by many that he would have been subjected to the adverse criticism of opponents of the Baldwin Government, while he could not have expected more than limited praise from its supporters. According to the press, Mr. Lloyd George described Mr. Churchill as "the merriest tax-collector since the days of Robin Hood," but Mr. Churchill is quoted as declaring to the House of Commons that in this period of exceptional difficulty he has tried his best "to guide the country round a difficult corner," and he added: "I have tried my best to find a way of balancing the budget without checking the long-looked-for, or at any rate long-hoped-for, trade revival, and without impairing that national credit upon which not only the finance, but the commerce, of Britain is vitally dependent." The London *Daily News* (Lib.) cites Mr. Churchill's description of himself in introducing the Budget as being "a public executioner," which leads this newspaper to observe:



THE CONJURER

WINSTON THE WIZARD: "I shall now proceed to extract pounds and pounds from this cheerful-looking gentleman at my side."

—*Evening Times* (Glasgow).

"It would have been more to the point, tho a rôle with a more slender appeal to his grandiose imagination, if he had described himself as a clever conjurer. The budget, which was invested beforehand with so portentous an air of mystery, has revealed itself as little more than a box of tricks. It is frankly a makeshift, fair-weather budget. Its merits are that it contains no outrageously unfair provisions likely to provoke a popular outcry, and that, apart from its additional homeopathic doses of protection, of which the duty on pottery is the most glaring example, it offends no great principle of sound finance.

"But, as those who best know Mr. Churchill expected, he has gambled on a good trade year in 1927, and has left 1928 to take care of itself. His tribute to the nation's remarkable resilience in face of 'the shocking breakdown in our island civilization,' which was the direct outcome of the coal stoppage and the General Strike, is well justified. The British taxpayer, however, will not easily forget the Government's share in that catastrophe. The £23,000,000 coal subsidy was the price the taxpayer paid to prevent the coal stoppage, and, as it happened, the General Strike; both would, in all probability, have been prevented if the Government had accepted without qualification or reserve the recommendations of the Samuel Commission, which provided the only practical alternative to the tragedy enacted for six dreary months in the British coal-fields."

Mr. Churchill has made the best of a bad job, thinks the London *Morning Post* (Ind. Cons.), because he has had to face a situation which, as he pleads fairly enough, he did not create, and this daily goes on to say:

"His good intention of two years ago, to save ten millions a year, has gone the way of many good intentions; but the fault lay at least partly in the stars. In particular, that baleful Dog Star of the coal strike sheds its malignant influence over the whole financial situation. The experts of the Treasury estimate that the cost to the country in profits was no less a sum than 150 millions sterling. Thus it struck at the source of direct taxation, and thereby in revenue the Chancellor lost 17½ millions, while he was forced to increase his expenditure by 14½ millions. If we add these two figures together, the total loss to the Exchequer caused by these industrial troubles was thirty-two millions sterling in the present year, and we need hardly say that the loss does not end here, but must go on into the future. These terrible figures should bring home to the nation that what Mr. Churchill has produced is in a sense a war budget, the foes being partly of our own household and partly the enemies of mankind."

### BUDGET POINTS FROM MR. CHURCHILL'S SPEECH ON ENGLAND'S UPKEEP CHARGES

(*As summarized by the London Evening Standard*)

**"We meet under the shadows of the disasters of last year.**

**"The loss to trade was £150,000,000.**

**"It is time to pay the bill of last year's troubles.**

**"There is a loss of £4,125,000 in income tax, due to retardation of collection. He hopes to collect this in 1927.**

**"There is a total loss of £32,000,000 in income tax and super tax owing to the general strike and the coal stoppage.**

**"Decreasing revenue due to the strike £17,500,000.**

**"Increasing expenditure due to the strike over £14,500,000.**

**"The industrial disturbance has made it necessary for them to raise more Treasury bills. They are forced to pay nearly £6,000,000 extra because of those more and dearer Treasury bills.**

**"In spite of the stoppage, the country has kept the even tenor of its way. The exchange has stood like a rock.**

**"The consuming powers of the masses have been little affected by the trouble.**

**"Beer and spirits alone reflected to the Exchequer the social and industrial struggle upon which so many millions had been engaged.**

**"Tea shows only a slight fall in consumption, while tobacco and sugar actually have increased.**

**"Our financial strength has not yet been impaired. Our fortunes are still in our own hands to make or to mar.**

**"Revenue, apart from the stoppage, is £1,125,000 below the estimate, but with the stoppage it is £19,000,000 below the estimate.**

**"Estimated total expenditure this year £818,390,000."**

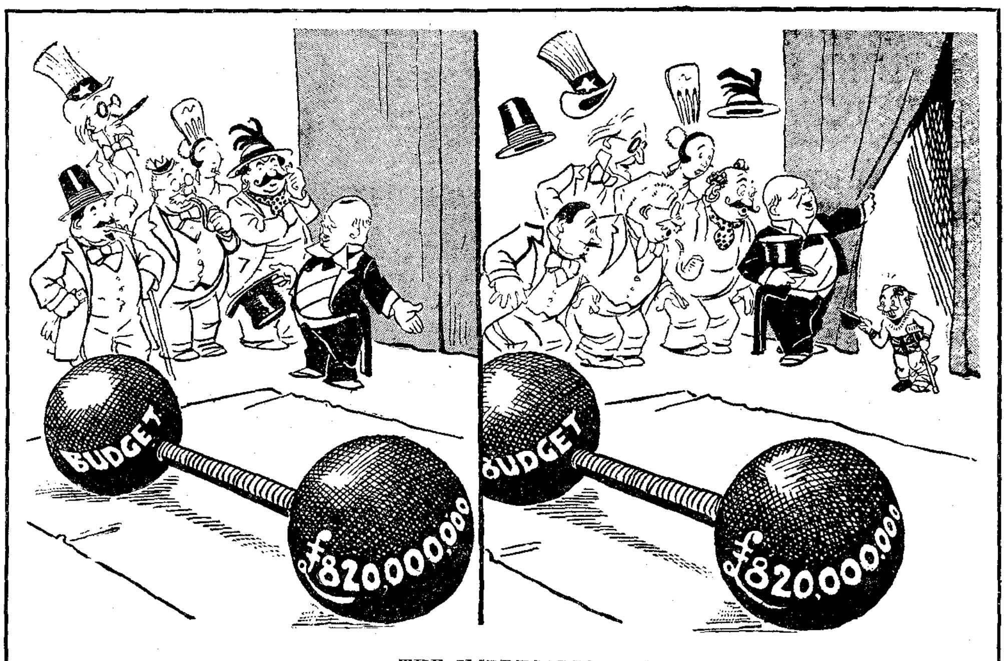
In considering whither Mr. Churchill turns to "meet the yawning gap between revenue and expenditure," *The Morning Post* tells us that:

"He has made a raid on the Road Fund reserve of twelve millions, an expedient difficult to defend on any other plea than that necessity knows no law. He has increased the duties on wine and tobacco, a course which we take to be wise, not only because they are luxuries, but because the difference, altho it will mean a substantial addition in revenue, will mean but a small addition of price to the retail consumer. It is satisfactory to note that the principle of Imperial Preference is recognized again. The Balfourian prophecy that the necessity of broadening the basis of taxation would lead to protective duties finds verification year by year. In this budget we find a 'McKenna duty' on tires, and a 'safeguarding duty' on translucent pottery, both substantial, and both, if we may venture to say so, protective to British industry.

"And while revenue is increased by these and other expedients, the Government have paid some heed to the exponents of retrenchment, since the Departments of Transport, Mines, and Overseas Trade are to be retrenched in this financial year. Desirable as these Departments may be, it is impossible to deny that the country can not afford them. The Ministries of Labor and Pensions are spared in the meantime, for reasons which may be temporarily adequate. Even more important as a principle of economy is the sound decision to limit drastically the entries to the Civil Service. Altogether, Mr. Churchill has produced a budget which suggests that he has learned not a little wisdom from the chastening hand of adversity; tho it is to be remembered that some of the expedients which he adopts this year will not be available again."

In the view of the London *Nation and Athenæum* (Ind.) to grasp the significance of Mr. Churchill's finance, as exhibited in his third budget, it is necessary to consider it as a whole, and this weekly proceeds:

"The ingenious Budget which was so skilfully introduced on Monday bears a strong family likeness to its predecessors, and it is only by casting our minds back over the past two years that we can hope to determine the direction in which the Chancellor is traveling. In the new budget there is a sop to the Protectionists—the tiresome duty on translucent pottery, and the inclusion of motor tires in the McKenna duties—as in 1925. A sop to the advocates of 'economy'—in the proposed abolition of three government departments—as in 1926. A sop to the city and the financial purists—in the increased Sinking Fund—which has been a feature of each of Mr. Churchill's previous budgets, but has not yet materialized. The Road Fund is again raided; this time to the tune of £12,000,000, the whole remaining surplus. The credit of the brewers is again curtailed. There is increased indirect taxation, on tobacco, wines, and matches. And, in addition, there is a most ingenious device for getting three half-yearly instalments of property tax in one financial year, from which Mr. Churchill will derive not only revenue but legitimate glee. This last device is the only one which involves the smallest sacrifice by the direct taxpayer. In this tenderness to the income and supertax-payer we shall find the clue to Mr. Churchill's finance. It is the one clear thread which can be found running through the tangled skein of his three budgets."



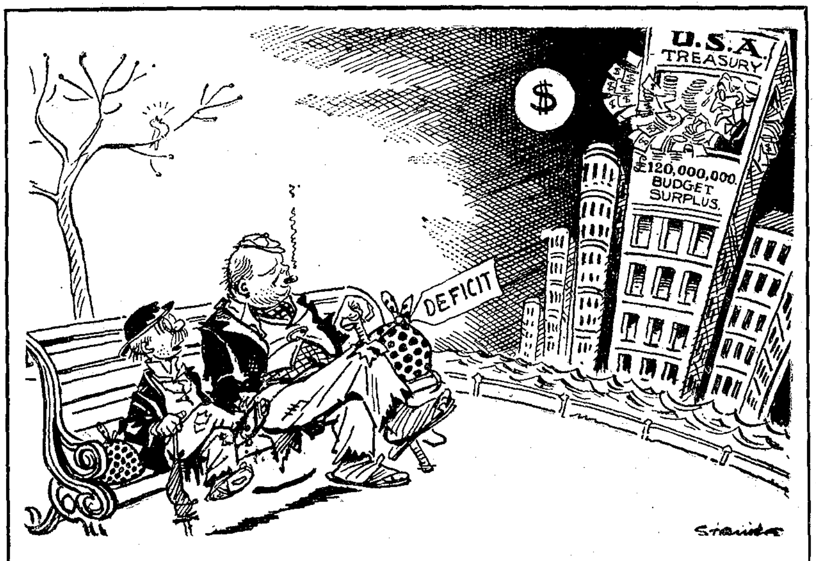
THE IMPRESARIO

PROFESSOR CHURCHILL: "Now, let me introduce you to Mr. Bull, the world's strongest man, who will lift the enormous weight of over eight hundred million pounds. Ladies and gentlemen . . . . MR. BULL."

—*The Daily Express* (London).

## WAR REMINDERS IN BELGIUM

A COUNTRY ALMOST UNSCARRED, is the description given to Belgium eight years after the war, and it seems that except for a comparatively small war area around Ypres, there are few superficial signs of the sufferings which shocked the world less than a decade ago. In the interval Belgium has been hard at work repairing the damage and recovering her fortunes. Yet, writes Gerald Barry in the London *Sunday Times*, altho her wounds are covered they are still there, and the traveler does not have to probe very deeply to find indications of them. But, he goes on to say:



CONSOLATION

TAXPAYER: "I say, Winston, aren't you glad you haven't got to sit up all night counting money like that poor fellow over there?"

—*The Daily Express* (London).

"By far the greatest, the most constant reminder of the war in Belgium to-day is the financial situation. That bugbear of post-war Europe, the cost-of-living problem, is never long absent from the mind. On the surface, at all events, Brussels is a prosperous city. Her citizens are hard at work. The bourgeois class feeds well, amuses itself amply. In a word, there is nothing to show that it is poor. And I do not think it is poor, but I can not imagine how it contrives not to be. The Belgians, it is true, are a thrifty people, hard-working, frugal, and easily satisfied. Before the war the country was a by-word for prosperity and immunity from taxes; hard-hit Englishmen, retired on a pension, would go to live in Brussels because it was cheap. They would hardly do so to-day. Brussels for the Englishman in 1927 is not, perhaps, expensive, but despite the disparity between the value of Belgian currency and his own, it is certainly not cheap.

"For articles of clothing to-day in Brussels an Englishman, altho the rate of exchange gives him a seven-to-one advantage over the native purchaser, has to pay in francs almost the equivalent of what he would have to pay in pounds in London. Even food is not particularly cheap. A modest dinner for two in a small and unpretentious restaurant will cost somewhere between eighty and ninety francs (10s. in English money, $2.40 in American). A similar meal in London would cost no more, tho it would not, of course, include for that sum a bottle of good wine, which is so much dearer in England than in Belgium.

"If this is so for the Englishmen, what must it be for the Belgians themselves, for whom 100 francs is 100 francs, not merely 12s. 6d.? Naturally they talk a great deal about it. '*A bas les taxes*' [Down with taxes] is the cry. Even their pleasures are burdened with the same refrain. 'Tell me a nation's songs and I will tell you its history,' might be paralleled to-day in another way: 'Take me to a nation's music-halls and I will tell you what it is thinking about.' Brussels is thinking about money. The revues are full of caustic allusions to the financial situation, and every other laugh is a laugh at the expense of the franc."

One object to which the citizens of Brussels point with pride, we are then told, is the office of the war-time underground newspaper, *La Libre Parole*, which stands "confidently labeled to-day," in the heart of the city, altho for the four years of the German occupation, it is recalled, this journal's hiding-place was unknown to all save those who staffed it. It is further related that:

"The Bruxellois remember *La Libre Parole* with joy, and tell its story with gusto. It certainly brings the meaning of occupation vividly to mind. Another reminder of it, equally vivid, stands in the little square beside the Fish Market. It is a monument to 'Liberty of Conscience.' That it is set defiantly against a background of the Catholic Church of St. Catherine is not now to the purpose—tho it may be noted in passing as an example of silent irony. What matters is the inscription on the base, which explains that the monument was removed by the Germans when they came into occupation, and on their retreat was ordered by the Belgian municipal authorities to be immediately replaced. 'Liberty of Conscience,' indeed—that must have touched the invader on the raw! No such thing could be tolerated in a town in German occupation. So down came the statue, and down, too, came the thing for which it stood, until the day when the withdrawal of the enemy restored the reign of freedom.

"Is there not written here half the history of those four years? The other half is enshrined in the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior, over which a lamp flickers day and night without break. The habit among passers-by of raising the hat to this memorial shows no more signs of dying out in Brussels than it does at the Cenotaph in London. While I stood looking at it the other day, a woman came up with her small child. She made him remove his hat. '*Y restent les braves*' [Here lie the brave], she said."

## WHAT AMERICANS IN CHINA SHOULD DO

NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT for Americans to keep in mind the slogan "America First" is the urgent advice of some American editors in considering the position of Americans in China. But even if this rallying cry be constant in the hearts of Americans in China, it is pointed out, they are harassed by all kinds of influences, business and social. Some American business men have close affiliations with the Japanese, we are told, and others have close affiliations with the British. Now, under the influence of non-American propaganda, remarks the Shanghai *China Weekly Review*, certain Americans think that America should follow a "pro-British" policy, while others think America should follow a "pro-Japanese" policy. But this weekly flatly declares:

"Now the truth of the situation is that the Americans resident in China should follow a pro-American policy. All of us are naturally influenced by our daily associations, which is quite natural, because we are constantly meeting all kinds and manners of persons who give us their views and urge upon us certain lines of actions. The absence of an American-owned and edited newspaper in Shanghai makes the American position more difficult both for the Americans and the non-Americans, for obvious reasons. But despite this the average American citizen, man or woman, and the American organizations, particularly the Chambers of Commerce, should be able to keep their feet on the ground and realize the fundamentals of American policy.

"It does not make any particular difference in the long run whether the British, the Japanese, the Russians, the French, or anybody else, from a local standpoint, approves or disapproves of American policy toward China so long as the Chinese approve of it, for our relations here are essentially with the Chinese, and all of us would have to go home shortly if the Chinese unitedly decided to cease doing business with us. If Washington can't keep our relations with Great Britain, France, Japan, Russia, and the rest of the world on a friendly footing, then there is little which any American residing in China could do to remedy the situation. Therefore, the duty of the 'average American' in the present crisis should be to keep the essentials in mind and support our officials who are doing everything possible to interpret our policy to the Chinese and keep our two countries on a friendly footing."

There are approximately 12,000 American citizens residing in China, according to this weekly, and this figure excludes some 1,200 American citizens of Chinese race who reside chiefly in Hongkong and Canton. Of the 12,000 American residents in China about 7,000 are adults, men and women, the remaining 5,000 are children, and it is added:

"This editorial is addrest to the adults, not the children: At the present time the Americans residing in China occupy a peculiarly difficult and trying position, due to the fact that while America is a party to the old treaties which were negotiated many years ago, nevertheless American policy toward China is quite different from that of other Powers which have territorial concessions in China. At the Washington Conference the American Government tried in every way possible to induce the Powers to meet China's demands for treaty revision, and succeeded to a certain extent. A great deal was done at the Washington Conference to reestablish China's administrative and territorial integrity.

"For example, the foreign postal agencies were withdrawn; unauthorized troops stationed in China were withdrawn; the Shantung case was settled to China's satisfaction, and in general the foundation was laid for improving China's international status. The Washington Conference failed in two important respects in meeting China's wishes. These failures pertain to tariff revision and extraterritoriality, but in neither of these failures was America responsible. Tariff revision was held up for over four years because one of the Powers, France, refused to ratify the Washington Treaties, and revision of extraterritoriality was delayed largely on account of conditions in China. None of the Powers wished to forego protection of their nationals so long as China was an armed camp with irresponsible militarists dominating the land and overriding the Chinese laws, courts and Constitution. Now, in view of the fact that China is giving promise of early unification, the American Government is taking steps to meet China's desires."

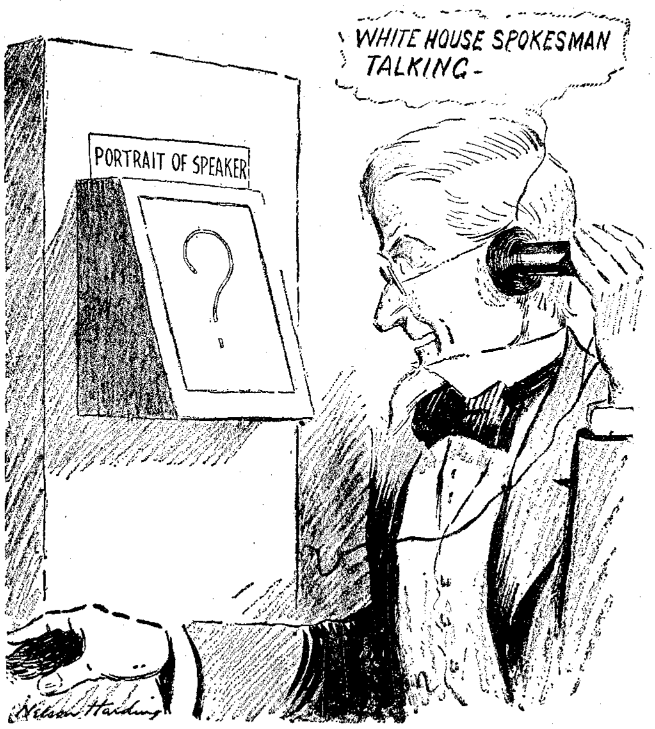
The only difference between the intentions of Congress and those of the State Department, we are then advised, is that Congress, "being nearer to the American people, desires to go further than the State Department." But regardless of this difference we are assured that there can be no misunderstanding of America's intentions with regard to China. On the whole, American policy toward China in connection with the present situation is described as having been "generally good," and this weekly continues:

"America wants no Chinese territory, and American policy since earliest times has been predicated upon the hypothesis that American interests in the Far East would be best served by a strong and independent China that would be mistress within her own household, capable of protecting herself against foreign aggression, and dealing with all foreigners on an equal basis. Some may term this altruism or humanitarianism, self-determination, or what not. We term it plain common sense, for as long as China is weak and disorganized and ignorant, the country is always bound to be a prey of more aggressive neighbors, and any resulting conflict in the Pacific growing out of the weakness of China would be certain to drag America in. Therefore American policy toward China is both good sense and good business, for a strong Nationalist China would certainly be a better customer for American products than a weak and disorganized China, and a strong and unified China would be a better neighbor than a weak, disorganized China."

# SCIENCE ▾ AND ▾ INVENTION

## THE LATEST IN TELEVISION

DESCRIBED AS ONE OF THE GREATEST triumphs in the history of communication, the television process of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company is the product of many minds working together in the Bell Laboratories in New York under the guidance of Dr. Herbert E. Ives, says Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington). Despite the elaborateness of the apparatus, television depends essentially upon the fact that a film of potassium metal in a vacuum-tube can be made to give a small electric current when light shines on it. This is the photoelectric cell. The method of its use in the new process is quite different from previous attempts to attain the same result. Writes Mr. James Stokley, in *The Science News Bulletin:*



SUPREME TEST OF TELEVISION

—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

"In other methods, the subject whose visage is to be transmitted is flooded with brilliant light, and a lens picks up the illumination and focuses it on a small photoelectric cell. In the new method, by the idea of Dr. Frank Gray, the subject is illuminated with a tiny moving spot of light, which is picked up by a battery of large photoelectric cells—the largest yet made. The result is the most successful transmission of the actual view of the human face that has yet been achieved.

"As seen on the small receiving screen, the scene looks like a half-tone two inches high, printed in the pink-sheet edition of a daily paper—except it has come to life. Most newspapers print photographs in what is known as half-tone—small dots spaced fifty to sixty to the inch and blended by eye into a continuous picture, a process, incidentally, which was the invention many years ago of Frederic E. Ives, the father of Herbert E. Ives, who is immediately responsible for the new process.

"In the television receiver, the picture is also made up of fifty eye-blended rows of light and dark, which appear pink because the light in which they are painted comes from glowing neon gas—a rare element found in the atmosphere. Like its relative, helium, the neon used in the receiving lamp is peculiar because it will not combine with any other chemical substance. When two metallic electrodes are sealed into a glass tube from which all air has been exhausted, but which contains a little neon, and an electric current is passed through, the gas glows with a pinkish light. Unlike the ordinary electric lamp with a filament of tungsten, which continues to glow for an instant after the current has been disconnected, the neon light goes on and off as instantaneously as the current itself.

"To television a speaker's face from Washington to New York, for example, the light starts from the carbons of an automatic arc lamp. In front of the lamp is a disk with fifty holes around its edge in a spiral, each hole a little nearer the center than the one before it. A lens projects an image of the holes out into space, just as the lens of a movie machine projects an image of the moving film on to the screen, but in the television device the screen is the subject's face. And just as the movie film travels through the machine so fast that the single pictures are not seen, but are combined together by the eye into a continuous picture, so does the rapidly moving disk, containing the holes, move so rapidly that the fifty holes, each a little lower than the one before it, sweep across the facial screen in less than a fifteenth of a second. The person being televisioned has this light spot sweep over him 17.5 times a second. To a person standing beside the subject, his face seems to be illuminated by a slightly flickering, but single area of light. The single holes, or even the rows of holes, are not seen separately.

"Outside of the light from the arc, shining through the holes in the disk, the subject is in semidarkness. In front of him are three photoelectric cells, the eyes of television. They turn the light into electricity. The production of these cells itself is a triumph, accomplished by Dr. Ives. They are the largest that have yet been constructed.

When the moving finger of light, a fiftieth of an inch in diameter, sweeps across the face, it encounters the light-colored flesh; light is reflected to the sensitive photoelectric cells. By means of amplifiers like those used in radio stations, the photoelectric cells' tiny current, the electrical counterpart of the light, is magnified thousands of times. And when the spot of light reaches a dark part of the face—the pupil of the eye perhaps—and no light is reflected, no current flows from the cells to the amplifiers.

"Thus, the lights and shades of the face are transformed into a varying electric current, just as the ordinary telephone transmitter transforms the sounds of the voice into a pulsating current. It travels over the telephone lines for hundreds or thousands of miles, or else on the radio carrier waves for even greater distances. The receiving end picks up the current, amplifies it some more to make up for any losses in transmission, and connects it to the receiver, with its neon tube.

"The variations in current are translated by the neon tube back into variations of light. But the tube shows an extended surface of light—an inch or more square—with no semblance of a picture of a face or anything else. Here the revolving disk again plays a part. A disk, the exact duplicate of the one at the sending end, revolves in front of the neon tube. Another ingenious invention, made by H. M. Stoller and E. R. Morton, permits the motor running the receiving disk to keep exactly in step with the one at the sending end.

"If the spot of light in the sending apparatus is shining on the bright flesh, the receiving screen shows a corresponding bright area through the hole. And then, as the sending light spot moves to the dark pupil of the eye of the subject, the neon ceases glowing and the screen shows a dark spot. As the spot moves to another white portion, such as the bridge of the nose, the neon again shines through the hole, which has also moved. The receiving disk, like the transmitting one, moves so rapidly that the light appears to the person observing as a continuous surface, blended into a motion-picture of the sending scene. The individual changes from light to darkness and back to light again may be over in a twenty-five-thousandth of a second."

The 2 by 2½-inch picture produced by the small neon lamp is intended for individual reception. It is the first form of the apparatus that may in future years be attached to the individual desk telephone. But sometimes a large audience may also wish to receive television, as when Secretary Hoover, in Washington, spoke on April 7 to the audience in New York, and was seen by them, more than life size. To quote again:

> "This is accomplished with glowing neon also, but a much larger tube is used, in fact, the whole screen, four square feet in area, is made up of a continuous tube, covering its surface much as lines of type on this page cover the area of this paper. This system is used instead of the revolving disk of the smaller receiver, because a revolving disc so large would not be practicable. The tube is a multiple one, really 2,500 separate lamps in one. A commutator, a disc which makes contacts successively with each of the 2,500 separate glowers, is the substitute for the disk with the holes. It also revolves in step with the disk at the transmitter. A spot of light travels in rows across the surface of the large tube, reproducing as it goes the variations of light 'seen' by the photoelectric cells at the sending station. But the big tube is expensive and complicated, as a separate wire must go to each of the 2,500 separate electrodes.
>
> "With the complicated apparatus necessary to accomplish television, the time is not yet in sight when it will be an appurtenance to every telephone. But with the initial success, the future is a matter of simplification, and it is in this task that the modern scientist shines."

## ALUMINUM COMES BACK

ONCE HAILED as "the metal of the future," but afterward nearly discarded as a grievous disappointment, aluminum now bids fair to justify all the early hopes of its friends, not as a pure metal, but through its numerous alloys or bronzes. Its misfortunes and approaching triumphs are narrated in the *Figaro* (Paris) by Emile Gautier, who regards it as the most romantic of metals. He writes:

> "If we may say of metals, as of nations, that those are happy that have no history, then aluminum must be classed among the unfortunate! No metal, in fact, has had a career so full of incident, so shifting and so varied.
>
> "While gold, for instance, or silver, copper, tin and iron, have always appealed to the veneration of men, and upon their first appearance were at once estimated at their true value, aluminum has experienced the worst of trials—sometimes exalted above its merits, sometimes unjustly disqualified, inspiring by turns enthusiasm and disdain; and it was after a hard struggle, at the cost of vicissitudes without number and beyond measure, that it ended by conquering the very honorable place that it occupies to-day in industry, and that continues to grow in importance. More than ever just now, since the coming of aerial navigation, is aluminum in the order of the day.
>
> "At the period when this paradoxical metal was worth fabulous sums—which was certainly uncalled for on its part, seeing that it could be extracted from clay; that is to say from the clods of the field and the mud of the streets, the commonest things in the world—when, I say, aluminum was worth a hundred dollars a pound, it was the fashion to call it 'the metal of the future,' destined to replace almost all the others. The fact is that appearances seemed to justify these ambitious hopes.
>
> "Did it not combine all the qualities needed to revolutionize marine construction, architecture, artillery, mechanics, etc., and to realize the flying machine?
>
> "Just one objection—its prohibitive price. To attain the full measure of these promises, it was requisite that the price of aluminum should not be sensibly higher than that of iron. This is not yet the case, but as I have already had the hardihood to predict, I am sure that the time will come.
>
> "This, however, is not the real cause of its past misadventures. The famous qualities attributed to it with so much enthusiasm were not all equally based on fact. Its pretended incorruptibility, for example, was fallacious. Capricious, unstable, susceptible, prone to disease (if we may use the expression), it was not the dependable metal that we thought.
>
> "I hasten to add that most of these early faults have been remedied, little by little. Some were the consequences of defective manufacture, which has now been perfected. Others resulted from traces of impurities, whose scarcely detected presence was sufficient to modify profoundly its character and constants.
>
> "Here was the key to the enigma, and this was the inspiration of the progress to which it has owed its rehabilitation.
>
> "From the moment, in fact, when it was recognized that an infinitesimal quantity of a foreign body was able to transmute aluminum—to alter its characteristic properties and endow it with others altogether different—it was seen to be possible to utilize this mutability for the most various needs. This is how we now have a whole series of aluminum alloys, made by the systematic addition, in definite proportions, of all sorts of metals—iron, copper, manganese, zinc, magnesium, thallium, etc.—communicating special aptitudes without lessening the essential properties of the basic metal.
>
> "We have thus numerous distinct aluminums—or 'aluminum bronzes'—possessing all the legendary advantages, without any of the inconveniences that appeared in the early days—'duralumin,' 'partinum,' 'aeral,' etc.
>
> "This last, for instance, merits consideration, not as an ordinary alloy, but rather as a new metal, integral and autonomous, which by the homogeneity of its constituent elements acts almost as a true chemical compound. Very light, but not less elastic and resistant than pure aluminum, easily worked into thin sheets, quickly forged, as sonorous as bell-metal, aeral can be tempered, and last but not least, it is proof against alteration by air, water or chlorids, and consequently by sea-water.
>
> "This is why it has attracted the attention of naval experts, and will shortly no doubt receive that of the aviation service also.
>
> "Thus it may be seen that pure aluminum has lost its prestige, and the pessimists have been justified in their prophecies of evil. Its early advocates, in the enthusiasm of a premature appreciation, went too far. But its detractors have no reason to continue to depreciate it. It keeps on moving toward the goal where it will soon be in a position—through its alloys—to fill all the rôles once assigned to it as 'the metal of the future.'"

## HEAT AS A CAUSE OF FEVER

EXTERNAL HEAT is believed by Drs. Katharine Dodd and Scott J. Wilkinson, of Nashville, Tennessee, to be a cause of obscure fever in children. They report in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago):

> "Five infants whose fever was definitely caused by external heat not only had fever but were restless and irritable. As soon as they were placed in a comparatively cool room with moving air, their temperatures became practically normal, and they were quiet and contented. Colored children were not similarly affected by the heat. Similar heat exhaustion with fever has often been noted in adults in the tropics and in the southern United States. Extreme degrees of external heat, such as occur in the southern part of the United States during periods of the summer months, may be a cause of fever in white infants. This fever can be prevented or eliminated by placing infants in an artificially cooled room supplied with moving air."

Last July, during a week of extreme heat and very little air movement, these physicians observed high body temperatures in five white infants. Previous to this week the children had been practically without fever. They were well nourished and were gaining weight. To quote further:

> "Prior to this week the weather had been cooler than normal for this time of year. Early in the week the temperature began to rise and there was very little cooling at night. On the first day with a peak of 95 F., every child had a temperature of 100 F. or over. The following days, as the maximum temperature of the air became 100 F. or slightly less with a minimum temperature of from 75 to 85 F., the children had a marked afternoon fever, increasing in height day by day. In one case the temperature reached 104.5 F. on the fifth day of excessive heat. A careful physical examination did not reveal any apparent cause for the fever. The children were restless and irritable.
>
> "Just before noon on the sixth day, the children were moved to a room in which a large tub of ice and salt was placed. One electric fan blew directly on the ice, and two others were placed on high wall-brackets so that they blew air against the ceiling. These last two kept the air of the room constantly moving. The temperature of the room was slightly more than 90 F. the first day, and did not go higher than 86 F. on the following days. Thus the peak of the daily heat was eliminated. The day the children were placed in this room not one of them had fever higher than 101.4 F. They all stopt crying and whining almost immediately, and went off into a peaceful sleep."

## THE UNHAPPY CITY TREE

WHEN ONE CONSIDERS what the average street tree is up against, it is really a wonder that we have any of them left, writes Dr. Haven Metcalf, of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, in Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington). As a matter of fact, he says, all that we have left are the tough ones, and there is much to indicate that in the modern paved city, most of these will be short-lived. He goes on:

"Under natural conditions a tree has unpolluted air, soil unpaved and untrodden, deep, soft, and annually enriched by dead leaves. A street tree, on the other hand, has its leaves choked by smoke. If you doubt this, take a leaf from some street tree some day when there has been no recent rain and rub it on your cuff. But it is not only the soot in smoke that does harm, but the invisible gases and fumes. A recent contribution to these fumes is the exhaust from automobiles. Then the street tree is lucky if it has nine square feet of soil around it that is not paved. The pavement prevents aeration of the soil, keeps away water, and, above all, prevents any of the natural food supplied by the decaying of leaves from returning to the soil. To a less extent, yard and park trees suffer from the same difficulties. They breathe the same smoke-laden air, and while park and yard are not paved, the grass is cut away and the leaves raked up and removed, and the soil will usually be found to be hard, dry, and lacking the necessary foods for vigorous tree-growth. Street, yard, and park trees suffer from many specific diseases, and also from injuries, but these are unimportant compared with the malnutrition which results from lack of the natural food supplied under forest conditions by the falling leaves. In the case of park and yard trees, this difficulty can be met to some extent by fertilizing the ground, but the conditions under which street trees live are so severe that the best way to meet the problem is to plant only trees that are hardy and smoke-resistant. The sycamore is a typical example of this type, and will probably be planted increasingly as time goes on. In dealing with trees in the yard and park, always look ahead twenty-five years. If a tree is obviously declining, and has only a few years to live, it is far better to cut it down and replace it with a young and vigorous tree. In yards and parks there should always be understudy trees growing up ready to take the place of the older trees."

**NEW SILK FROM OLD**—It has long been the practise to work up discarded woolen clothing and woolen rags of all sorts into a cheap fabric known as shoddy. Hitherto, however, no way of treating silk to produce a made-over fabric has been known. *Die Umschau* (Frankfort) announces that the Russian scientist, Professor von Weimann, now resident in Japan, has devised a successful method of treating silk so that it can be similarly employed to produce a made-over fabric. Silk scraps from underwear, dresses, ribbons, hosiery, tail-ends of cocoons and the like, as well as the waste swept up in factories, are dissolved in a hot concentrated aqueous solution of a readily soluble neutral salt, producing a gummy fluid. This liquid is transformed by the addition of concentrated aqueous solutions of other chemical salts or alcoholic solutions into a gelatinous state, passing into a plastic viscous mass, which can be spun into new threads like artificial silk.

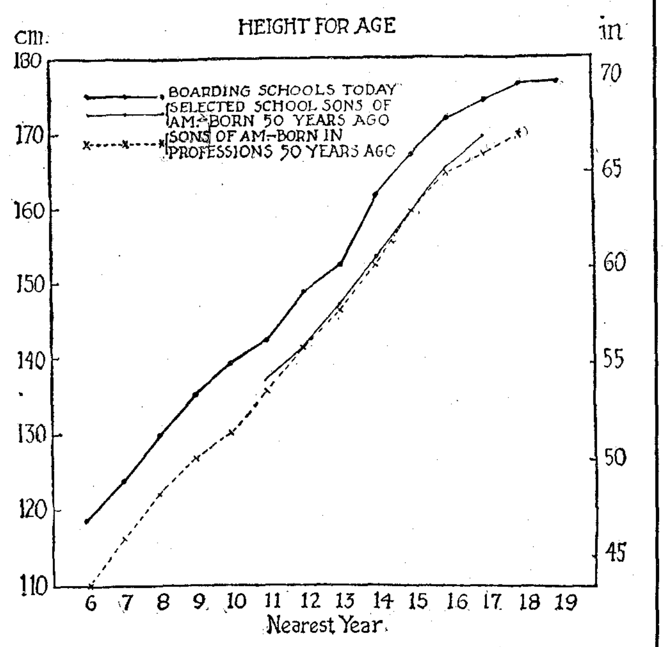
## OUR BOYS TALLER THAN THEIR GRANDSIRES

TWO INCHES IN HALF A CENTURY is the rate at which the average stature of American-born boys of American-born parents has been increasing, we are told by Dr. Horace Gray of Chicago, writing in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago). He says:

"Increases in the stature of children (average height for age), as shown in some recent series of observations, may be due to taller ancestry or to more comfortable economic class. But between two homogeneous groups an increase may also be due to other causes: measurement in the morning rather than the afternoon; measurement in a month of the year when seasonal growth is more rapid; accident (random sampling); progress in control of various infantile diseases that retard growth; knowledge of vitamins, sunlight, and rachitis, with consequent better nurture. This paper, however, is concerned not with the cause, but with the phenomenon. It is said by Boas to be evident for various peoples in Europe. Is it also a fact for American boys, and how great is the increase?

"Evidence may be seen by comparing our private-school boys with as nearly similar a series measured half a century ago as can be found. First, let us take Bowditch's data on Boston boys who, tho in public schools, for there were relatively few private schools in those days, were the sons of American-born fathers in the professions. From Bowditch's averages, corrected to read for nearest year of age, it is clear that boys of to-day are taller than boys of their class and age of half a century ago by an average of $3^{1}/_{10}$ inches.

"Let us repeat these calculations for another series composed of 303 Boston boys of American parentage, occupation not considered, attending a group of selected schools: the Private Latin School, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and the Public Latin School. The last, tho a public school, offered such good preparation for college that it attracted many boys presumably equaling in quality the pupils in the two private schools simultaneously selected by Bowditch. The corrected mean statures are greater than in Bowditch's other series quoted in the preceding paragraph. Even in comparison with this taller group, it is seen that our boys exceed by an average of $2^{6}/_{10}$ inches."



AMERICAN SCHOOLBOY HEIGHT INCREASING

Diagram showing that the schoolboys are two or three inches taller than the boys of corresponding groups half a century ago.

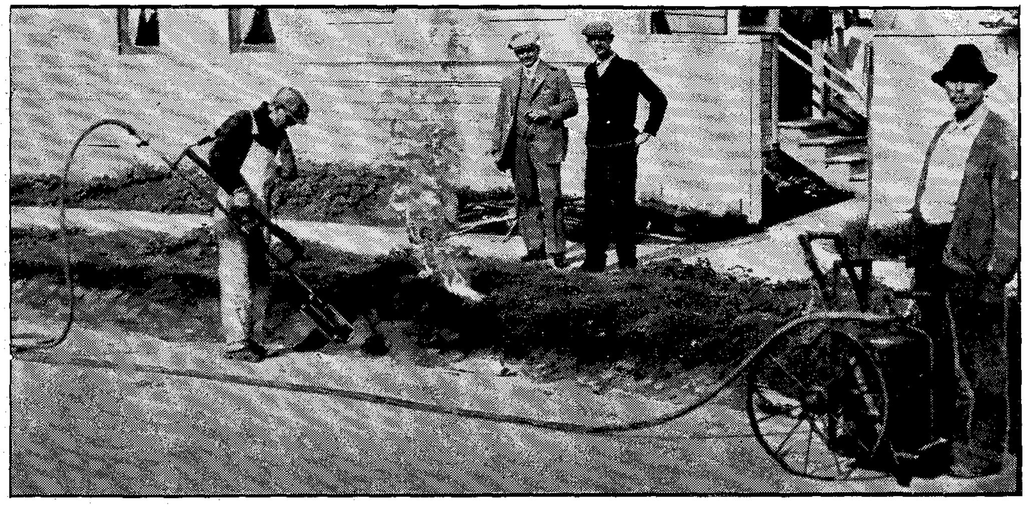
**WINE FOR HENS**—Good five-year-old burgundy is an excellent tonic for a young chicken, says the Paris *Times;* with laying hens and capons it has first-rate results, causing the hens to lay better and gain in weight. Capons increase in size also. These facts have been established, according to Mr. Pagès, a French physiologist, who has made many experiments with giving wine to chickens and young turkeys. The question was recently discust by the French Academy of Agriculture, which bore out Mr. Pagès's contentions. Experiments were conducted on a farm where leghorns are raised, and it was shown that pullets at three months old, which had been given as chicks red wine mixed with a little sugar, and later mash moistened with wine, were heavier and fatter than those deprived of this diet. Mr. Pagès recommends a teaspoonful of sweetened five-year-old burgundy for very young chicks, every second day, to begin; then wine in mash. In Luxemburg, the custom of giving red wine to poultry is commonly followed by the peasants."

## PIRATE HOARDS UNEARTHED BY RADIO

A SUCCESSFUL HUNT for buried treasure on the Isthmus of Panama is reported by James C. Young, writing in the New York *Times*. According to Mr. Young, this is but the first of a series of similar finds, engineered by English and American adventurers with a government license and armed with a new radio device for the location of buried metal. Why treasure was buried in and around the Caribbean, and where it will probably be profitable to seek it, are discust by Mr. Young, who writes:

"Treasure trove has been found in Panama City. Golden chains grown black with time, jewels and plate—the treasure is there, just as the world has dreamed of it these three centuries. Instead of a faded map and a grisly skeleton pointing the way, we have a new version of the ancient 'divining rod' variously described as a violet ray or a radio device that indicates the presence of treasure.

"For the first time buried treasure has been found in something like paying quantities. It is only a year or two since sunken treasure hulks began to be penetrated with any success. We shall perhaps presently see an organized search for lost treasure on a large scale.



Courtesy of *The Tribune*, Oakland, California

THE SPRING GRASS BURNING BEGINS IN OAKLAND

"Dispatches from Panama City indicate that treasure may be expected in at least five other places about the city. The radio apparatus evidently has achieved success where men have sought in vain for two centuries and more. The present enterprise is under government supervision, two Englishmen and one American having a four-year license to seek treasure in the republic.

"Since Henry Morgan captured Panama City in 1671, a legend that has grown richer with the years is that the old city is virtually a treasure chest. We know that Morgan got little for his pains except renown. Fighting outside the city and beneath its walls delayed him, so that there was plenty of time for the besieged to bury gems and gold. At least one big galleon escaped, loaded with riches. When Morgan scaled the walls his men shattered the city looking for treasure. They found booty, tho much less than had been expected. San José's Church was destroyed by the buccaneers; and it is about the old foundations now, that treasure will be sought.

"Any further success in applying the new radio treasure-finder undoubtedly will bring about intensive search of the West Indies, the Florida keys, and the Mexican coast. Legend and probability combine, for once, to make that search inviting to the most skeptical spirit. Certainly we shall see the world's two greatest treasure fields explored anew—Cocos Island, off the Chilean coast, and the Island of Trinidad in the South Atlantic, near Brazil, not the West Indian island, but a volcanic patch long reported to be the storehouse of pirate gold.

"The story of the buccaneers is a phase of empire building. They were the unacknowledged vanguard of French and British occupation in the American tropics. While neither of these nations dared openly to brook the Spanish power, the buccaneers made merry and waxed rich. The seventeenth century was their golden age. At the beginning they often were gentlemen with plumes in their hats and arms of heraldry on their cabin plate. At the end of the century they were merely savage cutthroats.

"By the middle of the sixteenth century Spain had occupied the best islands of the West Indies, conquered Mexico and looted Peru. The French were yet to venture into Canada, and Jamestown was not settled until 1607. But long before that time British buccaneers began harrying the Spaniards."

During this period of alarms and perils, says Mr. Young, it is fairly certain that the buccaneers buried much treasure. The pirates, a numerous gentry, buried more on their own account. The whole West Indian archipelago is looked upon as a potential treasure ground. He specifies:

"Haiti is considered a likely spot. The small island of Tortuga, near by, was at one time seized; then the Spaniards cleared out the marauding guests, only, later on, to be themselves evicted. This swift change of possession continued for years, and each new shift would seem to have provided excellent reason for burying treasure hastily. Ancient coins, bits of gold chain and pieces of jewelry have frequently been found scattered about the island.

"The gold seeker may pursue his quest in Cuba, Jamaica, and the Bahamas. St. Kitts, too, early colonized by French and British sea rovers, has its store of legends. Hardly a reef in these seas but has its story of buried treasure. Here or there or yonder may be the wealth of a king awaiting the radio finder of to-day.

"The buccaneers' first period of growth, not unmixed with glory, continued from the middle of the sixteenth century to 1671, when Morgan took Panama City. His further deeds read like extravagant romance. He sacked Maracaibo and Gibraltar in the Gulf of Venezuela, ravaged Cuba and sunk many vessels.

"The period of destruction along the West Coast lasted ten years. But 1689 brought new events overseas. The threatening clouds connected with the Spanish succession broke in storm, and Britain in that year joined other enemies against France. Instantly the buccaneers, allies of a hundred and fifty years, fell to fighting among themselves. They entered battle fiercely, and in a short while accomplished what the might of Spain had been unable to do—their own destruction. This did not extend to the whole fleet but the struggle took the leaders, and the old spirit was gone when buccaneers resumed their trade in after years."

**WHERE THEY BURN OFF THE GRASS**—Vegetation in California gets to be a nuisance sometimes; it is so prolific. In Oakland, the municipal authorities wage war upon it with flame-throwing apparatus, as we learn from the following note, printed in *The Tribune* of that city:

"With the arrival of spring, four flame-throwing sets, each manned by two men, started out to-day on the regular spring grass-burning route throughout the city, and will continue on the job all summer. The grass burners are employed to keep down the grass between the city's curb lines and its sidewalk lines. One man with one of these Bunsen flame-throwers can do the work which twelve men used to do when the job was done by hand. The flame-thrower burns the grass to a cinder, and discourages the seeds underneath. About three applications of this heat will destroy the seeds entirely. According to Commissioner W. J. Baccus and City Engineer W. W. Harmon, the four flame-throwing outfits may be able to keep the curb grass down throughout the entire city, and property owners are asked to cooperate by keeping the grass down behind the curb lines."

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

## NATURE'S FEATS OF ENGINEERING

NATURE CAN REALLY BE CONSIDERED an engineer, asserts D. Wilson, of the Arizona Bureau of Mines, writing in *The Professional Engineer* (Chicago). He calls attention to the fact that she is constantly building, tearing down, and rebuilding, according to infinitely perfect, complex, and detailed plans of evolution. He goes on:

"Furthermore, with forces acting in accordance with the laws of physics, chemistry, and biology as agents, and with the various chemical elements combined in countless ways for materials, she has built a bewildering array of inimitably perfect machines and structures to serve as interdependent parts of that one great machine, the astronomic realm. Much of this construction is so lasting, as judged by our standards, that for many centuries it has been the ambition of all mortal engineers to be able to build as permanently.

"The organic life and physiographic forms of our own planet present innumerable familiar examples of nature's engineering feats. In restricting our consideration to only a very few of the earth's features, attention can be called to the fact that the atmosphere, oceans, seas, lakes, rivers, and all running water constitute machines of erosion and deposition. Other great constructive and destructive machines are the forces that give rise to the faulting, folding, and volcanic phenomena of the earth's crust. These machines have built such structures as our familiar sea coasts, plains, deserts, valleys, canyons, and mountains, with their treasures of things valued by man. During the erosion and deposition incident to the leveling down of our land and the construction of our great drainage systems, nature has even built bridges that excite the admiration and wonder of every one. Probably the finest examples known of these bridges are in Arizona, and near the Arizona line in Utah.

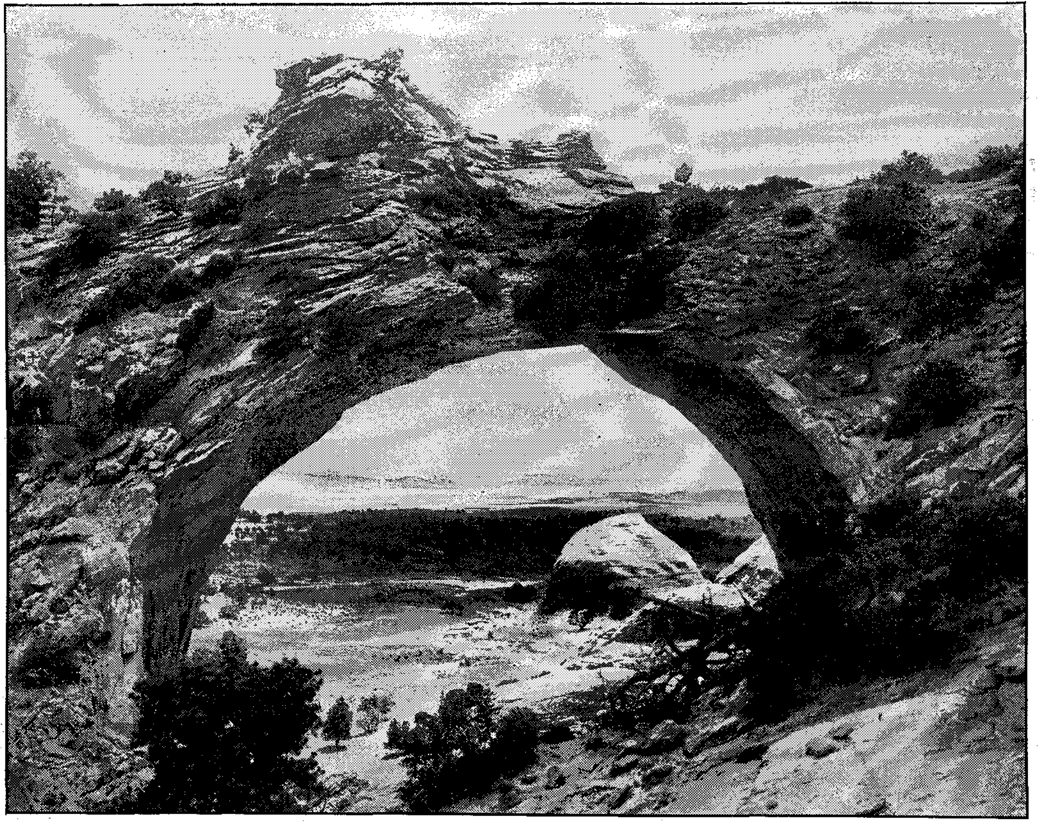
"Some of the natural bridges of Arizona have been formed by erosion, while others are due to combined erosion and deposition. Representatives of the first-class are the Rainbow, Defiance, and Hope bridges, which are made of massive, cross-bedded, homogeneous, porous sandstone. Briefly, erosion, acting along the curved cross-bedding planes of the rock causes concave disks to spall out; and when this action is simultaneous on opposite sides of a narrow, steep cusp or ridge, a window or a bridge results.

"Rainbow Bridge, which was discovered in 1909, by Byron Cummings, of the University of Arizona, is situated on the northwest slope of Navaho Mountain, six miles north of the Arizona-Utah line. The nearly perfect arch has a span of 278 feet, a crown 309 feet above water, and a thickness at its summit of forty-two feet. Its size, symmetry, and bright red colors have caused it to be regarded as the largest and most beautiful of nature's bridges.

"Another structure of the arch type is the so-called Defiance Bridge, which is situated two miles southwest of Fort Defiance, Arizona. The accompanying illustration suggests the size and sturdiness of this structure, which has both arch and ample thickness to care for stresses.

"Still a different type is found seven miles southeast of Adamana, Arizona, in the Petrified Forest. This bridge was formed simply by a petrified tree-trunk that has been bared and undercut by an arroyo. Its load capacity depends largely upon the strength of its minimum cross-section.

"Erosion combined with the deposition of travertin sometimes gives rise to bridges. The persistence of travertin deposition from certain spring waters issuing into a larger stream is illustrated by Mooney Falls in Havasu Canyon, Arizona. There the travertin deposition upon the fall-making limestone cliff is able to keep ahead of stream erosion. An example of the class of structure formed by such deposition and erosion is the Goodfellow, or Gowan, Natural Bridge, which is situated five miles south of Pine, Arizona. It is a broad arch of travertin, formed by deposition from side springs issuing into the eroding gorge of Pine Creek."



Photograph by N. H. Darton

A FEAT OF NATURE IN BRIDGE BUILDING WHICH AN ENGINEER MIGHT ENVY

The sturdy, well-arched natural bridge, two miles southwest of Fort Defiance, Arizona.

**PERILS OF PEDESTRIANISM**—It is far safer to ride in a street-car than to walk. This was revealed in an analysis of recent accident statistics, the result of which have been made public by the American Museum of Safety and the American Electric Railway Association. The analysis shows that only one passenger out of every 100,000,000 passengers carried by electric railways has suffered fatal accident in recent years. Despite greater traffic problems, there has been, since 1923, a decrease of 16 per cent. in all accidents on electric railways. To quote a press bulletin issued by the Museum:

"This fine record of accident prevention by the electric railways of the country was reported by Arthur Williams, president of the Museum of Safety, in announcing that the Anthony N. Brady Medal, discontinued during the war, will be resumed this year.

"The Brady Award, given for outstanding work of the electric railways in accident prevention and health promotion, was found to be so effective in maintaining efficiency and safety that the American Electric Railway Association has asked for its resumption, and Mr. Nicholas F. Brady, at the request of the American Museum of Safety, has consented.

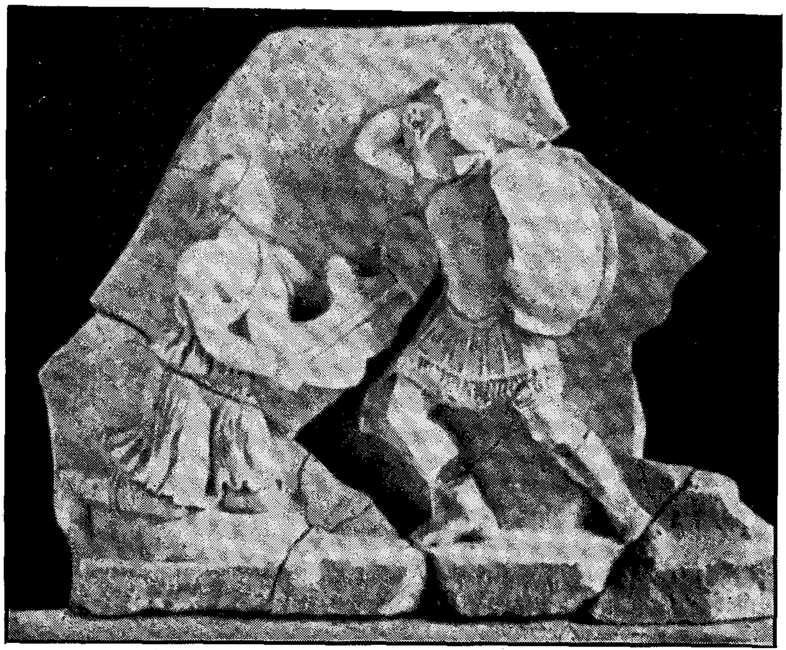
"'The decline in the number of accidents on street railways in recent years,' Mr. Williams said, 'can only be attributed to the excellent safety work done by the street railways. This includes not only the promotion of the use of safety devices wherever possible, but, also, the education of employees to a proper understanding of the importance of safety and caution at all times.'"

# LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

## WERE AMAZONS BEARDLESS MEN?

IN MANY OF BRIGGS'S CARTOONS "somebody" is always employed in taking the joy out of life. So it may be said that many are to-day employed in taking the life out of cherished fables of the past. One of these is Prof. J. L. Myres, who appeared before the British Association for the Advancement of Science not so long ago and maintained that the Amazons who fought so valiantly with the Greeks and became celebrated in many works of ancient art were not women but shaven men. They were probably Hittites, and the Hittites were a people who did not follow the Greek custom of wearing beards, and so were dubbed "warrior women" by the Greeks, who had too good an opinion of themselves to tolerate any deviation from their own standards. If this view is accepted, it sends many of the myths recorded by Strabo, Herodotus, and other early writers, to the scrap-heap. It does not matter that sculptures recently uncovered by the American School of Archeology at Corinth depict Amazons with unmistakably female figures. Dr. Myres's chief reliance is on the important fact that the Hittites up to the twelfth century B. C. always went shaven, and only adopted the beard after they came in contact with the Greeks. His address was not fully reported in the press at the time, so we have little but the main contention to go on. It is enough for Clifton Harby Levy, writing in the New York *World*, to set forth for us some of the confirmations of the original view, beginning with the "Iliad," wherein Priam, King of Troy, recounts his early battles with Amazons. Moreover, Queen Penthesilea fought with the Trojans against the Greeks in the defense of Troy until she was slain by Achilles. Mr. Levy draws forth from Herodotus this story of how the Amazons dealt with the Scythians:


From *Art and Archæology* (Washington, D. C.)

DOES SHE LOOK LIKE A BEARDLESS MAN?

A sculpture uncovered by the American School in the theater at Corinth, Greece, showing a Greek spearing an Amazon who has fallen to her (or his) knees.

"When the Grecians had fought with the Amazons (the Scythians call the Amazons Aiorpata, and this name in the Grecian language means manslayers, for they call Aior a man, and *pata* to kill), the story goes that the Greeks, having been victorious in battle at the Thermodon, sailed away, taking with them in three ships as many Amazons as they had been able to capture alive; but the Amazons, attacking them out at sea, cut the men to pieces. They were carried by the wind and waves and arrived at Cremni on the Lake Maeotis, but Cremni belongs to the territory of the free Scythians. Here the Amazons, landing from the vessels, marched to the inhabited parts and seized the first herd of horses they happened to fall in with and, mounting them, plundered the land of the Scythians.

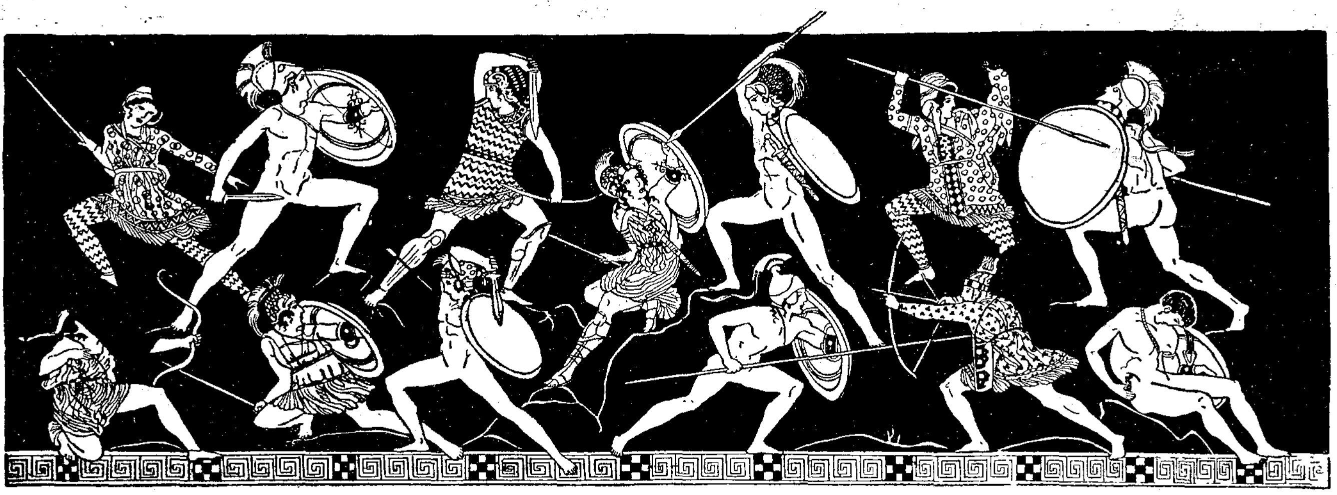
"The Scythians knew not what to make of the matter; for they were not acquainted either with their language, dress or nation, but wondered from whence they came. They conjectured that they were men of the same stature, they therefore gave them battle; but after the battle the Scythians got possession of the dead and so discovered that they were women. They resolved on no account to kill them any more, but to send out to them the youngest of their party, guessing a number equal to theirs; these were to encamp near them, do as they did; should the Amazons pursue them, they were not to fight, but flee, and when they halted were to come and encamp near them.

"The young men, being dispatched, did as they were ordered. When the Amazons found that they had not come to hurt them, they let them alone, and they drew one camp nearer the other every day. . . . The Amazons about midday separated themselves into parties of one or two, at a distance from each other. The Scythians, observing this, did the same; and one of them drew near one of the Amazons who was alone; and she did not repel him. . . . She could not speak to him, because they did not understand each other, but she made signs to him by her hand to come the next day to the same place, and to bring another with him, signifying that they should be two, and she would bring another with her. When the youth departed, he related this to the rest, and on the next day he himself went to the place and took another with him, and found the Amazon with a companion waiting for him. The rest of the youths, when they heard this, conciliated the rest of the Amazons.

"Afterward, having joined their camps, they lived together, each having for his wife the person he first attached himself to. The men were not able to learn the language of the women, but the women soon attained that of the men. When, therefore, they understood one another, the men spoke to the Amazons as follows:

"'We have parents and possessions, let us then no longer lead this kind of life, but let us return to the bulk of our people and live with them; we will have you as our wives, and no others.'

"To this they answered: 'We never could live with the women of your country, because we have not the same customs with them. We shoot with the bow, throw the javelin and ride on horseback, and have never learned the employments of women. But your women do none of these things we have mentioned, but are engaged in women's employments, remaining in their wagons, and do not go out to hunt, or anywhere else. If, then, you desire us for your wives and to prove honest men, go to your parents, claim your share of their property, then return and let us live by ourselves.' . . . From that time the wives of the Sauromatæ retain their ancient mode of living, going out on horseback to hunt both with their husbands and without their husbands, and joining in war, and wearing the same dress as men. . . . Their rules respecting marriage are thus settled: no virgin is



THE BATTLE IS ON AND THE AMAZONS HOLD THEIR OWN

The scene is reproduced from a Greek vase in the Museum of Naples.

permitted to marry until she has killed an enemy; some of them, therefore, die of old age without being married, not being able to satisfy the law."

Here we see the Greeks first mistaking the Amazons for men, which is the opposite of Dr. Myres's contention. But Hittite monuments do, indeed, show a sudden change in the appearance of the male face. Mr. Levy is not giving up his Greek legends without an argument:

> "Many will still doubt if this explanation is sufficient to remove all belief in the numerous tales of the Amazons as found in Greek literature. Some modern scholars, especially in Germany, have advocated the theory that the Amazons did constitute a nation in Asia Minor which was organized and governed altogether by women, and that, as one of them says: 'All the Amazons were Dianas, as Diana herself was an Amazon.'
>
> "The suggestion has also been made that the Amazons are a relic of the age in which, especially in Babylonia, some women were devoted to the temples of the gods as priestesses and formed an especially honored cult. But that is not a theory which has many supporters.
>
> "In the Greek stories we hear of Heracles having to secure the girdle of Hippolyte, Queen of the Amazons, as one of his great 'labors'; and that Theseus, too, was engaged in fighting the Amazons with him, carrying off Hippolyte's sister Antiope, who afterward fought by his side against her own kin.
>
> "The task of disposing of the Amazons as mythical is made the more difficult by the tale that so late as the time of Alexander the Great, Thalestris, their Queen, visited the conqueror of the world and yielded to him. And even later, when Pompey fought against Mithridates, it is said that he found Amazons in his army.
>
> "Those scholars who find nature-myths in all of these ancient legends have tried to prove that the Amazons were personifications of the winter moon, pointing to the tale that Juno took the form of an Amazon to cause the death of Hippolyte, Queen of the Amazons, wearing the belt of Mars, the winter warrior.
>
> "That they were really human beings—either female, as generally accepted hitherto, or shaven men, as Dr. Myres suggests—seems far more probable. If his contention be proved true, that remarkable story told by Herodotus will have to be marked impossible, together with all the other legends in which the Amazons are presented as women. The burden of proof is upon these latest scholars, who show the monuments of the Hittites, it is true, with shaven men prior to the middle of the twelfth century B. C., and bearded men thereafter; but they still have to prove what the Greeks had in mind when they wrote about the Amazons."

The suggestion, as Mr. Levy says, "gives us furiously to think," in the well-known phrase. If it be true, then "much of legendary lore, many great statues and bas-reliefs, as well as vase paintings done by eminent Greek sculptors from Phidias down, will have to be set aside as irresponsible perpetuations of myths. For the Amazon fable, if it be a fable, was most wide-spread in Greek literature."

## A COLLEGE FOR MOVIE TECHNIQUE

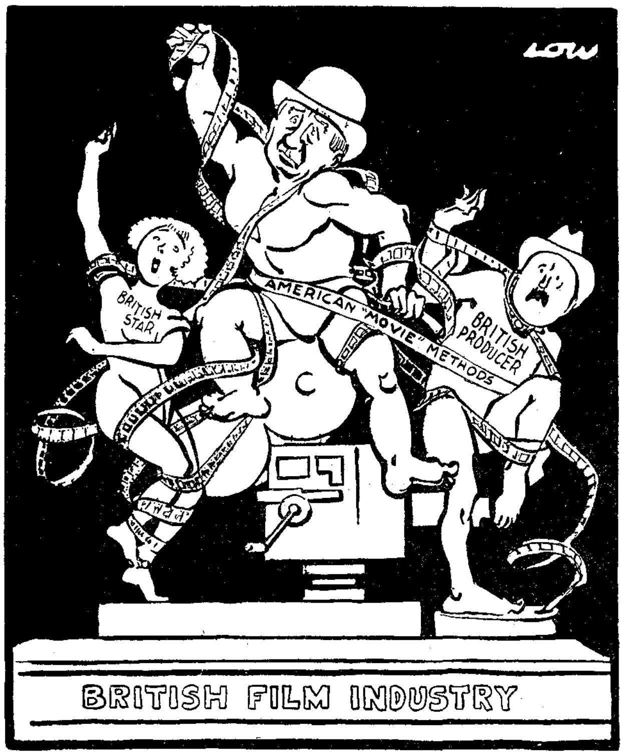
THERE ARE SCHOOLS TO TEACH a young man how to roll a pill, build a bridge, try a lawsuit or preach a sermon. These are among the great callings of the land. Counted in terms of dollars and attendance, the moving-picture industry is the fourth largest in the country, but there is no school except that of experience on the "lot" where a man may learn his job. Schools teach the writing of scenarios, but scenarios rarely come through producers' hands in form recognizable by the original writers. The director is the final arbiter, and who has taught him? *The Film Spectator* (Hollywood) has been preaching the need of establishing a school where a student can learn how a picture is made. In an editorial it speaks again:

> "That the screen has reached a stage of demanding that something be done to remedy the situation is demonstrated by the activity in picture classes by several of the important educational institutions, notably Harvard. But there is but one logical place for the art to be taught—Hollywood. Here there should be a great school, sponsored by the art itself, by the presence on its board of some of our biggest screen figures. It should have as its operative head a man well versed in teaching. No one can quarrel with the foregoing premise, and it will be interesting news to Hollywood that such an institution as it needs bids fair to become a reality. The plans are revolving around Paul Gerson, a successful conductor of dramatic schools for the past couple of decades. For a year plans have been fructifying into action. The tentative name under which careful research has been conducted is the National Academy of Motion Picture and Allied Arts, to which I offer as an amendment, the suggestion that the National Academy of Cinema Arts would be less cumbersome. A building has been arranged for and the lot upon which it is to be erected chosen. This is a matter which those high in the industry can not afford to neglect. Mr. Gerson is fitted admirably to be the pedagogic head of such an institution, but he should not be left to bear the burden of its organization alone. It should be a bigger institution than one man can build. Hollywood as a community should get behind it, for it would attract people here from all over the world.
>
> "At present it in a measure is teaching those already engaged in making pictures the details of their making, but it is not recruiting untrained brains that can be made of value to the art. The predominance of poor pictures bears testimony to the fact that it is a poor teacher. The fundamentals of the art are not being taught at all. The brain power of the country that pictures so badly need is not being harnessed, and until it is we will not make much progress toward realizing that perfection in screen productions that the dignity of the art demands. The task of teaching the cinema arts is one that belongs peculiarly to Hollywood of all places in the world. The personnel of the industry hitherto has not displayed much community spirit, and here, surely, is an opportunity for it to come into being. The close contact with the industry that such an academy located in Hollywood would have, would be a tremendous factor in its success. We

have the brains here and the money necessary to its establishment, and we should not let them lie dormant while other communities and other institutions embark on a project which Hollywood should lead. *The Spectator* believes the matter to be one of tremendous importance to Hollywood and to pictures, and will open its columns gladly to those who wish to discuss it."

## THE LOS ANGELESATION OF BRITAIN

DESPITE THEIR NEW film quota law, the British film industry doesn't get on. You may be able to compel Britons to produce their own films, but you can't coerce British people to look at them. It was two years ago that the decision was taken to impose a compulsory quota of British films on the British cinema owner; and "since that time the cinema industry of two continents has been in part dislocated and largely demoralized by the threat of a compulsory leaven of British films." "Nearly sixty British films have been produced since the famous quota decision was made," we are told by G. A. Atkinson in *The Daily Express* (London). The press backed them enthusiastically, the theater owners and distributors were properly patriotic in attempting to further them. "Every one," says our informant, "joined the conspiracy to plant British films on an unsuspecting and disinterested cinema public, who, be it noted, had never asked for more British films." Thus is the screen situation represented:



THE CINEMA LAOCOON

After the famous statuary group.

—From *The Star* (London).

"Of the sixty British films produced under the urge of his threat and with his entire blessing [Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, President of the Board of Trade who imposed the quota rule], I challenge him to name ten which could be regarded as first-class box-office attractions in acting, dramatic, and story merit, irrespective of technical quality, in which we are admittedly backward.

"Most of the remaining fifty have resulted, or will result, in loss to their promoters or purchasers.

"If Sir Philip thinks that films produced without the incentive to merit born of competition are likely to be more successful than those produced with that incentive, all I can say is that he has no evidence to support his opinion.

"We now know, after two years of close study, exactly where we stand in regard to British films.

"We have five passably good studios. We have not more than six reliable producers.

"We have fewer than six reliable leading actresses, and fewer reliable leading men. We are badly deficient on the entire technical side.

"The present limit of our producing capacity is twenty films. The number called for in the first quota-year is about sixty.

"If Sir Philip thinks that he can inspire the production of sixty first-class British films during the next eighteen months or so, there is a job waiting for him as organizer of the world's cinema industry.

"From beginning to end of these quota negotiations not one word has been said about producing the kind of film that the British public wishes to see, but the ordinary man will be disposed to think that that should be the keystone of the whole discussion.

"The plain truth about the British film situation is that the bulk of our picture-goers are Americanized to an extent that makes them regard the British film as a foreign film, and an interesting but more frequently irritating interlude in their favorite entertainment.

"They go to see American stars. They have been brought up on American publicity. They talk America, think America, and dream America. We have several million people, mostly women, who, to all intent and purpose, are temporary American citizens.

"Adverse criticism of any American film brings to me a flood of indignant letters from British-born subjects.

"The cinema public can be converted from this disconcerting state of mind, but not by passable imitations of American films, made with American money and assistance."

*The Irish Statesman* (Dublin) sends out a warning against the blight threatening to Irish culture by the American movie. The headmaster of a great school over there said he "would not like to be a shareholder in Hollywood at the Day of Judgment." He "probably felt that a new instrument with an incomparable power of extension had been invented whose main cultural achievement was to bring the soul to the eyes, to the veriest surfaces, so that while it was operating there was no time to think, hardly time to feel, and that before the cinema, literature, poetry, drama, art, music, all that sounded the deep inner nature was vanishing." Already in Ireland, it is confessed, "the cinema is like an eye through which our people look at the world":

"People who read hardly at all will not miss the moving-pictures. In our schools the policy is to lay the foundations of an Irish culture, but what agency builds afterward on these foundations? The cinema is the chief continuation school, and on the foundations laid in the National Schools it erects its own phantasmagoria utterly foreign to the policy. The wind in Ireland blows so strongly from Hollywood that it threatens to blow almost everything native out of the soul, and the images of humanity which replace what is native are invented in Los Angeles. In fact, America is imposing images of its own humanity upon the people in these islands and, indeed, upon a great part of Europe. If these images were more beautiful than those they obliterated there would be no necessity for protest. But these inventions are more often than not of the most vulgar. Let us see how the parable of the Prodigal Son is treated. A New York paper describes the production as follows:

"'The Prodigal mounts his trusty ass and hies him hence from the house of his father to the land of wild women and B. C. gold-diggers. He wished to walk with Kings and shake the common touch. Instead, he goes for a joy-ride and comes back without a patch on his girdle. Greta Nessen vamps him out of all his wealth and then casts him aside for a blustering butter-and-egg man from the sea.'

"Our own film censor in a witty paper spoke of the danger of the Los Angelesation of the world, that we might learn its popular speech:

"'Say, bo, that Jane is the niftiest bit of henna that ever leaned against a lip-stick.'

"Or,

"'Nix on the cops, I gotta hunch if we make our getaway from the hoosegow, their flipper can't scorch the grade.'

"Or,

"'Shucks on the shakes, the shack is jake.'

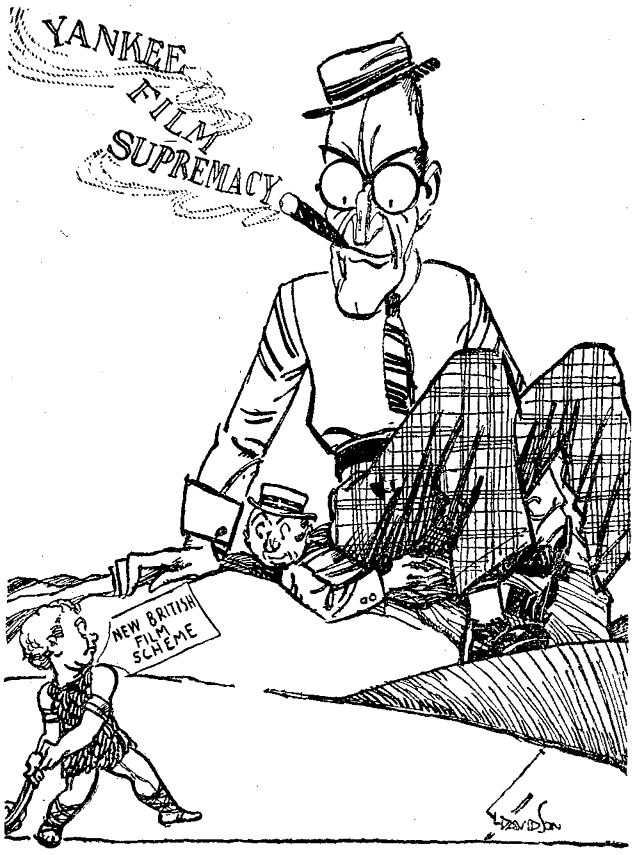
"These are strange words. It is a race between this language and the Irish, and judging by common speech the language of Los Angeles is holding its own. It is the continuation school where real education begins."

Then the writer asks in some fear and trembling:

"Can the art become national? Is it possible for small countries like Ireland, like Denmark, like Holland, or like Finland, to delight their own people by their own inventions? Is production so expensive that unless there is an audience of many millions a really fine production is economically impossible? Dublin once had many dramatic societies. Would it be possible to have Irish moving-picture societies whose members would combine to make original moving-pictures, letting the Irish imagination play in the making of these as it played in the making of Irish drama or Irish poetry? The productions, which are obviously expensive where there are crowds of hundreds, with elaborately faked architecture and costumes, are rarely the most interesting. Mary Pickford by the flutterings of a piquant face alone, or Charlie Chaplin, by a twitching of his nostrils, holds us more than the drowning of Pharaoh's host in the Red Sea or a revel in the King's palace at Babylon. If a group of people with some imagination began here to explore the possibilities of film production, they might at least evolve an art of their own with an Irish character. They might succeed if they do not start with cheap Irish melodrama with a colleen, a patriot hero and an informer like the old drama in the Queen's, but will study the art and psychology and technique, to find what fine and amusing things can be done with little ostentatious display."

## WHAT TO WRITE FOR THE BOYS?

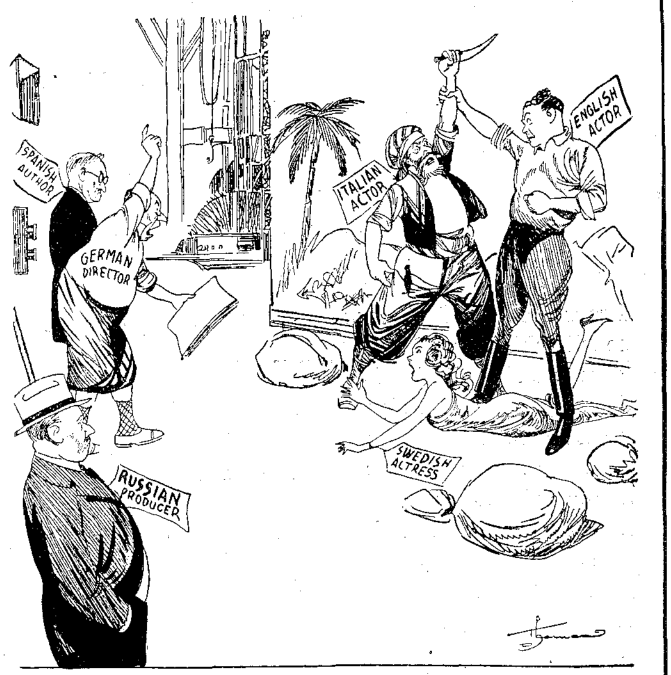
JUVENILE READERS HAVE GROWN UP in the reading sense, and one writer, whose evidently unfortunate business it is to write for boys, invokes the spirits of Henty and Ballantyne and Manville Fenn of the past to find out what he shall do for the boy of to-day. The writer remains anonymous, as he well might, since he describes his audience as made up of such categories as these—"the van-boy type, the juvenile monster who devours 'thick-ear' stuff, and the egotistical monstrosity whose brain is big enough to get him a motor-cycle driving license as soon as his parents buy it for him." Thus the writer reveals himself as English, but his further account of his quandary, which appears in the London *Daily Express*, is probably of wider application, at least among English-speaking boys. His appeal is to the "giant" writers of the past whose path was encumbered with none of the distractions from bookish pursuits that prevail to-day:



GOOD LUCK TO DAVID

—From Glasgow *Evening Times.*

"Giants that you are, I am craving your pity. You lived in an age, and wrote for a generation, with few distractions. You had to face none of the competition of cinema and motor-bicycle—ephemeralities in an ephemeral age. Thus were you allowed to grow to your present stature, and to-day we envy you the opportunities you had.



AN AMERICAN REMINDER

Making one of those American movies that worry England.

—Detroit *News.*

"The boy reader of to-day has seen the dreams of Jules Verne come true. He has lived through the worst blood-and-thunder in history—the Great War; and a printed blood-and-thunder is tame stuff by comparison.

"He is hard to please. His imagination is blunted by reality and is difficult to shock. A printed thrill is nothing compared with a motor-cycling thrill. You can not convince him that the future holds any adventure of which he does not know. Modern education has made him the spoiled child of Progress, which—as Disraeli said—is not so much progress as 'the tendency of things.'

"As for the sort of reverent romance you so easily served up to him in your day, he sees it trampled on by his grown-up sister, and he has learned to regard the Victorian age as a freak.

"And he goes to the pictures. He feeds on the living image of 'he-man' stars who, to him, are real. He has lost patience with the boy hero of fourteen years who quells revolutions in a South American republic, or beats Napoleon at his own game. He can no longer endure the boy hero who, sub rosa, was really the fellow who won the Duke of Wellington his renown.

"He is past such nonsense, and he knows it—and he is such an intolerant little monster that the only way to foist your giantly books upon him is to give them as school prizes or Christmas presents.

"So I should like you to tell us what we can do with him as we sit down to write his stories to-day. I wager it will be a problem beyond your power to solve, for nowadays even a Shakespeare could be boosted into the background by an American film king from Hollywood. You had no Hollywood when they gave you your laurel crowns. Monopolies and monopolists may be useful in trade—but they are bad for the art of the boys' story.

"We describe the knight who takes his sword to conquer in a world where the worthy win and the spoils go to the brave and true. We offer the serial rights of the honest old story, with the eternal moral discreetly glossed—and we are lucky to get it accepted, provided we sign away the cheap book rights as well. Our monetary reward is an insult to our errant knight, but we have to live, and so we must sell."

# RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

## CRITICS OF PROTESTANTISM CRITICIZED

"PROTESTANT DISPARAGERS of Protestantism," who have appeared in print rather frequently of late, have become tiresome to some of the denominational editors, who are not at all apprehensive that the crack of doom is about to sound for the Protestant Church. They resent as premature the tolling of the knell by Dr. Herbert Parrish, whose article in *The Atlantic Monthly* on the break-up of Protestantism was reviewed in these pages April 2, and regard him as a badly jaundiced prophet. Dr. Parrish, it will be recalled, finds that Protestantism is disintegrating as an organized religious force, and says the only thing that has kept it alive as an organized force is Prohibition. Now, he says, even Prohibition is failing; authority has fallen into the hands of those who control the money-bags; disciplinary systems have become obsolete, and Protestantism is littered up with superstitions, hypocrisies, partizanships, nationalisms, sentimental cant, vapid prayer-meetings, or what have you? His article is half true, or more than half true, as anything one might say, either favorably or unfavorably, of Protestantism would be, observes *The Congregationalist*, which is particularly tired of criticism of Protestantism. Much that Dr. Parrish asserts, we are told, is not only debatable but subject to widely divergent interpretation. Most of the recent sensational critics of Protestantism, observes *The Congregationalist*, have dwelt on Protestantism's lack of integration, but, so far from breaking up, as Dr. Parrish charges, the most conspicuous movements are those of church union in Canada, India, and Australia, and the establishing of the Federal Council of Churches and of other ecclesiastical ententes in this country. These movements are indicative of trends and tendencies that are largely toward a new integration where disorganization has existed before, and, asserts *The Congregationalist:*

> "There is at least as much reason to say that Protestantism is settling down as that it is 'breaking up.' In fact, one of the chief dangers that besets Protestantism at the present hour, in the thought of those who value the Protestant spirit and temper more than Protestant organization, is that Protestantism shall 'settle down' and crystallize into too rigid forms of organization and unity. They value a freedom that has existed to some extent at the cost of a seeming disintegration."

The first evidence of breaking up, as Dr. Parrish sees it, is in the Sunday school, which, he says, is suffering from absent treatment, incompetent teachers, and the lack of any definite religion to teach. With one wave of his hand, notes *The Congregationalist*, Dr. Parrish sweeps aside all the real developments taking place in the field of religious education, "improvements in methods of teaching and in teacher-training, provision of better courses and materials of study, institutional work and leadership, young people's conferences, vacation schools, etc." Returning other broadsides, *The Congregationalist* confesses its weariness of continued criticism, and concludes:

> "The chief need at the present hour is that Protestants should make use of such religious freedom as they have already won in acquiring new freedom, and that they should use that freedom for the glorification of God, by manifesting faith in themselves, faith in their fellowmen, and faith in the untrammeled quest of truth, and an equally untrammeled pursuit of righteousness in personal and social life. If critics of Protestantism can help toward this end, well and good; but pessimistic vaporings, such as *The Atlantic* has permitted Rev. Herbert Parrish to pour out to its readers, have little value in attaining the end which Mr. Parrish himself seems to suggest as desirable in a couple of paragraphs at the close of his diatribe. If Mr. Parrish had really in view the preservation and strengthening of 'the passionate assertion of liberty and truth' as what he calls 'the undying values of Protestantism,' he might better have been engaged in clearing the atmosphere than in raising so much dust by so much tilting at windmills. The very confession in the close of his article that these are 'the undying values of Protestantism' constitutes the condemnation of the title and spirit of the article as a whole. Unless Mr. Parrish believes that it is these 'undying values of Protestantism' that are breaking up, to speak of the 'break-up of Protestantism' is an offense against the very thing in which he professes to believe. It is a case of poor vision and bad psychology."

Dr. Parrish has described symptoms, but has not gone down to the root of the disease, asserts *The Lutheran*. What is actually wrong with large portions of Protestantism, believes *The Lutheran*, is "unwillingness to bow before the authority of the Word. 'What saith Scripture?' has ceased to be the all-important question to which teachers and leaders in the Protestant wing of the Church can give a united and satisfying answer." In a later reference to Dr. Parrish's assertions, *The Lutheran* says:

> "The Protestant denominations show large accessions to their memberships, they have large home- and foreign-mission programs, they are building churches, parish houses and parsonages, they are encouraging good music, raising pastors' salaries, taking an intense interest in current social and economic problems, and developing apparatus and literature for Christian work such as was quite unavailable thirty years ago. The theory that they are doomed, or in the shadow of disaster or likely to become heathenized or mammonized, has the same kind of proofs that are used to put across the claim that all business is bad because the popularity of some commodities is lessened or nil. Of course, neither religious nor moral conditions are ideal. The extension of education, the development of the press, the abundance of wealth, the aftermath of war, and the liberty of individualism have produced tremendous strains on the motive power of Christianity, its churches. But we do not prophesy the extinction of automobiles because some of them crack under their loads. We improve them. That is exactly what is in process of being done in nearly all Protestant communions."

### COWARDS

By Molly Anderson Haley

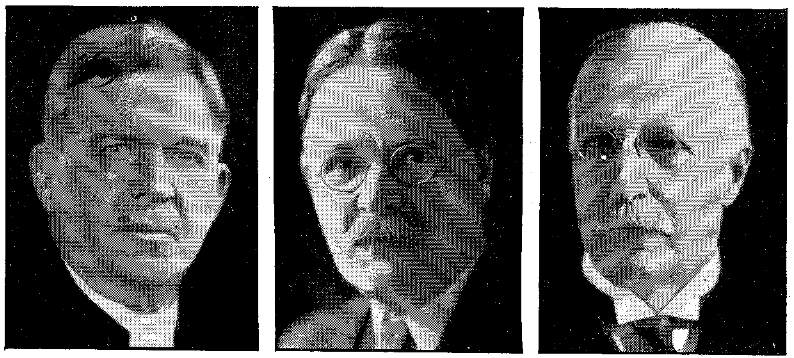
Because they scorn the toys with which we played,
Our drums and swords—because they dare to try
New paths in their young pride and question why
Tomorrow should repeat today's parade:
Because they cannot own a God who made
Earth neat and round as children shape mud-pies,
(Then climbed a throne to wait until it dries),
We draw our cloaks about us, shocked, dismayed.

Who are the cowards, these who vault the fence,
Defy the dangers of those dizzy heights
And plunge into the baffling dark, alone,
Or we who fail to win their confidence,
On that imperilled way set up no lights,
And to their cry of "Bread!" hold out a stone?

—*The Churchman* (*New York*).

## NIPPING ILL-WILL IN THE BUD

MALICIOUS HOAXES PERPETRATED in the name of religion and innocent misunderstandings grounded in ignorance might have been avoided if at the time there had been an impartial commission to investigate and make known the truth. No one, for instance, we are told, might have been led to believe in the existence of "The Protocols of the Elders of Zion," purporting to be an international Jewish conspiracy against the world, had there been at the time an examining body to report on the facts. No one might have been led to believe that the Knights of Columbus take an oath to destroy Protestantism root and branch, and that the basement of every Catholic Church is a storehouse of arms and ammunition to be used against Protestants had there been, when the charges were first uttered, a body of men to whom the suspicious could turn for the truth. In the hope of avoiding just such unhappy contingencies in the future three Protestants, three Catholics and three Jews have agreed to sit as a permanent commission whose duty it will be to solve religious misunderstandings. The commission is the result of the suggestion of *The American Hebrew* (New York). Its members are: Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, President of the Federal Council of Churches; Dr. W. H. P. Faunce, President of Brown University; and Dr. Roscoe Pound, Dean of the Harvard Law School, Protestants; Judge Victor J. Dowling, Presiding Justice of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York; Martin Conboy, Knight Commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great; and Father Francis P. Duffy, President of the Rainbow Division, Veterans' Association, Catholics; and Henry Morgenthau, former American Ambassador to Turkey; Dr. Stephen S. Wise, Rabbi of the Free Synagogue, New York City; and Judge Irving Lehman, Judge of the Court of Appeals of the State of New York, Jews.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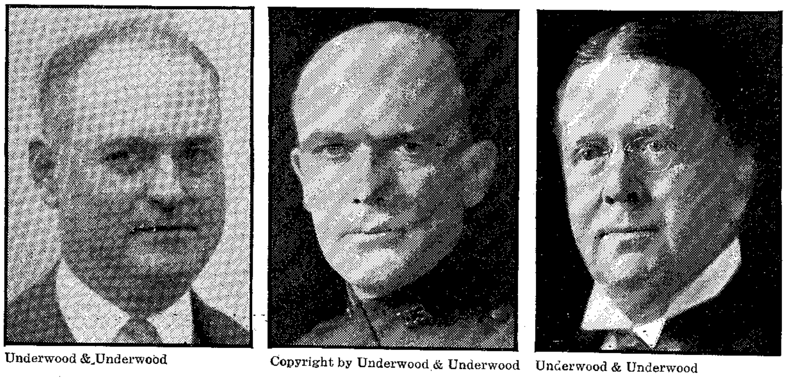
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TO HELP SOLVE RELIGIOUS MISUNDERSTANDINGS

Protestants (above), Catholics (in the middle), and Jews (below) who have agreed to sit as a permanent commission on better understanding among the three faiths.

The commission's function, we read in *The American Hebrew*, will be limited to this: "Whenever a group of American citizens comes before the Commission claiming that it is attacked unjustly and on grounds that are ill-founded; that the attack is calculated to engender ill-will and breed hate, with no redress under law or at the hands of the Government, the Permanent Commission on Better Understanding shall investigate, ascertain and enunciate the truth—create and voice public opinion on the subject." The commission gets a good send-off in the press. That it should have been possible to bring together men so divergent in religious faith is perhaps the most cheering aspect of the achievement, says the Providence *News*. "It is explicable only on the ground that these nine men are at one in their sense of justice and their ardor for 'soul liberty.'" "Justice and tolerance, kindliness and understanding, helpfulness and humanity itself," thinks the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, "will be forwarded by the very creation and existence of this high commission."

---

**CATHOLIC TRIBUTE TO A PROTESTANT MISSIONARY**—A sample of Catholic appreciation of Protestant effort, which the New York *Christian Advocate* (Methodist) says should commend itself to a wide circle, is found in the tribute of *The Commonweal*, a New York Catholic weekly, to Dr. J. E. Williams, the Presbyterian missionary in China who was shot down by uniformed looters on the campus of Nanking University. In appreciation of the martyred missionary, *The Commonweal* goes on:

> "What is most evident in Doctor Williams's life is the fervor, confined to no religious profession, but rooted in the character and integrity of a man himself, which dedicates itself without any reserve at all to the cause of the nation he would evangelize, and puts away by a deliberate gesture all the plausible means of influence, all the short-cuts to success, that derive ever so remotely from racial consciousness and alien authority. 'Doctor Williams,' the Presbyterian pastor [Doctor Keigwin] told his congregation, 'never allowed himself to be entangled in the commercial structure in China. On his visits home he refused to be drawn into anything that might read like criticism of the country and people he had made his own, and insisted that the one corporation he would consent to serve to the end was the corporate body of Christ.' This is noble language. This is the authentic speech of the missionary by call and temperament, and Catholics catching the accents of their own Xavier and Huc in the voice of this Presbyterian missionary who has sealed his faith with his blood, bow their heads with a conviction that Doctor Williams's long life and tragic death can not have been in vain for the cause of concord between the new nations and the old."

## THE PRESIDENT ON THE BIBLE

NO ONE, SAID LYMAN ABBOTT once, can afford to remain unacquainted with the "laws of the Pentateuch, the visions of the Psalter, the wisdom of the Proverbs, the righteousness of Amos, the mercy of Hosea, the hopefulness of Isaiah." Of the same mind, President Coolidge, in a recent letter, adds that the Bible is still a source of new ideals, a foundation on which State and society rest, and he regrets that it is not so much read to-day as it was in the time when it was the chief book in every home, and in many homes the only book. The President commends the Bible as both a source of inspiration and a fount of culture, and editors generally agree with him that it is both, whether one reads it as a Modernist in the light of the Higher Criticism or as a Fundamentalist under the glow of literal faith. Mr. Coolidge's letter was called forth by an invitation to attend a meeting of the Bible class of the Church of the Epiphany, Washington, which has 900 members. Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge were unable to accept the invitation, but he took occasion to express his views on the Bible in his letter to Eugene E. Thompson, organizer of the Bible class. In the course of his letter, Mr. Coolidge writes:

"The foundations of our society and our Government rest so much on the teachings of the Bible that it would be difficult to support them if faith in these teachings should cease to be practically universal in our country.

"Every one who has given the matter any thought knows of the great literary value of the Bible and the broad culture, aside from its religious aspect, that comes from a general familiarity with it.

"Altho it has been the subject of most careful and painstaking study for hundreds of years, its most thorough students find in it a constant revelation of new ideals which minister to the spiritual nature of the race.

"It would be difficult to conceive of any kind of religious instruction which omitted to place its main emphasis on the precepts of this great book.

"It has been the source of inspiration and comfort to those who have had the privilege of coming in contact with it, and wherever it goes it raises the whole standard of human relationship."

It is a timely tribute, thinks the Pittsburgh *Sun*, for "since there is a doubt in some minds as to whether it is a supernatural revelation, it is well that attention should be directed to its merit as a code of morals and as a great literary work." It is generally admitted that the Bible is less read than it was in former times, and the Portland *Express* thinks this is due to the decrease in the number of literal believers. This is unfortunate, for, asserts the New England paper, "none of the literary beauties of the Bible depend upon a literal interpretation, but all are as great without it as with it. Only a little of the moral teaching, perhaps none at all, depends upon literal translation, either." *The Express* goes on:

"There is, then, every inducement to know the Bible, regardless of our attitude toward it, and knowing it as we should, we can not fail to benefit, and more often than not be convinced.

"Admitting all that is obviously true, it's not such a big step to accept inspiration. Ignorance of the Bible itself is often the chief thing that makes such a step impossible. Even literal interpretation, reduced to bare essentials, is not difficult for one who has come to appreciate the real worth of the book as a book. The Bible itself will convince more quickly than anything else, if given a fair chance. It's foolish then to be ignorant of the Bible and to ignore such a great influence in literature and philosophy. When we remain in ignorance of it, we are not fair to ourselves or giving our minds a square deal. First of all, learn the Bible, learn to appreciate it, let its influence get a chance at you and then you will not be bothered much by interpretations. Ignorant of it, you are at the mercy of any critic, and sure to be bamboozled into a belief that it can not be taken literally, and so is generally worthless, or something equally ridiculous.

"First, know your Bible, as President Coolidge suggests, and chances are you will have much the best of the bargain."

## A MODERN STUDENTS' CREED

MODERN COLLEGE STUDENTS, said President Angell of Yale recently, are "good kids," a sentiment which is coming more and more into general credence. It is substantiated in a creed recently adopted by forty undergraduates of the University of Michigan attending a house-party for the discussion of personal religion. The students believe in evolution, and they are not literalists. Barring these points as of possible exception by some, the creed will probably find room in many other minds, and, certainly, it is pointed out, it will help correct a wide-spread suspicion that all campuses are jazz-mad. As it is presented by Herbert A. Jump in *The Congregationalist*, the creed is:

"We believe in the right-mindedness of youth. If we do not obey all the traditions of an earlier generation, we hope to bequeath, nevertheless, as wholesome a set of ideals to our children as was passed on to us.

"We suspect that we are, on the whole, less addicted to the mild falsehoods of conventionality, less guilty of the habitual hypocrisies of self-satisfied piety than some of our forefathers.

"We know that the deepest truths by which we live are not new with us, but have always been in the world. We are trying, however, to translate them into real words and real deeds suited to life in this year of our Lord.

"Meanwhile, we do not want to be charged with neglect of the ancient validity of these principles because we choose to amend the customs in which these truths formerly exprest themselves.

"We believe in authority and can not conceive of a solid social order without the universal practise of the virtue of obedience.

"The authority of the past over the present, however, we do not admit. The authority of a majority to extinguish or assassinate a minority after it has outvoted the minority we do not admit. The authority of thoughtless habit we do not admit.

"But the authority of an intelligent conscience corrected by wise reference to the mind and judgment of an intelligent public we do admit. Him we call a sinner who violates the behests of this imperial conscience.

"The authority of scientific conclusions based on wide study of evidence we admit.

"The authority of inner and mystic influences coming either from the divine without or the subconscious within we admit.

"That many a conflict between these various authorities may come to pass does not surprize us. But out of these conflicts we believe that progress is born.

"We believe in spiritual religion. By this we mean a deference to, and a reverence in the face of, a world of invisible realities.

"That this world of invisible realities abides in the being of a personal and infinite Spirit is a part of our faith, hard as it may be to pass on that conviction to one who does not already possess it.

"Traditional religion rich in forms and ceremonies and Scriptures and codes of conduct interests us historically, but does not command us.

"The Church helps us to obtain spiritual religion when it is psychologically modern and ethically honest, but it offers us no assistance when it remains blind to the present economic injustices of society or encourages men to feel that they can come close to God by the use of sacred phrases on Sunday, when on Monday those same lips deal with business lies or announce doctrines of unfraternal industrial tyranny.

"Jesus is to us an adequate leader and example. Many of his so-called followers and his so-called churches seem to have but slight acquaintance with the heart of his Gospel. But we hope to be of help in making the institution of Christianity more Christlike.

"The Bible becomes more lovely to us as it becomes less magically supernatural.

"The law of love is difficult to apply, but our definition of a follower of Jesus is a man who is trying to learn love and striving to practise love.

"We believe in evolution. The infinite Spirit is overruling the course of time for high ends and for moral goals. Every aspiring soul is part of the force that will ultimately bring success to this evolutionary process. Every selfish soul is part of the opposition to be overcome by the forces of light.

"We consecrate ourselves to a following of the gleam, an imitating of Jesus, and a befriending of every human brother. Our prayers and our living we devote to the service of the greatest good to the greatest number. Thus we hope to be of use to man and acceptable unto the God who made us."

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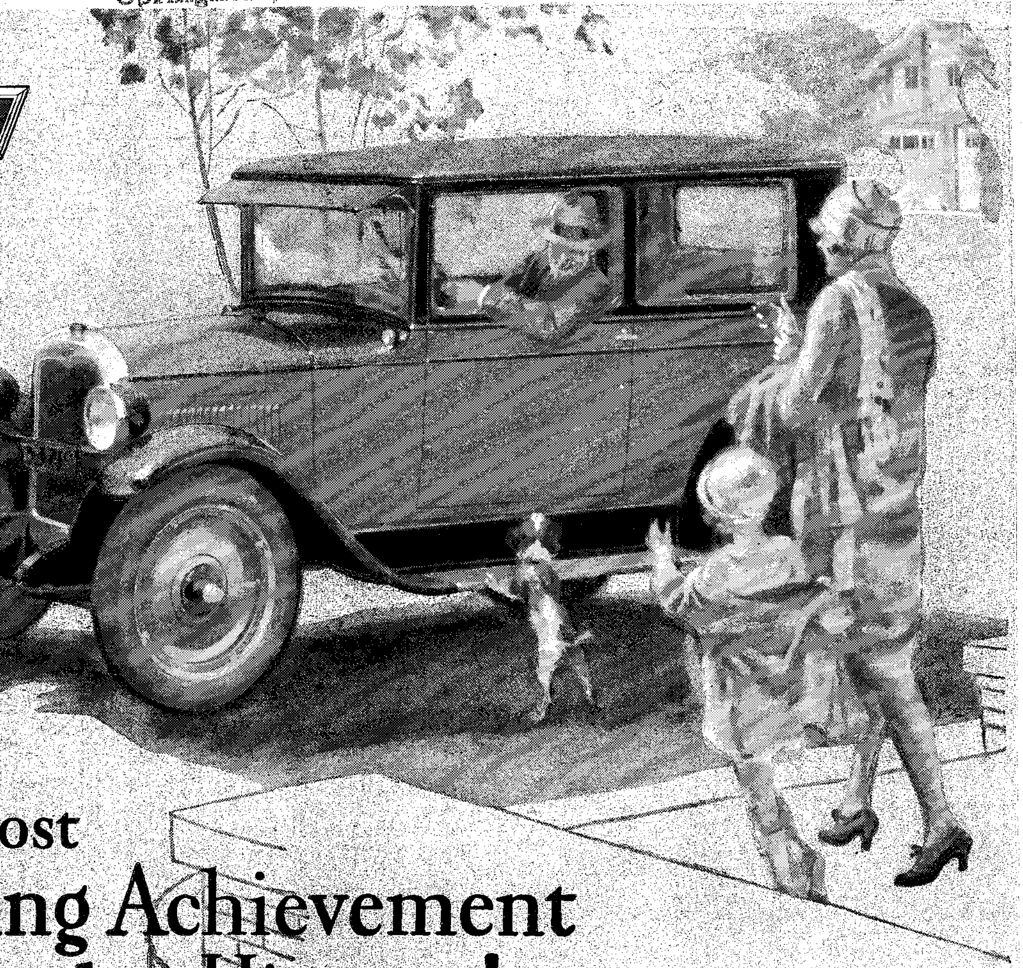

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# CURRENT ▾ POETRY

*Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.*

ANOTHER poem by our new French Ambassador is an interpretation of the Seventh Station of the Cross, where Christ falls the second time. It is translated for *The Commonweal* (New York):

## SEVENTH STATION

By Paul Claudel

(*Translated by Henry Morton Robinson*)

'Tis not the stones that conquer now, nor the knotted flails;
It is the soul that falters here, it is the soul that fails.

O midway of our mortal life when the strong soul is spent,
When the compass loses its polar star and faith its firmament,

Because the flinty road is long, the steep climb without end,
We seem to sink, abandoned by every hope and friend.

O lengthening years of weariness, inflexible cold fate!
Borne down by secret self-disgust and the cross's cruel weight

We fall at last, not on our knees in supplicating prayer,
But wretchedly, face downward, in agonized despair.

The jaded body falls, ah, yes, but not till the tired will stumbles—
Save us, Lord, from this second fall when the weary spirit crumbles!

*The Cornhill* (London) published this somewhere around Christmas, but the parable is not limited to times or seasons:

## THE BARGAIN

By May Kendall

Peter, on Christmas bounty bent,
Found his material assets nil.
He sighed: "They are not worth a cent.
But I can sell my soul. . . . I will!"

. . . . . . . . . . .

Straight to the Devil Peter sped.
"Please, will you buy my soul?" he said.
The Devil eyed the merchandise
And murmured blandly: "Name your price!"

Then, Peter: "If you do not mind,
I'd like to take it, sir, in kind:—
Two tons of the best coal—and all
In bags, the cellars are so small—
A score of eider-downs, ten pairs
Of double blankets, six armchairs,
And toys enough to fill a shop,
Puddings and cakes and candies——"
"Stop!"
Exclaimed the Devil. "Mercy, man,
You'll need our very biggest van!"

As in the twinkling of an eye
A mighty van was standing by.
All Peter's purchases it bore,
From tons of coal to toys galore.
He blessed the Devil, and away
He drove. He had a royal day;
And happier folk 'twere hard to find,
Than those he sought and left behind.
One household there remained to cheer
When someone called him from the rear.
"Halt!" cried the Devil. "This won't do!
You took that soul away with you—
My property, as you'll agree.
Come back—you'll both be safe with me!"

But Peter, hailing Widow Brown,
Disbursed the final eider-down
Before he said: "I haven't seen
My soul all day—*your* soul, I mean.
You should have watched him: more than most
He has a way of getting lost.
He's given *me* some fearful shocks,
But—why, he's yonder, on the box!
He loves a drive with all his heart.
Now, if we're ready, let us start!"

. . . . . . . . . . .

Peter, a sportsman, never tried
His obligations to evade,
But lavished upon every side
The soul for which he had been paid.

Full soon the Devil was aware
Of changes grave and ominous;
A subtle glamour in the air
Was permeating Erebus.

Demons, once by their task enthralled,
Refused to fan the infernal flames;
And Peter and Apollyon called
Each other by their Christian names.

"A month of this," the Devil vowed,
"Will ruin me! I'm old and spent."
To stern necessity he bowed,
And summoned Peter. Peter went.

"You're free," the Devil cried, "to roam
By sea or land, from pole to pole,
But NOT to make this place your home!
Be off with you—*and take your soul!*"

*The New Republic* fills a page with "Poems by Women." Two of these are selected; but would they be different if written by men?

## THE DRUM

By Louise Bogan

The drum roars up.
O blood refused,
Here's your answer.
The ear is used.

A miss and a beat,
The skin and the stick
Part and meet,
Gather thick.

Now they part;
Now they're meeting.
There's not in the heart
So much beating.

Use up the air
To the last drop,
To the last layer
Before you stop.

Whatever is toward
It's the drums I'll have,
Dying a coward,
Or living brave.

## YOUR FIRST LOVE

By Lizette Woodworth Reese

When the wild pear spills over,
When the wild pear breaks down
Its crocks full of silver,
A mile out of town,

Her foot set in music,
Her frock made of blue,
She fleets the young country
With looks all for you.

With a hundred poor things
Long, long is she done;
With a roof, or a field,
Or the golden round sun.

No heaven can hold her,
No grave keep her down,
When the wild pear is blowing
A mile out of town.

IN *The Century* a pretty tribute to youth and spring with no suggestion of flapperism:

## THE VASSAR WALKS

By Lawrence Lee

Oh, once I knew a St. Anne's girl
When St. Anne's smelled of spring;
And, though the lilacs had come out,
She seemed a lovely thing.

Now she is there, and I am here;
Virginia's far away;
And I don't doubt that she is out
With other men to-day.

But I have seen the Vassar walks
Since last I viewed St. Anne's;
And there I met as trim a girl
As mine or any man's.

When violets bloom along the lake,
And Vassar girls pass by,
He must be blind who cannot find
A blossom for his eye.

It is not far to Vassar lawns
From Chelsea or Times Square;
And now that lilacs should be out,
I'll pack and journey there!

THE exultation of a reconquest is in these simple, touching lines in the New York *Times:*

## BRAILLE

By a Blind Student

Faltering, fumbling
O'er the strange signs,
My fingers are stumbling,
Trying with all my might
I spell out words aright
As children do,
Learning to read anew,
By touch, not sight.

Faster and faster,
O'er the strange words,
My fingers are gliding,
Then sentences come
And the victory's won!
Open flies the door,
I thought closed evermore,
Into precious Bookland
Where old friends I meet,
And dear friends I greet,
With a touch of the hand.

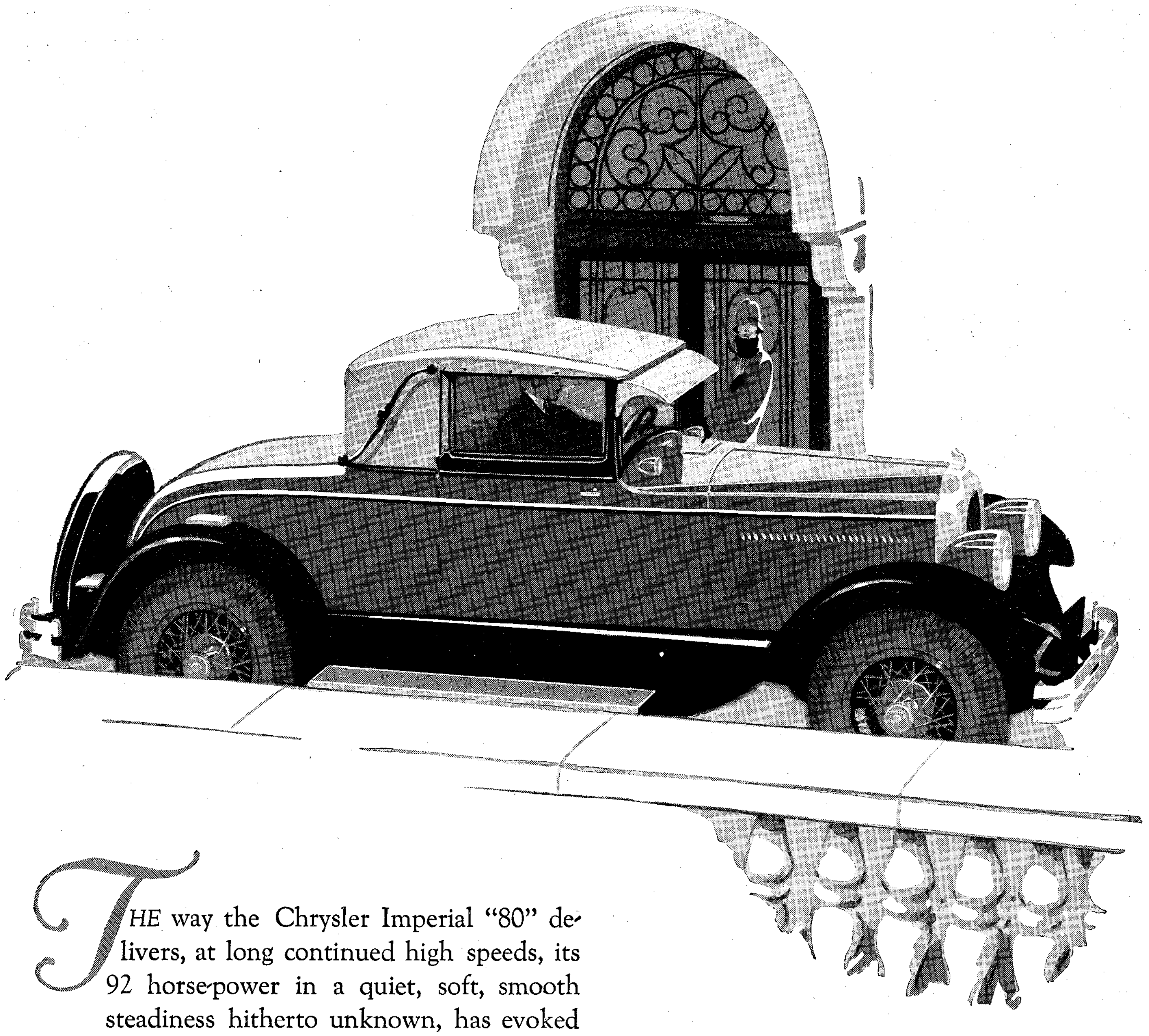
FOR once in a way it is rehabilitation that engages a writer with this dubious heroine in *Voices* (New York). Ancient heroes are apt to lose more of their reputations from modern writers instead of gaining some credit:

## SALOME

By Leonora Speyer

I danced for Herod, yes. My mother's eyes,
Watchful and wary, followed as I danced;
I never dropped my veils, but swayed, advanced,
And tripped the steps she taught me, maiden-wise.
I danced for Herod, yes! I never glanced
Toward the deep place where John with woeful cries
Lay chained; nor sought his loving. These are lies.
I sought to please my mother as I danced.

And then I ran to her—she knew my wish,
For I had often whispered it: the Charm,
The carven emblem older women wore
To capture Love! Ah, head upon the dish
She bade me choose!—Along my nurse's arm
All night I wept till I could weep no more.



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# CHRYSLER IMPERIAL "80"

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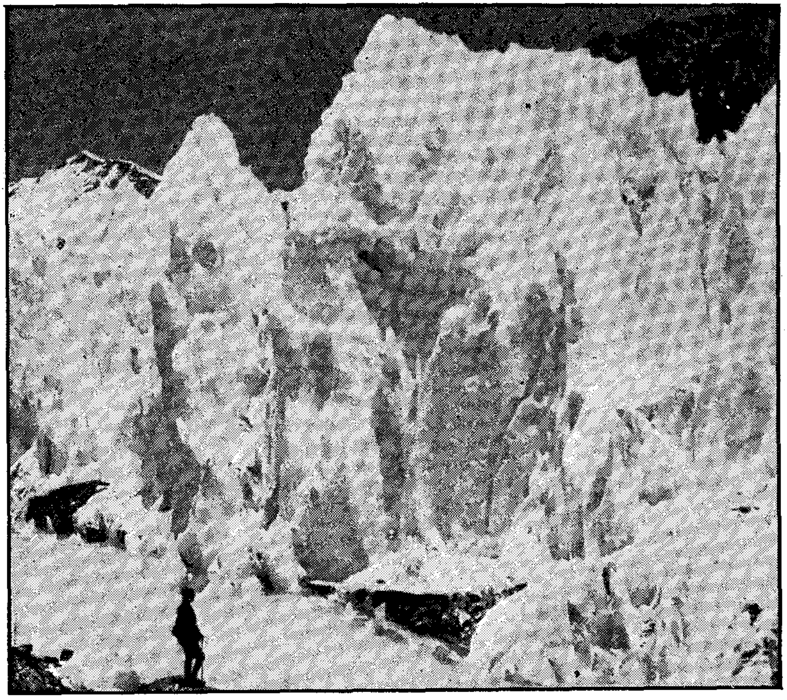
# PERSONAL • GLIMPSES

## FILMING "THE EPIC OF EVEREST"

SIX BLANKETS ON THE SNOW, laid out in the form of a cross—it was the signal of death! Printed on the cruel, white crest of the "Goddess Mother of the World," higher than man had ever climbed before, and discerned by telescope a mile or two down the mountain-side, that cross of blankets told a story of mystery and magnificent failure—the requiem of two indomitable climbers who, within hail of the very climax of their ambition and their incredible labors, had vanished from human ken as completely as if caught up on high like Enoch or Elijah. Such was literally the "high spot"—well named in this case—of the third Mount Everest Expedition, the cinema record of which is now being exhibited to motion-picture audiences. The man who made the film, Capt. J. B. L. Noel, confesses to realizing, when he saw the baffled relief party spread that telltale symbol on the snow, "how cruelly this mountain fights." True to her sinister reputation in Tibetan monasteries and native villages, "she had allowed the men to come on, and at the last moment had killed them." But did the victims actually conquer her before they perished? That mysterious possibility is suggested. "Maybe," Captain Noel muses, "she had killed them in revenge after they had attained their victory. Who knows? She alone holds the secret. For all my efforts, there was much that my camera had not been able to record."



Illustrations from *ASIA* Magazine

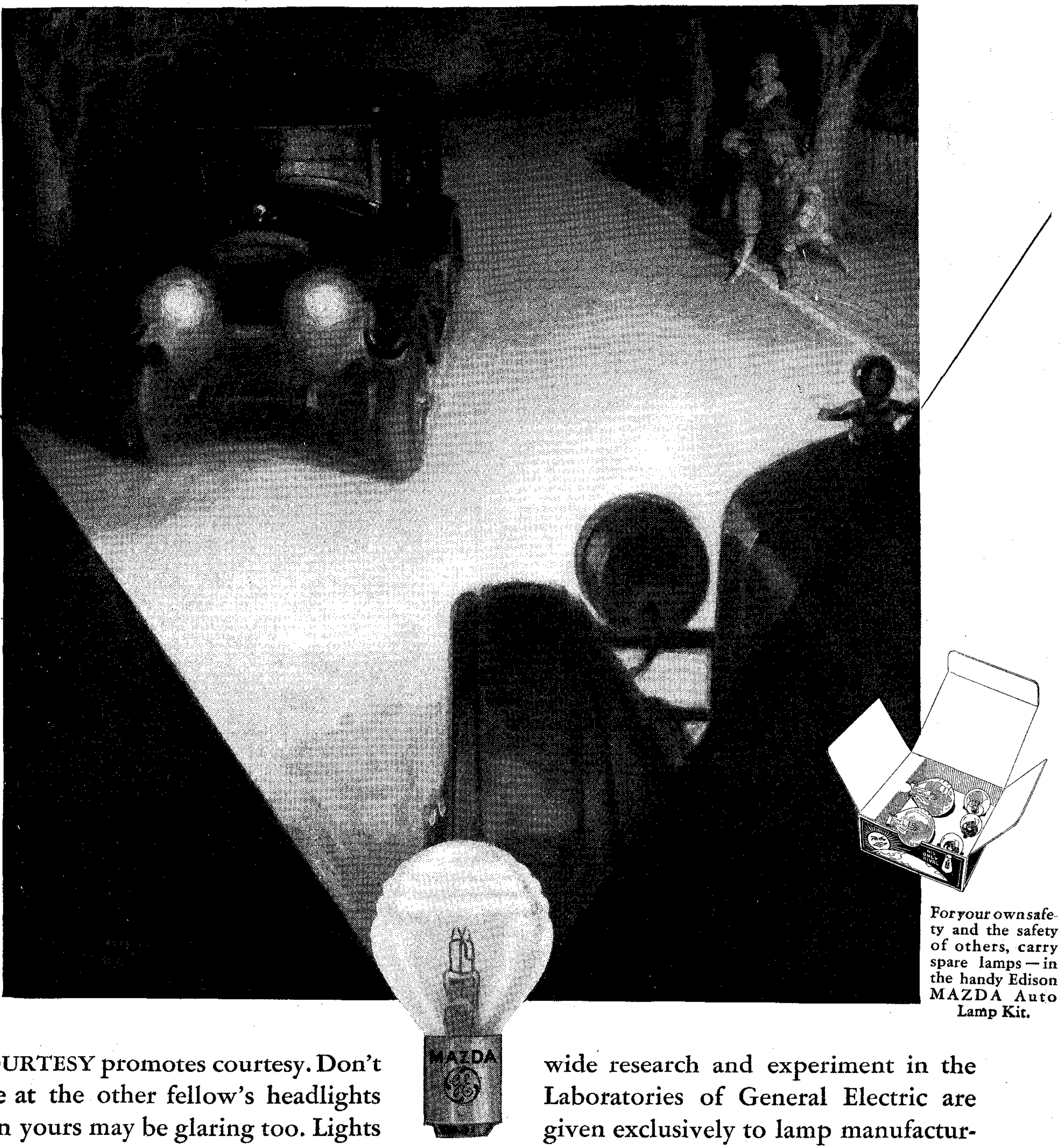
THEY CALLED THIS "THE FAIRYLAND OF ICE"

Here Jack Frost built a forest and temples on the road to the roof of the world, and "in the sunlight all is dazzling whiteness, but the shaded hollows are filled with transparent, blue-green hues"—and the warning is "beautiful, but deadly."

Small wonder that the filming of "The Epic of Everest" lives in the camera-man's memory as the most difficult and absorbing task he has ever undertaken, or is ever likely to undertake. "Film experts," he relates in *Asia* Magazine, "in a businesslike manner said cheerfully, 'Without a love interest the picture will be a certain failure,' and asked whether we could not bring out actors and actresses and make a romance in the snow. But they could not convince me that it was necessary to vulgarize such a subject to make it popular. Some members of the organizing committee, on the other hand, and even some members of the expedition itself, rather resented the presence of a motion-picture man at all. I remember how George H. Leigh-Mallory once told me, in a laughing way, that I had converted him; on the first trip, in 1921, he confessed, he had said, 'Thank God there is no cinematograph with us.'" However, a change of policy came at headquarters, for Captain Noel continues:

> At the invitation of the Royal Geographical Society I accompanied the Mount Everest expedition in 1922, and again in 1924. On the whole, I got along famously with all the members of the party, and I do not think my camera worried anybody. But my work was anything but studio-set production. In photographing the high climbing I had to adapt myself to the climbers; I could not ask them to modify their plans or "act" for me. I had to be on the spot whenever I could, and photograph what might come by chance. This method meant hours of patience, hours on the watch; when something happened, it had to be caught immediately, because it would not be repeated. But such a scene was more convincing than any acted episode; for it was stark reality.
>
> I had four cameras to insure me against the ever-present possibility of having my work brought to an end if one or more of them should fall and break. With them went tripods, supplies of film and plates and developing-tanks, a developing-tent and other paraphernalia. All this equipment was packed in specially made steel cases. It was a heavy load to carry up the most difficult mountain trails in the world and, finally, to the dizzy heights—up craggy slopes and glacial ice, where the air was so thin that even simple walking caused men to pant and grow faint, and the heart pumped as if it were an internal triphammer. Eventually, with the help of my own crew of Sherpas—valiant fellows—we got the cameras up to 23,000 feet, the altitude record for any motion-picture machine.
>
> During the first half of the journey, from Darjeeling to the approaches of Everest, mules carried the photographic baggage. After that we employed the yak. Now the yak is a quaint animal, a mixture of patient docility and lightning freaks of fancy. He carries great burdens very sure-footedly at the rate of about a mile an hour, grazing a bit as he goes on. But he is capable of the most capricious wanderings if he is not treated exactly right. For actual photographic service, the yak was out of the question. I had to be ready, as we went along, to get into action at a moment's notice. Events occurred quickly—there might be a curious group of natives to be photographed or a mishap to our party or a particular view that an oncoming mist would soon obscure. I had eight natives as assistants. In an emergency one unpacked a camera and another a tripod, while a third made the connection with the batteries for the electrical operation of the machine. In two minutes the picture was under way. These things were much too complex for the yak's simple and yet fantastic soul.
>
> In the field my aim was to make myself independent and mobile, so that I could be well ahead, or, if I remained behind to get a "shot," could catch up again. The cameras were carried in water-tight steel boxes painted white to reflect the sun, and packed to open sideways, so that instantly a camera could be taken out and placed on its tripod with everything ready in position. I had two sturdy Tibetan ponies; my interpreter, Cheddup, had a pony. My two mule-men—Tashi, an adventurous Chinese muleteer who had trekked the mountain passes many times, and had lived among the brigands of the Tibetan Chinese border, and Lobsang, a Sherpa with great love of a horse—became so expert as helpers that, when I blew my whistle, they would have the camera out of its box and leveled on its tripod within thirty seconds.
>
> Thus, as we marched across Tibet, we obtained spectacular pictures of the army of men and animals crossing stupendous passes and bleak plateaus, and recorded also many little scenes of

# *Light up*....for courtesy



For your own safety and the safety of others, carry spare lamps — in the handy Edison MAZDA Auto Lamp Kit.

COURTESY promotes courtesy. Don't fume at the other fellow's headlights when yours may be glaring too. Lights in focus do not glare and they give better driving light besides. Correct focus is easily obtained with good lamps and a simple adjustment.

Light up for courtesy with the improved Edison MAZDA* Lamps. They are the product of MAZDA Service, through which the benefits of world-wide research and experiment in the Laboratories of General Electric are given exclusively to lamp manufacturers entitled to use the name MAZDA.

Ask an Edison MAZDA Auto Lamp Dealer to show you the handy Edison MAZDA Auto Lamp Kit and to fit it out for you with the proper lamps for every light position in your car. For his identification as a reliable dealer he displays the emblem shown at the left.

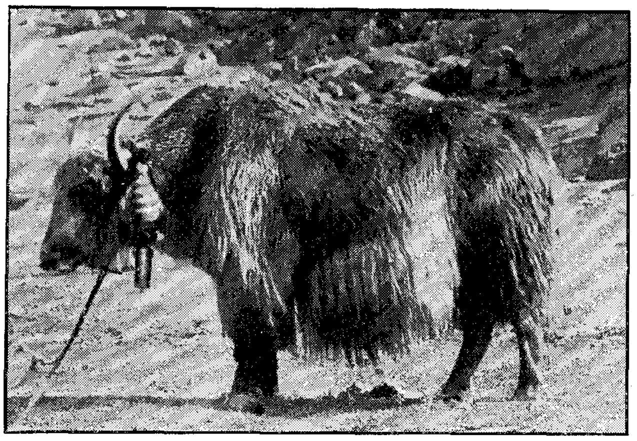
EDISON MAZDA LAMPS *for your car*

*MAZDA—*the mark of a research service*

## EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

passing interest. When Everest was reached, the mules were put out to graze at the last village and porters took on the work of carrying the cameras, which were transferred into specially made shoulder-boxes. These porters followed as far as laden men could in the footsteps of the climbers, and, when they could not carry the cameras any higher, I fell back on telephotography.



DEAR TO CLIMBERS AND CROSS-WORD PUZZLERS

The plodding, grunting, good-natured yak proved indispensable as a pack-animal on the Everest expeditions. He plows the Tibetans' barley-fields and gives them meat, milk, butter, and material for clothing.

Up near the topmost heights discharges of static electricity became marked; for in that high, dry atmosphere everything is highly electrified. The ordinary motion-picture camera will not work there; even the friction of the celluloid film against the complex guides sets up great discharges. The higher the altitude, the more extraordinary this sparking becomes, and, obviously, if it occurs inside the film box, it is disastrous. In these circumstances, film, when developed, shows lightninglike flashes on the picture.

I had struggled with the problem of static on previous photographic journeys in the Himalayas; and, in order that my pictures for the 1922 expedition should not merely record a long series of these flashes, I had had a camera made that in operation minimized friction. My films even then showed flashes, tho usually not enough to ruin them. On this first journey up Everest I developed my own negatives on the spot; for I wanted to be able to check results as I went along and to repeat any scenes if necessary. Static may spoil any part of a film reel, and the testing of ends of reels gives no indication of trouble that may have happened to the middle parts. So I pitched my dark-room tent on the banks of the glacier river, at 16,000 feet above the sea, higher than the top of any mountain in Europe, and much higher than films had ever been worked before. Here, during the progress of the 1922 expedition, I developed altogether ten thousand feet of film.

While the negatives were being developed in the dark-room tent, the fight with static was continued. Every contact of the fingers with the celluloid brought a spark. Holding the film flat between the fingers caused a ruinous display. I had to take the strips gingerly by the edges, thus lessening the damage. Washing and drying negatives was another ticklish problem. The temperature was always below freezing at night, but, when the sun came up, the condition was one of slight thaw. I developed at night and left the films to wash until morning. In order that the water in which they soaked might not freeze, an oil-lamp was kept burning in the tent. It was impossible to dry film at night because of the freezing, and during the day the wind blew with an unceasing violence and carried quantities of dust and grit, which speckled a film badly. But for two hours after sunup the air was quiet, and I used that time daily for drying. It was always a scramble to get the advantage of this temporary condition. Thus I worked, not unhappily, against odds, in my dark-room tent by the banks of the glacier river.

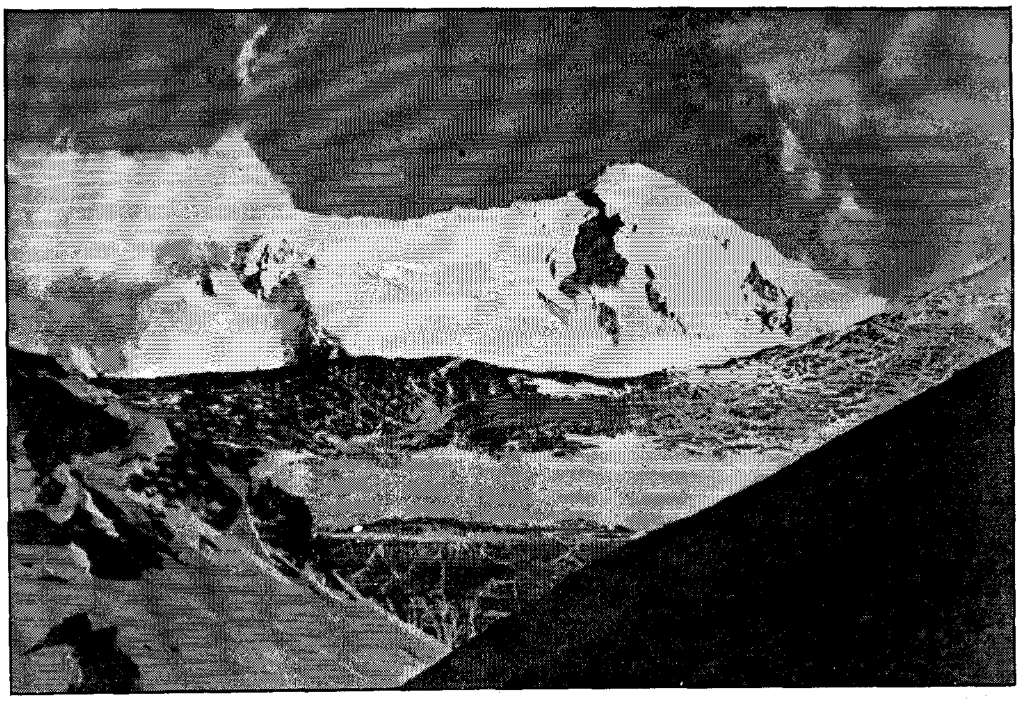
On the 1924 expedition, Captain Noel changed his procedure and made no attempt to develop the negatives in the field. His cameras were even more carefully constructed, he tells us, and the results seemed much more certain. Hence this result:

The film was carried by dispatch riders traveling fifty miles a day on relays of ponies down to Darjeeling, where it was developed, prepared and edited. In charge of this work was Arthur Pereira, the well-known photographic technician.

The only plot of ground Pereira could get for his laboratory was a jungle-covered mountain slope at a horrible angle, but coolies cut into the hill, banked it and ran up a house, sixty feet by forty feet, of cement, stone, wood and tin. When I was in Darjeeling, before our departure for Everest, the little railway-station was crammed with Pereira's enormous packing-cases, containing developing-tanks, drying apparatus and washing-wheels, a motor-generator for developing his own steady supply of current, chemicals and the like. He had everything designed to the last tool and screw. As fast as my films arrived from Everest, they were developed, and special news portions, showing the progress of the expedition, were dispatched immediately to Europe to be distributed to motion-picture theaters throughout the world, so that the man in the street, who perhaps would not chance to see the official reports of the Royal Geographical Society, could follow the climb.

The plans embraced a day-to-day motion-picture record from the time we left India until we returned. But the pictures, I felt, must be far more than this daily pictorial chronicle; for records in themselves unimpeachably truthful do not always convey true impressions. Indeed, in London, Bernard Shaw came to see my pictures of the 1922 climb, and he said afterward, "The Everest expedition was a picnic in Connemara surprized by a snow-storm." That was smart but untrue. The pictures had been intended to amuse, and did amuse, people for a couple of hours, showing truthfully one aspect of the business—a jolly, rollicking, sporting adventure. But they did not reveal all—how could they?

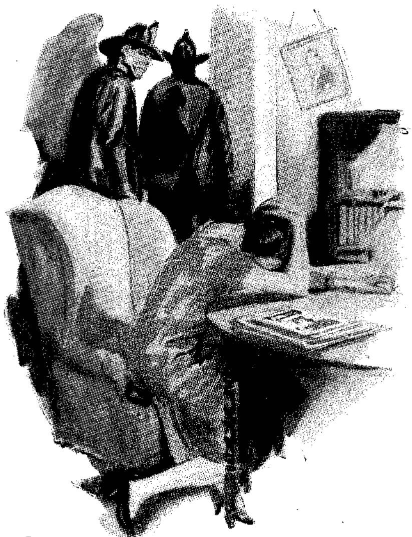
In the 1924 picture I made it more than ever my task to convey, as well as I could, the fascination of those secluded, lofty, divinely beautiful mountains of Tibet and the implacable majesty of the supreme mountain herself—a majesty that causes the priests of the Rongbuk to worship her as a sacred living creature and to name her, beautifully, "Goddess Mother of the World." Not to add those impressions to the chronicle of events would be to leave the Everest story half untold. Above all it was my desire



WHEN EVENING FALLS ON "THE GODDESS MOTHER OF THE WORLD"

This photograph of Mount Everest was made by Captain Noel from Frozen Lake Camp. "Light-beams play like quicksilver on the ice-bound slopes; darkness gathers in the ice-caverns below. But the delicate, soft mists . . . float a while and then evaporate or are torn apart by the winds."

# *Before* I *knew it, my summer wardrobe* WAS IN FLAMES!



ONE of the worst scares I ever had was the time I set a closet afire with a match. It was one of those deep, dark affairs. I wanted to get my pink georgette, hanging somewhere back there in the dark. Before I knew it, the entire wardrobe was ablaze!

I tried to beat it out with my bare hands. Burned them badly. I snatched a pillow from the bed and tried beating with that. It only seemed to make it worse. Then I rushed to the telephone and stammered something to the operator.

She must have understood. The firemen came. They put it out. Oh, dear! All my pretty dresses . . . burned up! I won't forget *that* experience as long as I live. We were lucky the whole house didn't go. I should have known better. . . . We have an Eveready flashlight now. Several, in fact. Each closet has one hanging just inside the door—and there is another in the car.

* * *

There are hundreds of uses for an Eveready in and about the home, the car, the garage. Portable light in its safest and most convenient form. Genuine Evereadys are $1.25 and up. Keep them loaded with fresh, long-lasting Eveready Batteries—the kind that's *dated*.

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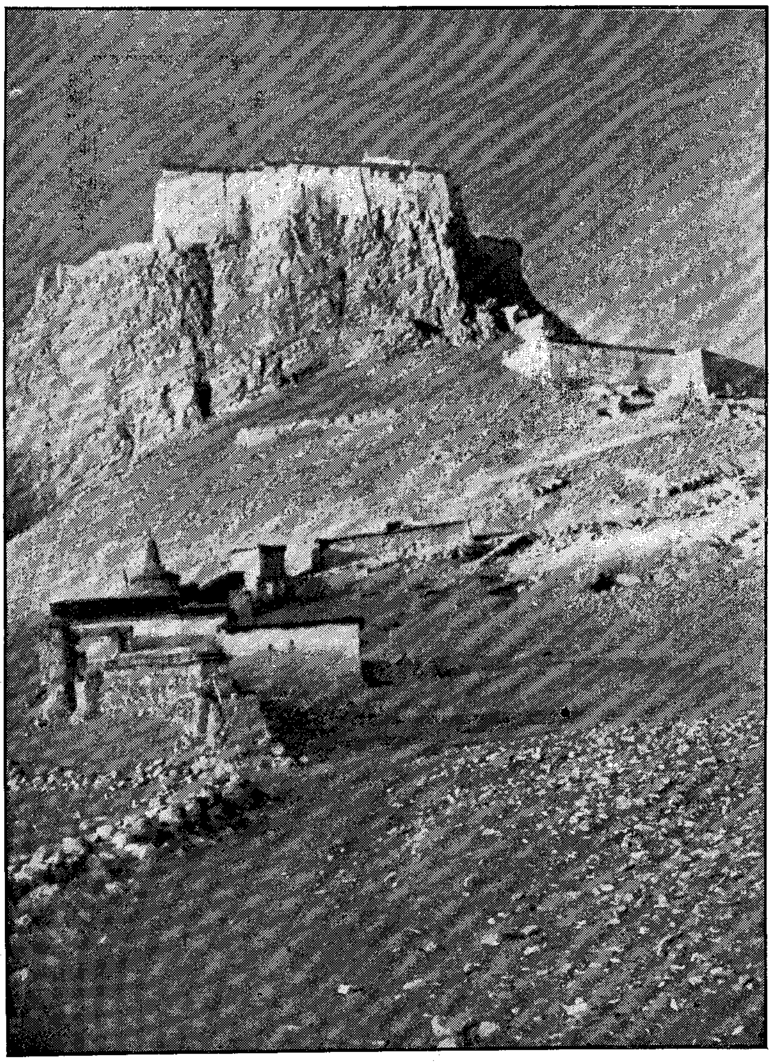
*Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation*

EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHTS & BATTERIES
*-they last longer*

A THOUSAND THINGS MAY HAPPEN IN THE DARK to convey a "something" that would make the spectator feel the immensity of this struggle of man against nature—make him feel that climax which we ourselves reached among Everest's virgin snow-fields, fighting to the last ounce of our strength against her power, snatching victories, creating records, being hurled back, an unforgetable impression of power, beauty, grandeur, and the insignificance of man. If I could convey this feeling to others and so enable them to share what we ourselves felt, then I should succeed in my task.



WHERE THE MIGHTY MOUNTAIN IS FEARED AND WORSHIPED

This fortresslike monastery, Kampa Dzong, has stood from time immemorial "upon its rock fifteen thousand feet above the sea." No good can come, its pious inmates believe, to the Western intruders who seek to violate the solitude of Mount Everest.

Well do I remember my sensations when, in 1922, I made my initial climb to Ice Cliff Camp, 23,000 feet above the sea. My first night at this height, I did not sleep at all. The next morning G. I. Finch, Geoffrey Bruce and I all sat about in the snow for nearly two hours in a sort of daze. My camera was in my tent. To get it out of its box and take a photograph of the men or the camp was a thing that filled me with horror. I was almost in a coma. Eventually we made some breakfast, performing every action at a ridiculously slow speed. I felt so done up that I went to my oxygen apparatus, opened the tap wide and took a quarter of an hour's heavy breathing of oxygen. This had a most marvelous effect; I became another being. Finch also took oxygen, and finally we finished breakfast and aroused the porters, who were in a very lethargic condition.

The weather was fine. After Finch and Bruce, who were hoping to reach the summit, finally got off with their porters, I watched them with my telescope and managed to take some long-distance photographs of them, an enormous exertion, possible only because I took oxygen all the time I was at work. I saw them going, at a very, very slow rate up the Northeast Ridge, at a distance of about one mile. The long-distance motion-pictures I took show them quite clearly. Afterward I felt so fatigued that I went to my tent and stayed there without eating anything beyond some tinned milk and jam during the rest of the day and the whole of the following night.

Next morning I got up with difficulty. I spent most of the day in tending Songlu, my faithful Sherpa servant, since his condition was so serious that I thought he was going to die. Two other of my photographic porters were also suffering from mountain-sickness, but I had two fit men. By the following day I felt much better, and, without the aid of oxygen, I was able to work with my apparatus, do complicated manipulations of the electric batteries and focus the camera on the upper ridge, where I hoped to photograph Finch and Bruce while they were climbing. But I saw nothing: the weather was bad, and snow was falling. I expected Finch and Bruce to make their climb and return to our camp that night, but they did not come. When another twenty-four hours had passed, I was so anxious that I sent up a party of native porters to their camp with supplies of food and hot soups, which I had cooked and put into thermos-bottles. The two men were a day and a night beyond their scheduled time, and, as a signal that we were hanging on to our camp, I burned at intervals in the evening, out in the open, all my spare unexposed motion-picture film, which made brilliant illumination.

This experience was typical. The feeling of being no mere observer but a participator in the drama that I was recording, the physical lassitude, the excitement and the suspense that oppressed me until the two men were safely back in camp—these things were part and parcel of the job. Again and again I had to make my pictures under stress of emotion. But it was not until the last few weeks and days o the 1924 expedition—when, with the monsoon coming on, we were fighting against time and against one backset after another—that I experienced to the full what photographing the Everest climb really meant.

Everything seemed to go against us. After we had succeeded in establishing our higher camps, we were forced to evacuate them and spend more tha a week at the base camp, waiting for a turn of th weather. One evening, as I was making a time-exposure sunset picture of Everest from the hill above the base, I saw a procession coming slowly down, carrying some stretcherlike object. I thought it was one of the many sick men. Not knowing, I shouted from a distance, asking the porters to clea the foreground of my picture, but they took no notice. They were carrying the body of Naik Shamshar, one of the Gurkhas, who had died that day of hemorrhag of the brain. He was a splendid young man in h prime. Soon after, we lost another man, a victin of frost-bite.

Captain Noel suggested one day in the mess that, if they could get the head lama of the Rongbuk Monastery to bless the men, his words might have the effect of cheering them and restoring their shattered morale; and he goes on to relate:

At this Tibetan monastery, in the glacier valley below Everest, we had each year been hospitably entertained on our way up to the mountain. But the lamas, like all other Tibetans, considered their sacred mountain inviolable: our attempt to scale it seemed to them little other than sacrilege. In the period between the two Everest expeditions there had appeared on a wall, hidden away in the monastery, a fresco that pictured the white man lying at the foot of Everest, slain by the Goddess Mother in her anger.

The holy lama, however, consented to our request; and we all went down to the monastery for the ceremony of blessing. There we were received in state; indeed, it took the head lama and the other monks two entire days to dress themselves and prepare for the ceremony. Our visit to Rongbuk was full of interesting episodes that I was eager to record. I considered myself fortunate in having so much time to explore and photograph the monastery and make friends with the lamas. All of us found enjoyment and profit in every moment of our rest in this religious retreat.

During these days of waiting, Mallory was sharing, at my invitation, my large, comfortable photographic tent, since we were short of tents at the base; and I thus had opportunity to observe his restless energy and ambition. He seemed uneasy, always scheming and planning. It was obvious to me that he felt the check to our plans more acutely than any of the rest of us.

One night I said to him, after he had gone to bed: "Mallory, tell me your secret of breathing. It's a great story."

"No," he said, "when I've got to the top of the old mountain and there is nothing higher left to climb in the world, I'll tell." With that he blew out the flame of his candle and rolled over to sleep.

Finally, after long waiting, the climbing began again. Steadily we made our way up the trail to the higher camps. Then one day

# *"Foolishly . . I thought it never could help me"*

"MY PAINTING *makes it necessary for me to do a great deal of travelling. I may have a commission for a portrait in New York and then one in California.*

*"This constant travelling, in connection with the continued strain entailed by my work itself, resulted, a short time ago, in my feeling always tired, run down, nervous.*

*"While in this plight I was advised by some friends to try eating Fleischmann's Yeast. I had long known of yeast, of course, but somehow had not thought it would do* me *any good. Nevertheless, I decided to try it, and I started at once to eat it every day.*

*"The result, I am happy to state, passed all my expectations. My tired feeling disappeared, my nerves grew strong, and today I begin each day's work with a zest that I had not known for many years."*
LATTANZIO DI FIRMIAN, New York City

HOW easy it proved to be!—for him, as for the thousands more who have found perfect health through this amazing fresh food.

Fleischmann's Yeast does two things. It keeps the system internally *clean*. And healthily *active*.

A corrective food—that is what yeast is. A living plant. Unlike medicines, which stimulate the system to temporary, abnormal activity, yeast is the easy, *natural* way to banish constipation. It purifies the digestive tract, preventing the absorption of dangerous poisons by the body. It strengthens sluggish intestinal muscles, aiding the processes of elimination.

Start today: make Fleischmann's Yeast a part of your regular diet. Your digestion will become normal, your skin will resume its rightful freshness—soon you will look and feel your old self again!

All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. A-97, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.

COUNT LATTANZIO DI FIRMIAN, *Italian painter, at work on a sketch of a beautiful Chinese girl in one of California's famous gardens*

BELOW

"I WAS actually afraid I should have to stay out of high school, I felt so wretched. After trying all kinds of remedies I almost despaired of ever finding anything that would rid me of my constipation. I was practically a nervous wreck . . . And then, on the advice of my cousin, I started eating Fleischmann's Yeast. Today I feel fine. My friends all notice the remarkable change in me. I am strong and full of energy—no longer always tired and nervous. I feel like a different person. Fleischmann's Yeast has helped me back to splendid health. I gladly recommend it to others who may be suffering as I did."
DORIS WHITE, San Jose, Calif.

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YEAST
FOR
HEALTH

## *Do this— to regain the joy of radiant health*

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal: just plain in small pieces, or on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water. *For constipation physicians say to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime.* (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

MISS LEONA ERRICO of St. Louis sends us this snapshot taken on her recent Round-the-World Cruise. Miss Errico writes that for several years she suffered from stomach trouble. "I was unable to eat any highly seasoned foods," she says, "without being troubled by indigestion. This condition lasted until a friend suggested the use of Fleischmann's Yeast. I began eating two or three cakes every day. Within a very short time all traces of indigestion disappeared, and I can truthfully say that this simple remedy has toned up my entire system. I have now been eating Yeast for many months and I have recommended it highly to many of my friends."
LEONA ERRICO, St. Louis, Mo.

# Pipe Smoker Applies Medical Training Selecting Tobacco

Some folks act on "hunches," some on emotion, some on pet theories, and still others on cold logic.

Here is a pipe smoker in the "logic" class. And the reason, as he explains, is that for three years he has been taught to take nothing for granted.

So when he took up pipe-smoking he simply applied laboratory rules in finding the right tobacco. Now he is satisfied that he is not smoking a certain tobacco on theoretical superiority but on proven worth.

Mr. Plaine, the medical student in question, writes as follows:

427 Lyons Avenue
Newark, N. J.
Oct. 16, 1926.

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.

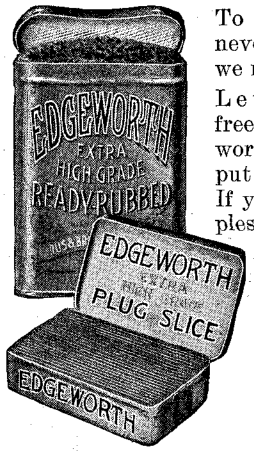
Gentlemen:
Most medical students by the time they reach the third year of their work have absorbed the scientific spirit. That is, we take nothing for granted unless it has been confirmed by experiment or other reliable means. Prove it, we say!

Some time ago I decided to start smoking a pipe. Choosing the pipe was easy enough, but finding the tobacco to go with it was not so easy. I experimented, trying one tobacco after another. Some would have a fragrant aroma, but oh—what a taste they would leave! Others left my mouth like a furnace. A few reminded me of a poorly ventilated chemical laboratory.

I had almost decided that what I was looking for—a cool, sweet taste and a pleasant aroma—was impossible. Finally I took the advice of one of the fellows and tried your good old blue can. Eureka! You can't get me away from it now.

You should call Edgeworth—"money's worth."

Sincerely yours,
Irving H. Plaine.



To those who have never tried Edgeworth we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 2 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

*To Retail Tobacco Merchants:* If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

[ *On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 256 meters.* ]

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
*Continued*

snow completely buried the hand-ropes, and the steps that had been cut in the steep, almost perpendicular Ice Cliff, leaving a group of porters isolated on the topmost ledge. Into our minds crowded memories of the disastrous avalanche of 1922, in which so many lives had been lost. Fearing a similar tragedy, Lieutenant-Colonel E. F. Norton, who was in command of the expedition, went to the rescue, accompanied by Mallory and T. H. Somervell.

Evening was coming on. At a range of one and a quarter miles from Snowfield Camp below, my telescope showed me the tiny, distraught figures moving on the ledge. They came out one by one and looked down toward Somervell, who was slowly, step by step, cutting through the snow with his ax and making holes for his feet in the more solid ice below. Norton and Mallory paid out the rope to him from behind a solid projection of ice. They ran backward and forward in a confused manner, and I could not understand what they were doing.

Watching through my telescope, I saw Somervell stop and begin to descend. My heart sank. Had he found the task too difficult and given up? Would the men have to be abandoned? I continued alternately to watch through the telescope and to operate the camera. I coul not understand the actions, altho I continued to photograph them. Later, when the men all got safely back to us, Somervell narrated what had happened. He had reached the end of the rope held by Norton and Mallory in their safe position. Not daring to go beyond his rope-end, he jammed his ice-ax into the snow, untied himself and tied the rope-end to the ax, so as to provide a hold for the men. He himself went down to lighten the weight on the slipping snow. Then, by shouting instructions, he finally managed to get the men to his rope one by one.

I saw all this happening and recorded it completely in the motion-pictures, but I could not understand the action at the time. Shadows crept up and obscured the scene; I got a picture that was dark, but clear enough to show the figures descending. The men all got down, altho one started a snowslide of some twenty-five feet, which might have caused a general avalanche and swept the whole lot from the face of the cliff.

It took rescuers and rescued many hours to descend to the glacier below. When we met them, with a supporting party carrying hot soup, blankets, and other things, the whole lot of them sank down in the snow. They were absolutely exhausted. The porters were like drunken men, not knowing what was happening. Norton, Somervell, and Mallory hardly spoke.

During the next few days there was a general exodus from Snowfield Camp of everybody who was not up to the mark. It developed into a sort of renewed retreat. Mallory remained a great deal in his tent and sleeping-bag. He looked ill, and in my opinion he was an "unfit man" when some days later he started for the summit with Andrew Irvine. His strength was sapped. He made his last climb on his nerves.

Now that we had entrenched ourselves at Snowfield and Ice Cliff camps, there were to be two attempts to reach the top—first by Norton and Somervell without oxygen; then by Mallory and Irvine with the aid, and the burden, of oxygen-tanks. My care was to get the picture of the final climbs. Distance was not so significant, because, with the high-power lens at a range of two or even three miles, against a suitable background, I could still photograph the movements of the climbers. The point of view was the most important consideration. In 1922 I had photographed the high climbing from Ice Cliff Camp; but from there I got a foreshortened perspective. Now, at 22,000 feet, I found an excellent promontory ledge of rock, from which I could see not only the mountain, but the camp on the snow plain a thousand feet below. I named this ledge "Eagle's Nest Point," altho of course there were no eagles here at all. The topmost point of Everest was three miles away in a straight line. It became my task to train my camera on that cone and for hour after hour to scan it with my finder telescope in search for microscopic figures that might move over patches of white background—where, exactly, I could not tell.

For many long hours we watched. As a reward, I got one single picture, of Norton and Somervell and their porters, where I caught the movement of a line of black figures no bigger than dots against the snow high up on the Northeast Ridge at 25,000 feet. I measured the distance later, from Wheeler's accurate photographic survey, and found it to be three thousand yards—one and three-quarter miles. I was happy indeed to get the picture. For me it was a prize—the longest-distance photograph ever obtained in the world. This record was to be broken later by my second picture of Mallory and Irvine's climb, when I got it at 26,400 feet at a range of two miles.

Afterward I lost sight of Norton and Somervell. Next day they built their highest bivouac at 26,500 feet, and the following day they won a great victory in the breaking of the record, altho they missed the very top. At the highest point he reached, Somervell, altho utterly exhausted, summoned the energy to get out his little vest-pocket kodak and take one of the most remarkable photographs that have ever been taken in the world—the summit of Everest, from 28,000 feet, with Norton in the foreground going forward. He very kindly gave me the picture to complete my photographic record.

Norton and Somervell had shot their bolt. Mallory and Irvine took up the fight now, aided by oxygen. Norton said: "There is no doubt Mallory knows he is leading a forlorn hope." Mallory's bitter disappointment over the continual reverses was manifest, but so also was his burning ambition. It was his spirit that was sending him again to the attack.

When the time came for Mallory to make that great climb from which he never returned, he discust his route minutely with Captain Noel, who relates:

He told me where to look for him with my telephoto lens on the final pyramid. I told him that I would get him, if the light was right, even three miles away. The night before he was killed, he wrote me—what was perhaps the last note he ever wrote in his life—a little letter, telling me where to look for him the next morning at eight o'clock, and he sent the note down from his camp at 27,000 feet by one of the returning porters. I have kept that little crumpled note.

Next morning at daybreak I set up my motion-picture camera with a long lens trained on the summit pyramid, three miles distant, to watch for Mallory and

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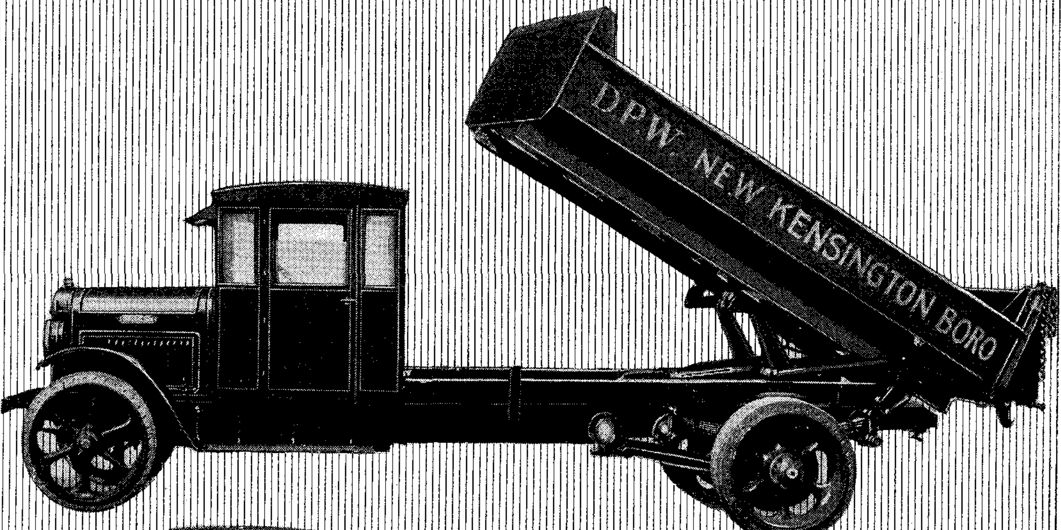

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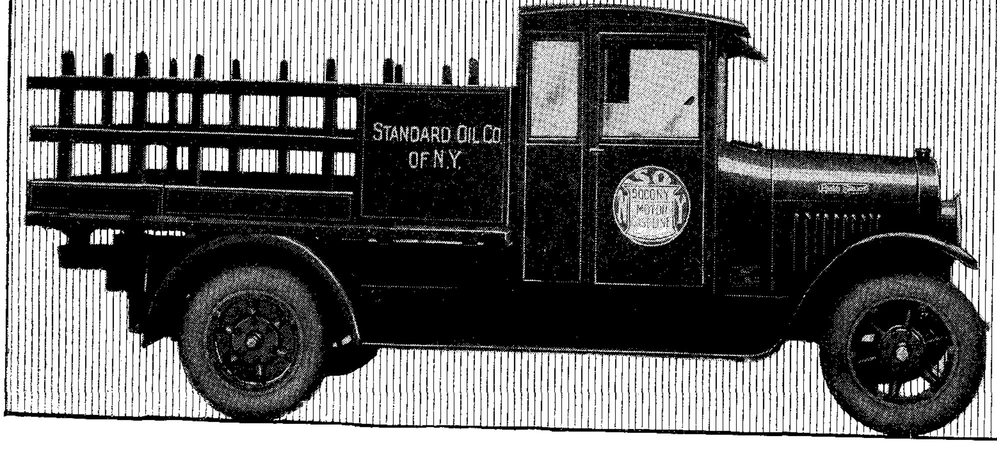

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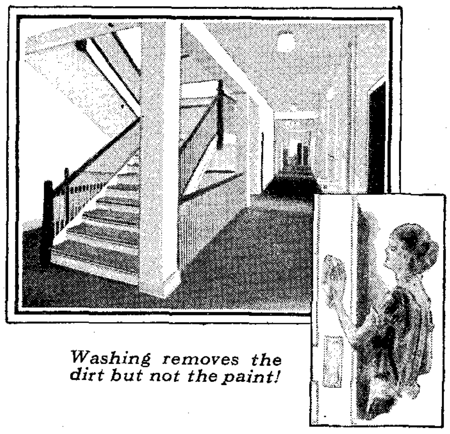

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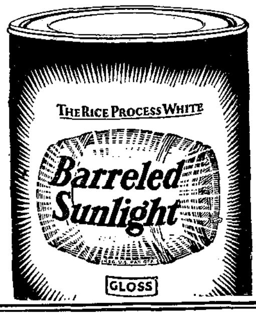

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## PERSONAL GLIMPSES
*Continued*

Irvine on that last terrible trail. I had two keen-eyed men watching in turn, their eyes glued continuously to the telescope, but they saw nothing. Eight o'clock went by, and then ten o'clock; clouds and mists afterward obscured the whole summit ridge.

This was the historic climax of our adventure—glorious because of the marvel of attainment, sad because of the tragedy of death. For Mallory and Irvine had gone forever from our sight. Up and up into the blue they had gone—higher than men have ever climbed before. N. E. Odell got a single glimpse of them—within six hundred feet of the summit and still climbing. Then he saw nothing more. What happened? No one knows. They never came back.

Two whole days and nights went by, with hope fading at every hour. I had left my photographic station on the cliff, and now had my men posted at my telescope erected in the middle of Snowfield Camp. The men took their places in turn to scan the mountain during every moment of daylight.

Suddenly our watchers at the telescope called out that they saw figures on the crest of the Ice Cliff. It was Odell with his support party. Presently, still through the telescope, we saw figures come out to the edge of the ice shelf. We used to communicate between the camps over a space of a mile by signals; and Norton had arranged with the support party a series by which to tell us the news. As we watched, we again hoped against hope that they would tell us they had found the men—frostbitten—exhausted—incapable of moving—anything, but still alive. While life existed, we could go to the rescue and do our utmost. What would the signal be? Life or—?

It is here that Captain Noel tells of the placing of six blankets in the form of a cross—the signal of death—after which the distant figures moved away. Reading on:

I could see it through my telescope as I was photographing the scene with the aid of my high-power magnifying lens. An electric battery was operating the camera. I was so agitated when I read the message that I could hardly have turned the handle of the camera myself. Bruce asked me what I saw. I saw plainly it was a cross, but had not the heart to answer him; I handed him the telescope that he might look for himself. We all looked. We all tried to make it different. But it was plainly a cross on the white snow.

Norton called a conference and discust many things; a further search; the futility of it, since no men so long overdue could possibly be still alive; the project of searching the glaciers below the precipice for their bodies; the hopelessness of that task in such a vast area; what cable message we should send home; the approaching monsoon and the danger to Odell and his men; the advisability of withdrawing them at once from the Ice Cliff, which becomes so treacherous in bad weather.

In the end Norton ordered an answering signal, and one of the men went out on the glacier just beyond the tents and laid three lines of blankets spaced apart, thus saying to those on the cliff above, "Abandon hope and come down." It was all over. That night, our party reunited, Odell told us the whole tale—a thrilling tale because of the magnificent attainment of Mallory and Irvine and because of the heroism of Odell himself in his efforts to find them, but a tale of tragedy.

## HOW AN OLD INDIAN REVEALED A "NEW" RESURRECTION MYTH

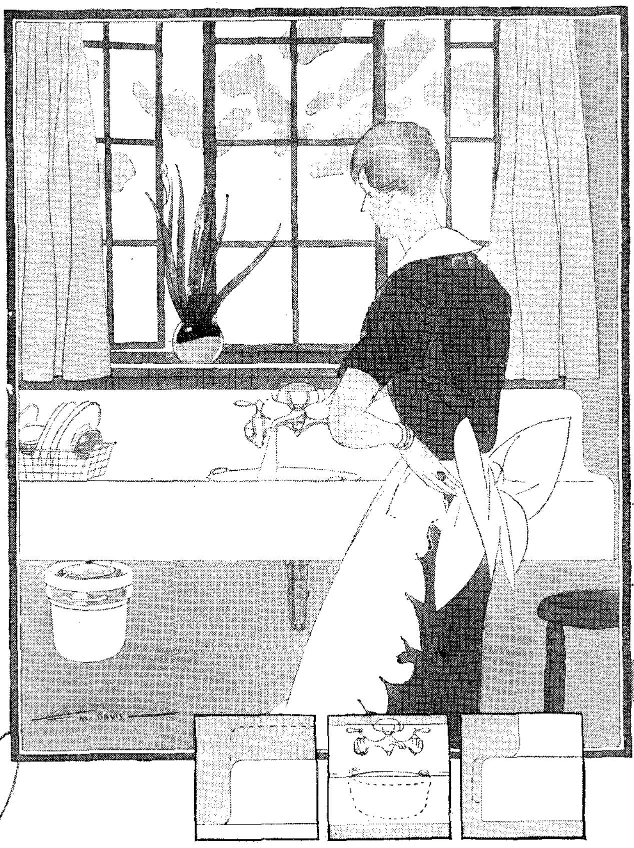
THE waking of animals from their winter sleep, the breaking up of ice on the rivers, the loosening of icicles from the trees, and the return of the sun to the northern part of the sky, all represent certain stages in a terrific warfare waged each year between the Winter God and the Life God, according to an ancient legend of the Iroquois tribes. And quite recently a government employee who spends much of his time among the survivors of these tribes has come upon a hitherto unknown version of this Indian myth of the coming of spring, with a suggestion in it of resurrection for all humankind and all living things.

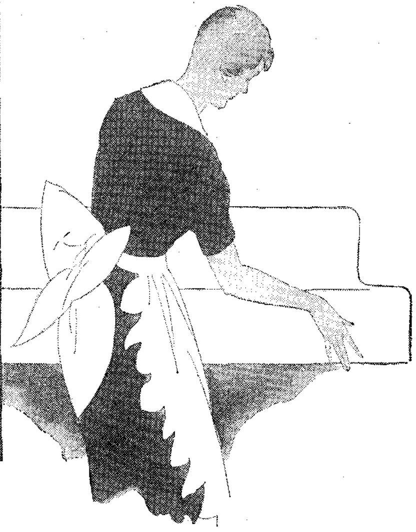
Life, according to Iroquois cosmology, began on the other side of the sky. One day He-Who-Holds-the-Earth became jealous of his wife, the Daylight, and tore a hole in the vault of the heavens and pushed her through. Down, down she tumbled, with her baby daughter on her back. The creatures floating on the surface of the primal sea saw her coming, and the water birds caught her and landed her unharmed on the back of a great turtle.

On earth, the baby daughter, the Air, grew to womanhood, married the Wind, and bore twin sons, the Winter God and the Life God. Unfortunately, she died in giving them birth, and the grandmother (Earth) asked the twins which one was responsible for the calamity. The Winter God quickly accused his innocent brother, who was immediately seized by the angry grandmother and cast into the grasses. From that time forth the Life God had a continual struggle against the machinations of his brother and grandmother. But he went right on preparing the world for man, raising corn, learning how to roast it, creating birds and animals for game, and at last creating man and breathing the breath of life into him. As recounted by Nell Ray Clarke in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, the myth runs on this way:

But the grandmother became angrier at each successful accomplishment of her grandson, and in order to punish him she stole from its fastening the head of his mother, which had been cut off at her death, and carried it away with her across the cosmic sea. The head of Daylight was, of course, the Sun, and the carrying of it away by the Earth is the personification of the natural phenomenon of the sun's moving to the South during the winter in the Northern Hemisphere. Then the Life God and his associates did what the Indian logically concluded he would do under such circumstances—he went after the sun to bring it back again, because, as the Life God argued to himself, it was not a good thing that human beings who were to dwell on the earth should continue to go about in darkness.

The Fisher, the Raccoon, the Fox, the





*The beautifully proportioned, deeper, more massive front makes this Sink as attractive in appearance as it is convenient to use.*

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*Low enough to go under lower windows—deep enough to prevent over-the-rim splashes—smarter in line—the newest* "Standard" *Sink offers advantages you have always longed for but have never had before.*

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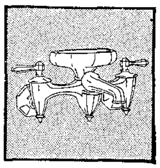
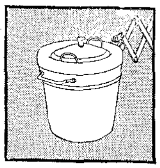
This exclusive "Standard" Enamel cannot be harmed by such fruit and vegetable acids as lemon and tomato juice, by the minerals in water, the ingredients of cleansers. It is harder and more durable than any other Sink Enamel. It saves scouring and makes it easy to keep your Sink spotlessly clean.

Besides the new design features and the New Enamel, this Sink has the graceful new Faucet in the Swinging-Spout style, with a full thirteen inches of working space beneath. There is, also, a directly attached Garbage Container of Vitreous China containing a covered aluminum receptacle—easy to remove and empty. The Swinging-Spout Faucet has the exclusive Chromard finish that will not tarnish or corrode and is proof against common acids.

*Even lemon juice does not harm the lovely luster of this New Enamel.*



*New Faucet with Chromard Finish*



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*Write for booklet.* It tells the complete story of the newest "Standard" Sinks. Send today for a copy.

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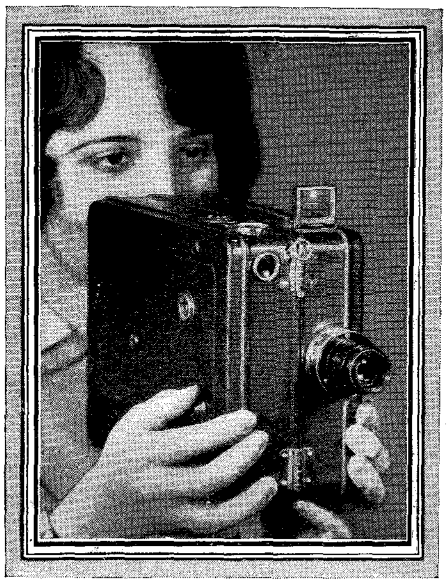

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## PERSONAL GLIMPSES
*Continued*

Beaver, the Otter, and the Yellowhammer went with the Life God on his expedition in search of the sun. The Beaver made the canoe, the Yellowhammer hollowed it out, and, with the Beaver and the Otter steering it, they set out in the black darkness after the grandmother and the Winter God, who had fled to the eastward with the sun. Finally, as they approached an island, daylight dawned and they saw the light orb fastened in a treetop. The Fisher climbed out of the canoe on the branches of the trees, which dipt into the water, and traveled along from tree to tree until he reached the sun.

The Fox, meanwhile, had followed along on the ground. So the Fisher bit the cord holding the sun in the treetop, dropt the orb down to his friend the Fox, who ran away with it toward the canoe. When they had got half-way across the island, the grandmother noticed what had taken place and began running after them. So rapidly did she gain on them that she almost seized the Fox when he cast the sun up to the Fisher, who was running along on the branches of the trees. Back and forth the sun was hurled between them as the grandmother gained on first one and then the other until they reached the canoe.

Despite the pleadings of the old woman, who stood on the bank and begged that the sun be returned to her, they sailed away with it. The only one who even lent an ear to her petition was the Otter, whom, in punishment for his weakening, the Beaver struck with the paddle of the canoe and thereby flattened his face forever.

When they arrived back home, the Life God fastened the sun up high in the heavens, where it has remained fixt ever since.

The legend goes on to relate how the Winter God, envious of his brother's creation of man, began imitating his handiwork, and produced the monkey, the ape, the great horned owl, bats, toads, worms, and other creeping things. When the Winter God refused to stop work along this line, the Life God compelled him to occupy the back part of the bark-lodge where they both lived—the low-roofed part behind the lodge-fire; and as the Winter God was made of crystal ice, the poor fellow soon began to melt away. Thus, to the minds of some of the first Americans, did summer triumph over winter.

J. N. B. Hewitt, of the Smithsonian Institution, who has spent some thirty-odd years in writing down old Indian myths, recently met an aged Indian who furnished the following conclusion to the story—a conclusion, the *Ledger* contributor declares, never before published:

> "After the victory over the Winter God," Mr. Hewitt said, "this old man told me that the Life God taught the human beings he had made that he would make a path on the earth. This, of course, did not mean such a path as immediately suggests itself to our minds, but the meaning was that they would have to follow the natural course of life, governed by their customs and their culture.
>
> "Over this path, according to the Life God's teachings, two persons, a young man and a young woman at the flowering of their lives, should be appointed to follow. At the end of the path, they were told, they would find a mound of earth, and on this mound they would see three plants growing—the corn, the bean, and the squash (symbols of our life). The woman was directed to stand on the west side of the mound, because the flow of life is westward, and in order to receive it she must face the current.
>
> "The Life God in his instructions further added: 'Now you see why there must be a mound of earth at the end of your path, for each will know why he has to die, the growth of the plants on the mound symbolizing that life, or immortality, must come out of a mound also—the hope and the assurance of a resurrection."

## FORECASTING A RADIO RACE FOR THE WHITE HOUSE

EXPERTS of the broadcasting interests, who have been studying ways and means for facilitating next year's Presidential campaign, estimate that more than eight million receiving sets will be scattered through the country by that time—double the number in use in 1924—and that "forty or fifty stations will probably be included in radio hook-ups, as against sixteen and eighteen in the Coolidge-Davis campaign." In this connection a writer in the New York *Times* relates:

> With the experiences of 1924 in mind, both as to mistakes and successes, a far more intensive Presidential radio campaign is expected next year, especially if Gov. Alfred E. Smith is the Democratic candidate for President, as he has made more effective use of radio than any other man in public life. Twice the overwhelming effectiveness of his appeals to radio audiences has shattered the morale of his opponents in the Legislature and enabled him to force through programs of legislation which seemed doomed until the Governor went to the people by way of the microphone. President Coolidge is also a tested radio star. His fifteen-minute address, on the eve of the election of 1924, in which he refrained from advocating his own cause, but urged all good citizens to go to the polls, is considered a radio classic, probably the most telling speech ever made to a nation-wide radio audience.
>
> Even such details as the architecture of platforms for the national conventions and for political speeches have been worked out from the radio angle for next year's campaign. A standardized corral, or fenced enclosure for speakers, to compel them to stay within range of the microphone, has been adopted. In 1924, for instance, a speaker's corral was sketched in chalk like a batter's box on the platform at Madison Square Garden mainly for the guidance of William Jennings Bryan. He could not be trained to direct his speech toward the microphone when he got excited. He dashed this way and that, hanging over the speaker's rail and gesticulating at his hearers, causing the radio to lose large portions of his address. Finally, the Commoner was lectured and then imprisoned in this white rectangle, but he broke out several times. Other speakers did the same, altho Bryan was by far the most uncontrollable. Governor Smith is a hard man to keep facing the microphone. To avoid further troubles of this kind, a narrow enclosure has been designed which compels orators to face the microphone.

# Thomas A. Edison answers another questionnaire

## *It's the same with Oysters and the Rods of Corti!*

MILLIONS of people imagine that they cannot enjoy classical music. They listen to symphonies, operas and other masterpieces of musical genius. They *try* to be interested. They brighten up as they hear something that sounds like a tune—lean forward in their seats. Then the tune fades away into an intricate maze of sound, and they throw up their hands, and turn to the latest jazz hit for consolation. Increasing thousands, however, are making classical music more and more a part of their lives. What is the difference between these two classes of people? Here is what **Mr. Edison** has to say on the subject.

◆

*Ques.* If a million people love jazz for every thousand that love classical music, doesn't that prove there is something wrong with classical music?

*Ans.* No. The jazz lovers get a strong, immediate sensation. The rhythm stimulates them but the effect soon wears off. Popular music has an obvious melody and few changes. It is immediately understood, but with repetition it becomes at first wearisome and then intolerable. Classical music is more subtly compounded. Almost meaningless at first hearing, it becomes increasingly enjoyable as it becomes more familiar. Like a great painting or a great book, it broadens and enriches the lives of those who understand it.

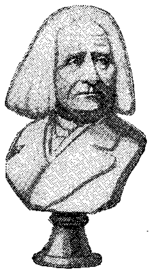
*Ques.* Why does the average popular melody have so short a period of popularity?

*Ans.* I believe the mechanism of the inner ear may have something to do with it. The so-called "Rods of Corti" are located there—approximately 3,000 small stiff rods, massed together like the hairs on a brush. Each hair is supposed to be tuned to a definite note in the musical scale. When the note is sounded, the hair vibrates, transmitting the sound through the nerves to the brain. The too constant operation of any group of these hairs undoubtedly leads to irritation—possibly to an actual swelling at the base of the hairs. No one knows enough to decide the exact effect of such an irritation on the brain, but it is the theory of many scientists that this may be one of the underlying causes for the rapid way we tire of popular hits, with their endless pounding on simple sets of chords.

*Ques.* Are you of the opinion, then, that people should give up so-called popular music, and listen to nothing but classical compositions?

*Ans.* By no means. Life is a complicated experience. One needs change from day to day and from hour to hour. Most of us like ice cream for dinner, and don't care for it at breakfast. Jazz is a splendid thing for the right time and the right mood. To fall into a rut in which it is the only source of musical enjoyment is, however, as dangerous as an unvaried diet of ice cream or candy would be.

*Ques.* Do you think many people are in such a rut today?



*Ans.* I know they are. We all naturally follow the crowd, and the crowd invariably chooses the easiest path. It's the same with good music as with oysters or olives or tobacco. You have to acquire a taste for them. When I was a boy, nobody ate tomatoes because the taste was supposed to be unpleasant. An increasing number of courageous people discovered that they liked them in spite of the popular prejudice, with the result that everybody eats them today—and likes them. Acquired tastes are stronger than those we are born with.

*Ques.* How would you advise the average person to acquire an appreciation for good music?

*Ans.* Few of us are born with a natural taste for the better class of music. Like olives, tomatoes and tobacco, it is an acquired taste. Most of us don't take the trouble to acquire a taste for classical music, and thereby shut ourselves out from an entire world of genuine enjoyment. I advise those who buy only jazz records and tunes with simple melodies to buy at least one record of the better class each time. Play it as duty, much as you would take your morning exercises. You will gradually find that you will acquire a liking for this different music. Once you have so acquired this taste it will live with you, opening up a new world to you which great composers have made so glorious. ★

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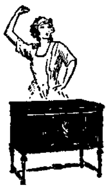

Any Edison dealer will be glad to allow you to make this trial—particularly if you can obtain some other make of machine with which you can compare the New Edison.

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★ WATCH FOR OTHER QUESTIONNAIRES BY MR. EDISON

# RAMSAY MACDONALD: A SENTIMENTAL TRAVELER

ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT personalities in Europe has just made a journey of 3,500 miles to America, not for money, not for curiosity—he had been here before—and not even for a lecture tour, tho he made several speeches. He came to see a friend. Putting aside pressing business at a critical time in his career, and bringing his twenty-four-year-old daughter Ishbel with him, James Ramsay MacDonald, former Labor Premier of Great Britain, journeyed from London to New York and thence to Concord, Massachusetts, "to fulfil a promise to an old American friend," as *Collier's* tells us, "that he would see her for a final farewell this side of eternity." His admirers on both sides of the Atlantic like to recall one of his favorite sayings in this connection: "I'd rather have friends than fame."

This trip of Miss MacDonald and her father into New England harks back to a time, thirty years ago, when young MacDonald and his bride came here on their honeymoon, and when the graciousness of a certain hostess in Concord made an impression which no amount of political fame could induce him to forget. Mrs. MacDonald is dead, but so strong is the memory of a former kindness that the statesman and his daughter were glad to come all that distance, as the New York *Evening World* remarks, "to visit for a few hours the hostess of former years, now aged and in failing health." The same writer adds: "But even with that eventful moment so near, he stedfastly declined to name her, because, as he has explained, she would detest the publicity."

P. & A. photograph

ON A MISSION OF FRIENDSHIP

J. Ramsay MacDonald, "Leader of His Majesty's Labor Opposition"—but more famous in his previous rôle as the first Labor Premier in English history—sailing up New York Bay with his daughter Ishbel.

To get a glimpse into the heart of this man, we must know something of the wife in whose memory he has made this pilgrimage, and in whose honor he wrote the most eloquent of all his books, a memoir, shortly after her death in 1911. Says S. R. Ratcliffe in the New York *Times Magazine:*

> We must regard Ramsay MacDonald the man as having had, at every stage, an unusual measure of good fortune. When I knew him first, toward the end of the '90s, he was a journalistic free lance, using journalism, like so many before him, as the road to Parliament and political office. It was his supreme happiness that, at the crucial moment of his early career, he met and won his helpmeet. Margaret Ethel Gladstone, daughter of a Scottish doctor and kinsman of the great Liberal leader, brought him all that he needed. She had a passion for public affairs not less intense than his own. She had the rare power of combining this feeling with the gift of homemaking. She was not rich, as has often been asserted; but she had a modest fortune, just sufficient to remove from her husband the necessity of bread-labor in the years that were given to laying the foundations of his later career.

When the young Scottish Liberal-Socialist and his bride came to America at that time, and when Edward Everett Hale introduced him to an audience of Boston church folks, he was, to use the words of John B. Kennedy in *Collier's*, "an unknown man, tall, long-boned, spare-fleshed, with ruddy cheeks, sharp, Celtic brown eyes, and the high forehead of a poet." He held his audience spellbound, as "with lean hand uplifted, eyes prophetically blazing, he prophesied a murderous world war unless public opinion in America and England could be aroused to prevent it." After that picture it is interesting to see the same man thirty years later, as depicted by Mary Agnes Hamilton in the May *Century*. The other day, she says, she took an American friend to the House of Commons, and enjoyed watching the effect of the scene as mirrored on his face. It was a "big" day, and—

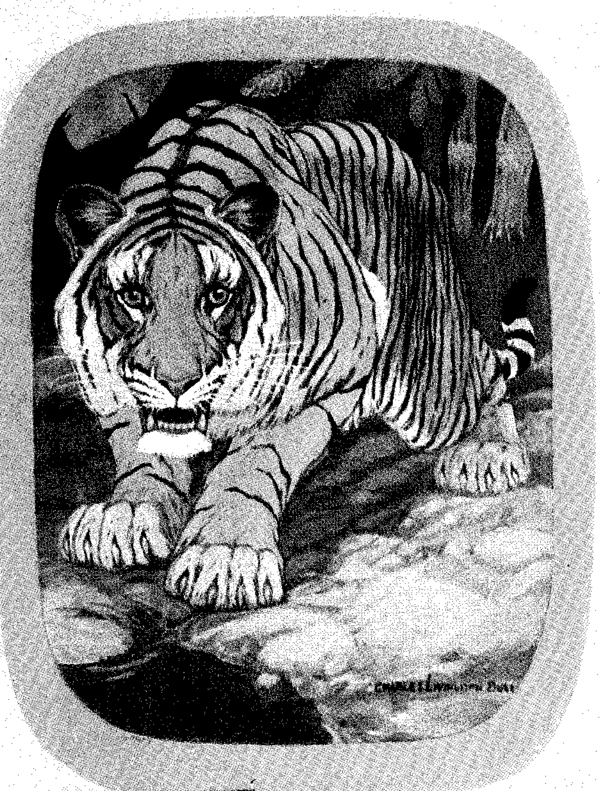
> Suddenly I heard him say: "Who is the man on the left, about the middle of the bench? With curly white hair and remarkable eyes. At first I picked him out as simply the handsomest of the bunch, but the more I look at him the more he impresses me. He's alive; those eyes of his are taking it all in, tho he sits with *arms folded. . . . Ah, he's up now. . . . This is great.*"
>
> He laughed as cheering and counter-cheering broke out, and an interruption was swiftly seized and turned to advantage. Other speakers followed. All the big guns were out in action. But I observed that my friend's attention always returned to MacDonald.
>
> "I'm surprized," he said, as we came away. "He's not in the least what I had thought. You have to see people to get the hang of them. . . . I didn't agree with him, of course: never should; but that's neither here nor there. He's got the stuff. Brains—looks—voice. No wonder he stands out. And he's got something the other fellows haven't. Personal quality? Vision? I don't know. But there it is. . . . He's *seen something big, bigger than himself,* and it shines through." He laughed and shook himself. "You see, I'm all het up about the fellow."
>
> I smiled back at him. "Yes," I said. "That's why many people hate him so much and nobody can stop talking about him."

It is worth while also to take a look at Ramsay MacDonald as seen through the eyes of the newspaper men who clustered about him as he came down the gangplank of the *Aquitania* in New York Harbor on April 15 for that ten-day tour into New England and back. We find him described by *The Times* as "a tall man with gray hair and a drooping black mustache, who was applauded by the passengers and crew of the big liner," and delineated by *The World* as "a firmly knit, middle-sized man with a finely shaped head, thatched with gray curling hair, and courageous dark eyes which sparkled from and distinguished a sensitive but unflinching face." He calmly let himself be riddled by the photographers and led down into the cabin of the official city tug—in which he was escorted ashore—for the inevitable interview. "A warm, friendly man of fine composure and deliberation, he broke the ice by saying, his brown eyes glimmering, 'Well, I suppose it's a matter of firing away.'"

Then he stood up against the wall, figuratively speaking, and without flinching submitted to be bombarded with questions on all the live questions of the time—except a few which he considered domestic American questions, and the one relating to his friendship visit in Concord. He condemned the present English Government for its policy in China, and for general incompetency; he thought that the political barometer was beginning to register "fair" for the Labor party again, and declared that a modified form of socialism was inevitable. He was as critical of communism as of capitalism. He had no use for dictators. In the words of the *Herald Tribune* reporter:

> Mr. MacDonald declined to give his opinion of Mussolini, but declared that, at present, there are two menaces to the world, one on the right and one on the left—Fascism and Bolshevism. "They are both the same thing," he said, "except that Fascism wears a black and Bolshevism a red shirt. The difference between them is in the dye."
>
> Mr. MacDonald declared emphatically that until the Soviet Government curbs the activities of the Third International against other Governments it can never be in friendly relations with foreign Governments. He added that Europe has not yet accepted the Russian Revolution, and that not until it does and treats Russia fairly can normal friendly relations with Russia

(*Continued on page 53*)



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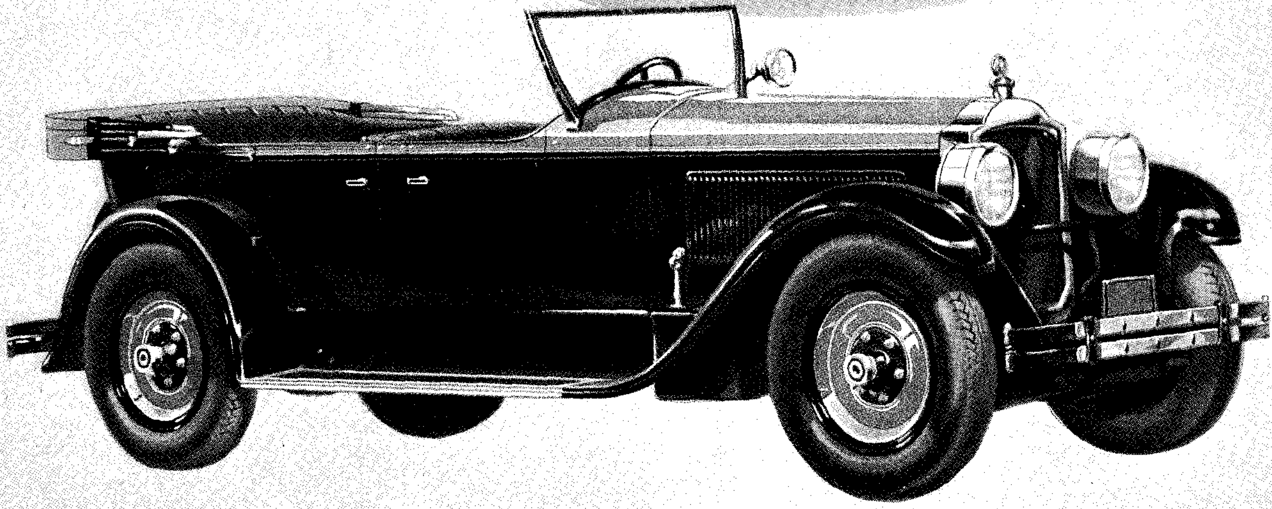

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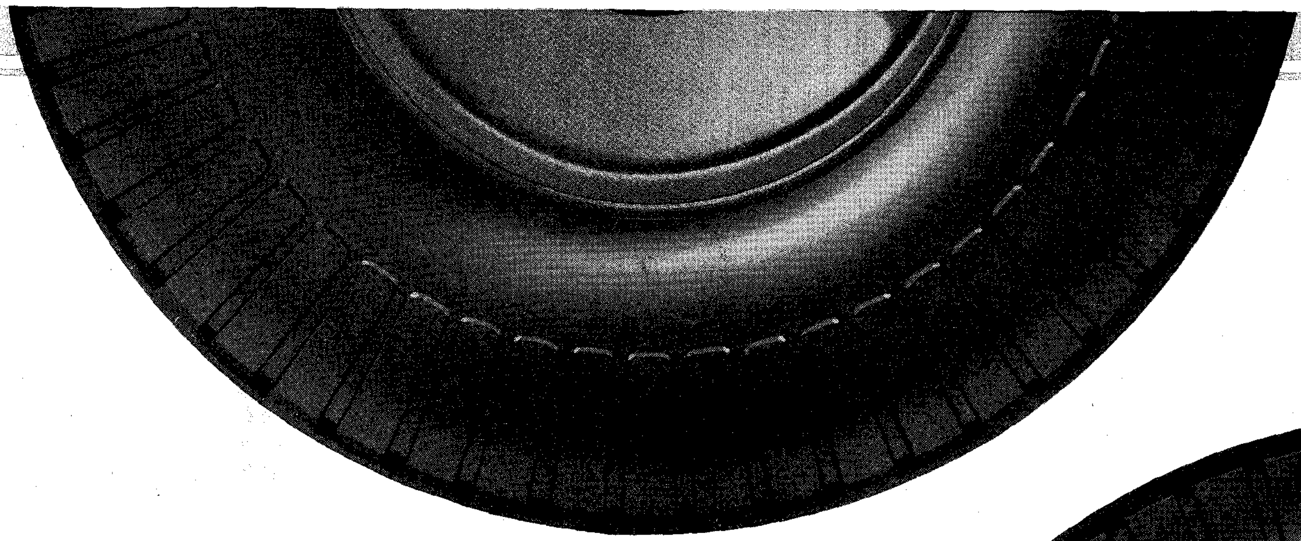
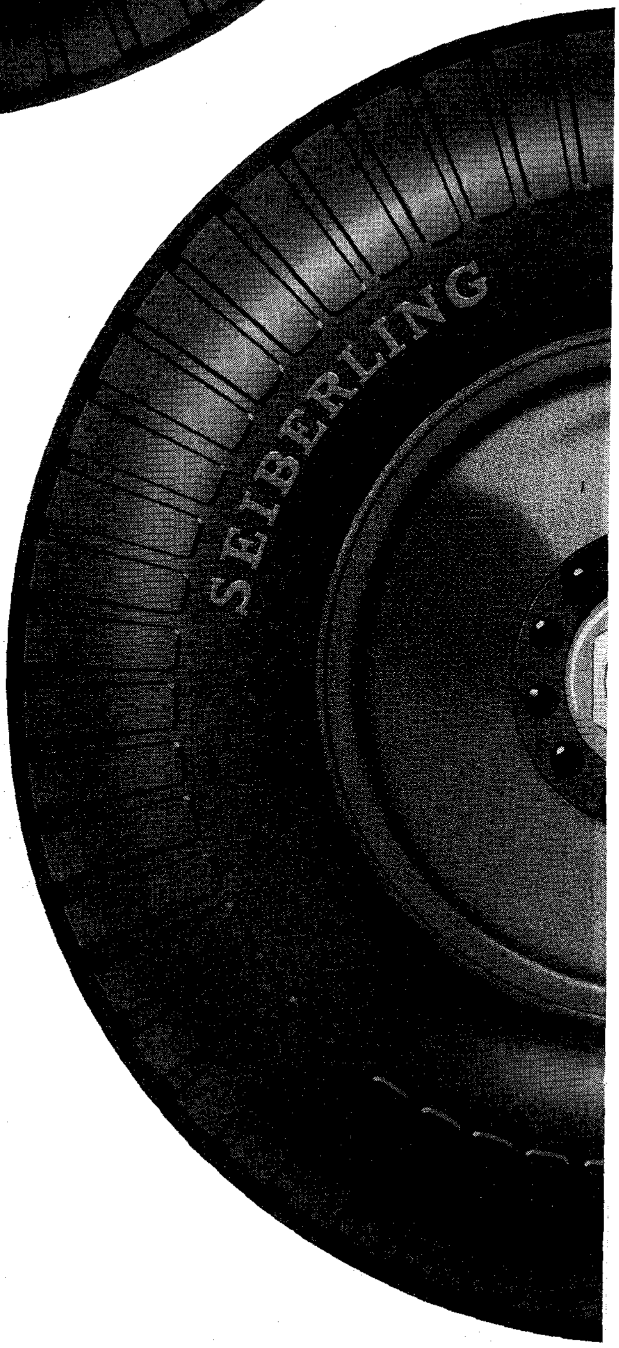
Packard distinction—Packard power! A combination which has restored to many thousands of new owners their waning zest in motoring.

# PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE





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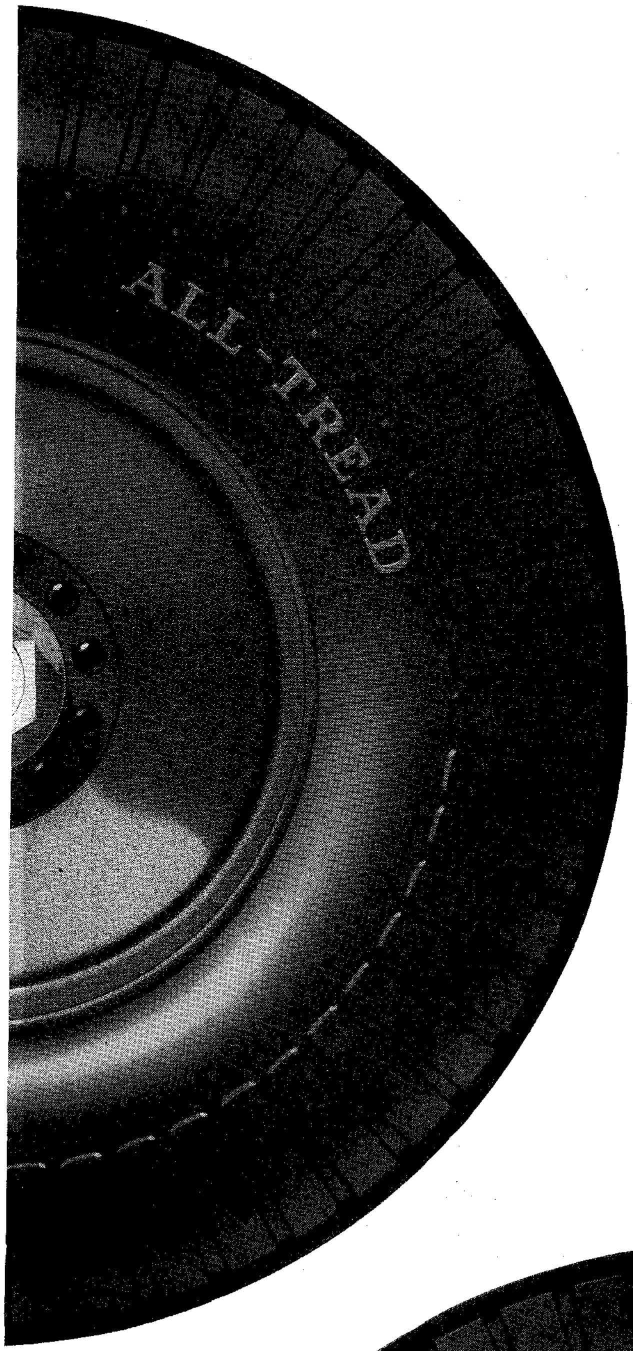
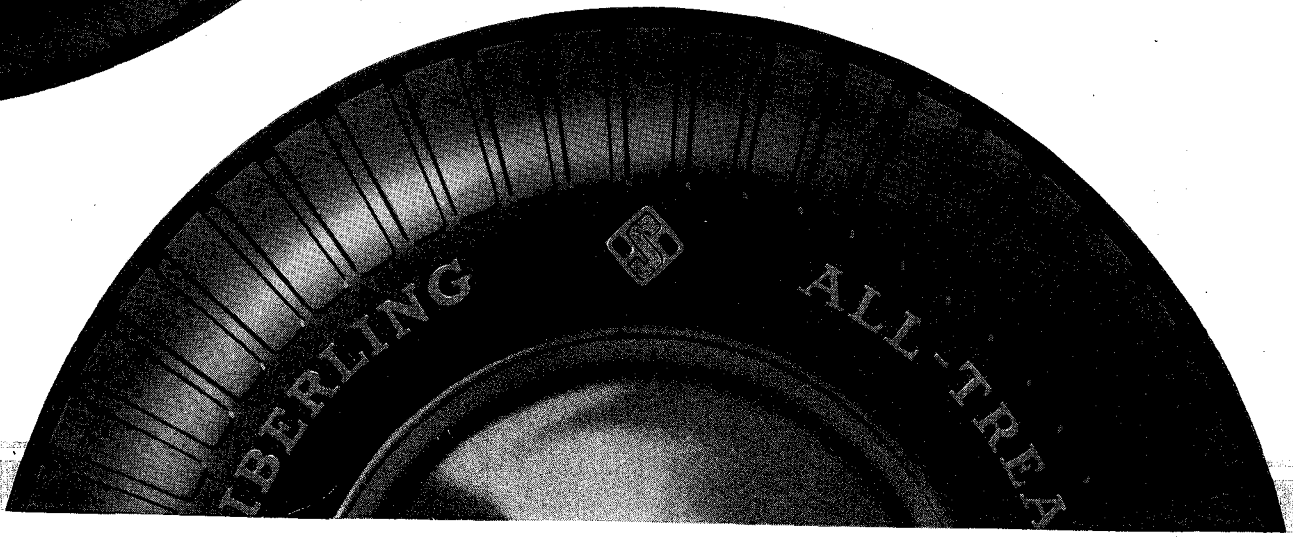


# One Wheel's Enough

One wheel's enough to think of when you're driving—the one you grasp. You can forget the four that grip the road—if you've had them shod with Seiberling All-Treads.

◆ ◆

**SEIBERLING ALL-TREADS**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*Continued from page 48*

> be established. He criticized the pressure being brought on Russia for the payment of her debts on the basis "of 20 shillings to the pound," and deplored the discrimination shown in this respect against the Russian people. He thought that the Bolshevik danger in China was a mere bogie, and greatly exaggerated.
>
> "I think," he said, "we will have to make ourselves cooperators with the Chinese people rather than governing authorities in China. If a man approaches the Chinese question with a historical sense but no moral sense, he is a bad egg. If he approaches it with a moral sense but no historical sense, he is half of a fool. I am in favor of agreement with China. I am not in favor of fighting for a state of things which already is out of date. I think that, with careful diplomatic handling of the problem, we will be able to secure relations with China economically more profitable than those which existed under the system of unequal treaties."

Coming back again from opinions to the man himself, we have this summing up from the *Century* article quoted above:

> He has no ambition to seem dangerous; that, for him, belongs to "nursery politics." "Sweet reasonableness" is his social line. But any one who imagines that this good form of his implies weakness or softness of fiber makes a great mistake. He is on easy and familiar terms with his convictions, and has no need to parade them or typify them in a red tie and hobnailed boots, nor any fear of their being jeopardized by his clothing the external man in the correct garb of ceremonial observance. Nor is this all. MacDonald has the pride and the shyness of the Scot—all the Scot's stingy economy, all his queer secretiveness. Nothing will induce him to wear his heart upon his sleeve, or, to put the same thing in another way, to talk socialism at the dinner-table. It is the same thing; that is the point. His gift, his *daimon*, the thing he has which other politicians have not got, is a faith which makes him go, which is as much part of him as the blood in his veins and as little as that to be made a show of.

No statesman of modern Europe, remarks the New York *World*, can boast a more picturesque or exciting career than Ramsay MacDonald; not even Mussolini emerged from more obscure beginnings. The same newspaper goes on thus to trace these beginnings:

> A humbler member of a great clan, MacDonald was born at Lossiemouth in 1866. Half of the inhabitants of this Scottish village were fisher folk, the rest farm laborers. Brought up by his grandmother in a thatch-roofed, two-room "but and ben" backing against a railway embankment, his only schooling was under a dominie, who was given to teaching things not in the books, as when he said: "You must master; that is education; when you have mastered one thing, you are well on the way to master all things." He was often birched for playing hookey, but he led his class, and so when he was driven by poverty to work in the field, the dominie rescued him by obtaining for him a pittance as pupil-teacher. There he stayed until twenty, supplementing such training as the dominie could afford by omnivorous reading.
>
> A London job failed to materialize, but he found work as bill clerk in a warehouse at 12s. 6d. a week, attended night school, and later got a place in a chemical laboratory. Overwork in the effort to win a scholarship brought about a collapse. This proved the turning-point in his life, for Thomas Lough, M. P. for West Islington, took him on as secretary at £75 a year, in 1888, and four years later he began to write for *The Weekly Despatch*, *The Echo*, and *The Daily Chronicle*, and edited a labor paper for a time.
>
> His first book, published in 1902, embodies his observations of the Boer War for *The Echo*. Already a member of the Social Democratic Federation and of the Fabian Society, he had now become a pacifist. This fact nearly terminated his career a few years later. From 1906 to 1918 he represented Leicester in the British House of Commons, and in August, 1914, he was offered and declined a Cabinet office. Following this he resigned from the leadership of the Labor party. Because he had been a pacifist he was beaten at the 1918 General Election by 14,000. And during the war period he had been ostracized socially and ignored by the press and public.

Recalling here his sensational comeback, restoration to the leadership of the Labor party and brief rule as Premier, this writer concludes:

> In Great Britain MacDonald is regarded as a Socialist and a Democrat. His democracy is not that of Bryan or Wilson. His socialism is not that of Marx or Bebel. He is not a revolutionist, nor a Communist, and even Secretary Kellogg will hardly see red in such words as these:
>
> "The argument, 'we must have a revolution in order to transform capitalism into Socialism, is false. . . . To plan a revolution in order to impose a new system on society is folly or worse; to face a revolution in order to bring the new order to birth is another matter. Even then the revolutionary dictatorship would have to be much more limited than it is in Russia. . . . A dictatorship from which is to issue the decrees upon which the reconstruction of society is to be based, is absolutely intolerable. No Socialist worth anything would submit to such a thing. It can be maintained only in such diffused communities as Russia; it can be admired only by Socialists at a distance."

All this lends confirmation to what Mr. Ratcliffe says in the article of his before mentioned, concerning MacDonald's political gift, a gift which, that writer declares, the ex-Premier possesses to an astonishing degree despite the fact that his temperament is that of a rhetorician and a romantic. Perhaps one glimpses this gift in his quick answer to the New York *World* reporter's questions about Governor Smith, fired at him upon his arrival:

> "Do we know Ahl Smith?" he repeated the question in his rich Scotch voice. "Ah, yes . . . ah, yes, we know Ahl Smith. We oat to. For us he's an American figger. Whenever his name appears in the news, the thinking public say, 'Oh, yes, thaht's Ahl Smith!' And they read it."

On this phase of the former Labor Premier's character Mr. Ratcliffe goes on to say in his *Times* article:

> I take it that the triumph of his work as a practical politician was his management of the Labor party organization in the country during the years immediately preceding the election of 1906, which saw the emergence in Parliament of the Labor party as an independent unit. In that enterprise MacDonald was the realist politician. That is, he was powerful in a character not generally accorded to him, either in the days of his rise to influence or in more recent years when he has been achieving wider fame as a national leader and as one of the most prominent influences in the slow work of European settlement.
>
> The suggestion here made of a sharp duality in Ramsay MacDonald touches something in him that is the occasion of incessant debate among his friends and friendly critics. He made an extraordinary success as a political organizer while the Labor party was still relatively insignificant. He has been a great figure in Parliament and, I believe, has succeeded in holding his party together during a dozen most trying years to an extent that would have been impossible for any other leader we can see in the field. And yet, it is often argued, Ramsay MacDonald can not be called a great parliamentarian as we apply that phrase to Asquith and Balfour, to Lloyd George, and perhaps even to Winston Churchill. MacDonald, it is said, does not generally show to his best advantage in the House of Commons. He is apt to fall below the demands of an exacting occasion at Westminster: to miss the note when a decisive speech is called for, or, when it is an affair of adroit parliamentary tactics, to play a part markedly inferior to that of, for instance, Lloyd George.

There is, Mr. Ratcliffe thinks, some justice in such criticisms as these. MacDonald has great parliamentary ability and steers his party amid the rocks and shoals of the Commons as no other leader could. But he moves less swiftly and expertly than a Lloyd George, with less mastery of the forces than Asquith for so many years displayed. This long practise of hortatory eloquence before mass meetings in the industrial centers was an imperfect training for the peculiar circumstances of a debating chamber, this writer thinks. Yet he adds:

> At sixty years of age, Ramsay MacDonald stands, it may be, at the ultimate crisis of his career. There have been rumors of advancing ill-health, with hints of an approaching retirement. You may dismiss them. MacDonald has a sound physique, which hitherto has withstood the terrific demands he had made upon it. Politics are in his blood. Public life is the life for him, tho I do not by any means say it is the only life. I can see him when the time comes taking refuge cheerfully in his seaside cottage at Lossiemouth and preparing for an old age of reading and travel. He is a man with an unending delight in books, and he does not know what it is to be fatigued by journeys on sea or land. But I am altogether mistaken in him if he has any designs for an early withdrawal from politics. And I should be greatly astonished to learn that he is not expecting to be Prime Minister once more. He is expecting it, and with far stronger reason than it seemed possible a year ago that he could ever find in support of his ambition and his hope.

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It *knocks out* that "knock"

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---

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3 It will make your engine operate more smoothly.

4 It will reduce gearshifting.

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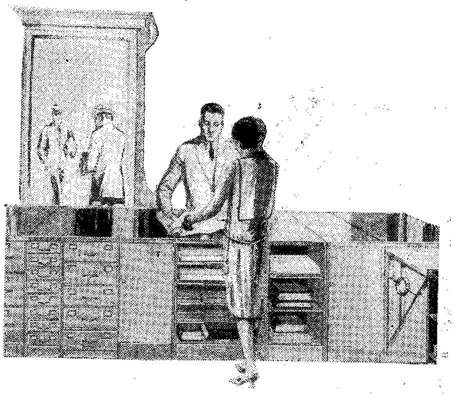

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## WHEN THE COAL-MINER SANG HIS TROUBLES AWAY

THE darkest period in the history of the anthracite coal-miners of Pennsylvania—extending roughly from the Civil War to the great strike of 1902—was also the period when gay ballads and old-time ministrelsy flourished among them; and now the best-known of the ballads have been collected as a species of folk-song. It seems that the mines in the region of Wilkes-Barre and Scranton were worked by Irish, Welsh, Scotch, and English miners, who had brought with them the traditions of the Celtic and Anglo-Saxon ballads of the old country. When the mines closed down without warning, as they often did, or when miners fell hopelessly into debt or breathed their last far under ground, there were always bards among them to put their joys or tragedies into picturesque narrative verse, as when—

Two Welshmen brave, without dismay
And courage without fail,
Went down the shaft without delay
In the mines of Avondale,

only to perish in their historic effort to save the 108 other brave miners who were dying in that burning mine.

Since 1902 the conditions in the hard-coal mines have changed, and the Celts and Anglo-Saxons have largely given way to Slavs, who do not sing at their work. The ballads of the earlier period, therefore, were fast disappearing from memory, until George G. Korson, a newspaper man of the anthracite region, spent a year patiently collecting this curious American folk-lore into a book, which has been appearing serially in *The United Mine Workers' Journal.*

Most of the minstrels who composed these crude yet often moving songs were unknown even to contemporary fame. Take, for instance, the case of Felix O'Hare. His ballad, "The Shoo Fly," the author says, "enjoyed a vogue in many parts of the coal region, its plaintive melody echoing even to the Philadelphia music-halls, yet his name was scarcely known beyond the borders of the Schuylkill Valley where he lived." Even the old woman whose plight inspired him to write it appears not to have suspected her young friend of being its author, "for on hearing it sung for the first time, and sensing that she was the subject celebrated, she invoked a curse upon the head of the man dead or alive who had contrived it." Here is one version of "The Shoo Fly":

As I went a-walking one fine summer's morning,
It's down by the Furnace I chanced for to stroll,
I espied an old lady, I'm sure she was eighty,
At the foot of the bank and she rootin' for coal;
And as I drew nigh her she sat on her hunkers,
And to fill her scuttle she then did begin—
To herself she was humming this mournful ditty,
And this is the song the old lady did sing:—

CHORUS

"Crying, Ochone! Sure I'm nearly distracted,
For it's down in the Shoo Fly they cut a bad vein;
Likewise they've condemned the old slope at the Furnace,
And all me fine neighbors must leave it again.

"'Twas only last evenin' that I asked McGinley
To tell me the reason the Furnace gave o'er.
He told me the company had spent eighty-thousand
And finding no prospects they'd spend no more
He said that the Diamond it was rather bony,
Besides too much dirt in the seven foot vein;
And as for the Mammoth, there's no length of gangway,
Unless they buy land from Abel and Swayne.

"And as for Michael Rooney, I owe him some money;
Likewise Patrick Kearns, I owe him some more;
And as for John Eagen, I ne'er see his wagon.
But I think of the debt that I owe in his store.
I owe the butcher and baker, likewise the shoemaker,
And for plowing me garden I owe Pat McQuail;
Likewise his old mother, for one thing and th' other,
And to drive away bother, an odd quart of ale.

"But if God spares me children until the next summer,
Instead of a burden, they will be a gain;
And out of their earnin's I'll save an odd dollar,
And build a snug house at the Foot of the Plane.
Then rollin' in riches, in silks and in satins,
I ne'er shall forget the days I was poor,
And likewise the neighbors that stood by me children,
Kept want and starvation away from me door."

The mine-workers, Mr. Korson explains, lived in remote villages on the mountain-sides far from the main roads, or in deep valleys separated by miles of rugged landscape. They went down into the murky depths of the mine for not much more than might buy food for their families and keep some sort of roof over their heads; many, he recalls, made their own clothing and repaired their own shoes. Hear him further:

> The operators built a row or two of cottages close to every colliery in order to hold their employees, and their power over the life that went on in this village or patch was not to be questioned. The miner was compelled to buy all the needs of his home in a store operated by the company, and refusal to do so was tantamount to forfeiting his job. His bills and his rent were checked off regularly from his earnings and if a surplus remained, seldom was he paid it in money, but in scrip; in many sections where this system was in vogue, years passed before he held actual gold or silver in his hand. The company-store evil was finally removed by an act of the Pennsylvania State Legislature about twenty-five years ago.
>
> There was in vogue for many years a system called "the sliding scale," whereby the mine-worker was paid in accordance with the rise and fall of average prices at a certain port. This device, at first a pretty illusion in the eyes of men bent on saving themselves from utter destitution, turned out to be merely a mirage. The scale was to have slid up and down, but somehow its machinery went wrong and it kept forever going down-hill.

In 1878, a miner wrote:

The sliding scale which once some comfort sent us
Is now declared to be non compos mentis.
To curse it dreadfully we are incited,
Because, somehow, it works so darned one sided.
It suffers from a bad disease, "decline";
And pines away right down to twenty nine.
It's nothing strange to find on seeing the docket,
We've worked a month and still are out of pocket,
It makes a man feel dirty cheap, you bet,
To work a month and then come out in debt.

Collieries were idle for months at a time,

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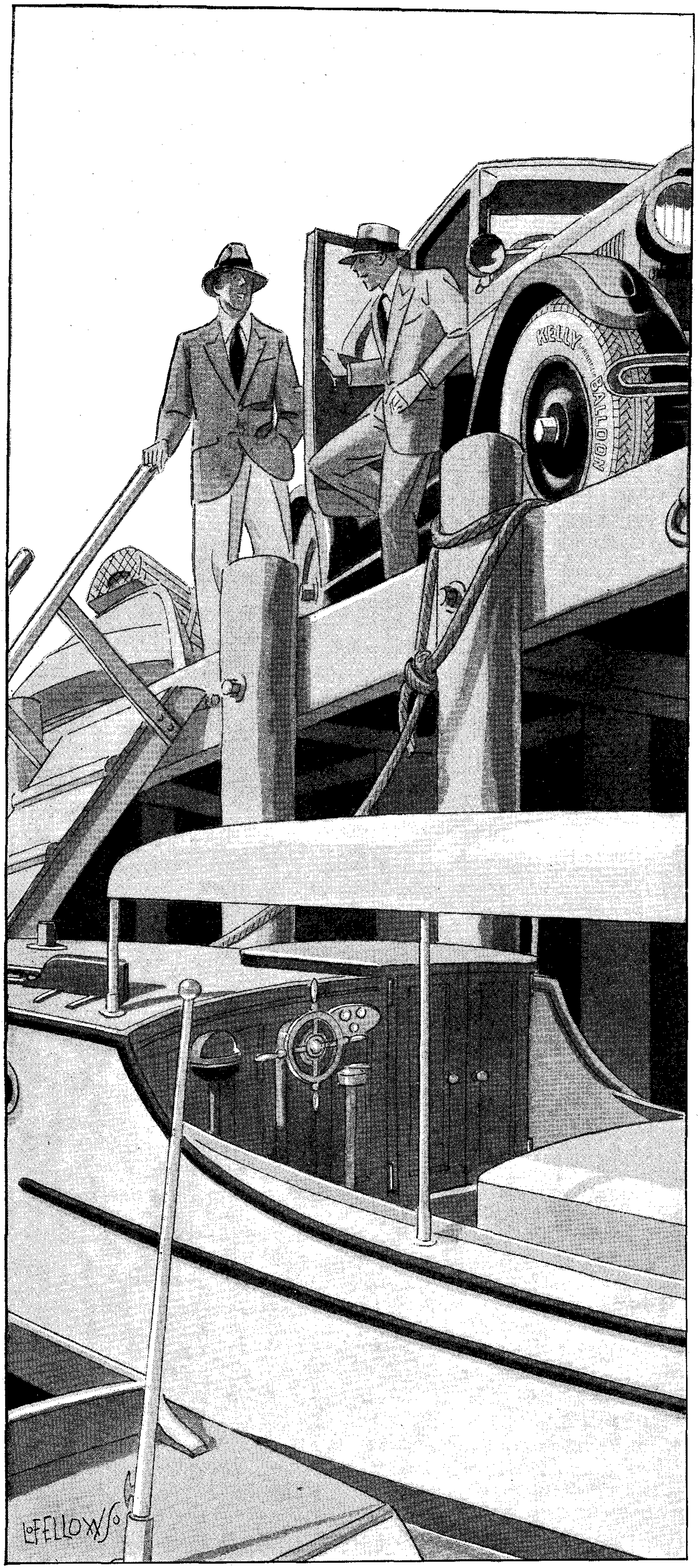

*"——and another advantage of a boat over a car is that you never have tire trouble."*

*"That's no advantage if you use Kelly-Springfield tires on your car."*

## PERSONAL GLIMPSES
*Continued*

either because of strikes or poor markets. The end of one of these weary periods in the '80s was the inspiration of Con Carbon's lilting song, "When the Breaker Starts Up on Full Time," which Mr. Korson has salvaged from the brink of oblivion:

Our troubles are o'er, Mrs. Murphy,
For the Ditchman next door tells me straight,
That the mines will start full-time on Monday—
That's phat he tells me 'tanny rate.
Sure the boss, he says, told him this morning,
As he was 'bout entering the mine,
That the coal is quite scarce roun' 'bout New York,
So the rumors is work full-time.

CHORUS

And it's boo-hoo if the news be true,
Me store bill's the first thing I'll pay,
A stuff parlor shuit and a lounge I will buy,
And an organ for Bridget, hurray.
Me calico shirt I will throw in the dirt—
In me silk shirt won't I cut a shine?
Cheer up, Mrs. Murphy, we all will ate turkey,
When the breaker starts up on full-time.

I'll ne'er stick me fist in a washtub,
The Chinee man he'll have me trade,
I'll ne'er pick a coal off the dirt bank;
I'll buy everything ready-made.
We'll dress up our children like fairies,
We'll build up a house big and fine,
And we'll move away from the Hungaries—
When the breaker starts up on full-time.

The Hungaries won't work with me Paddy;
They say too much, no good, this place.
They always lose time after pay-day,
It's meself sure that ne'er liked that race.
They won't load their cairs off the livil,
They want runnin' chutes, do ye mind?
But we'll chase thim away to the divil—
When the breaker starts up on full-time.

Improvisation, a common attribute of people of primitive culture, was practised generally among these miners, the author tells us; but the tune was sometimes borrowed from a popular air. Beating time by stamping a foot and clapping hands was common, and still survives in certain isolated sections of the coal region. Mr. Korson continues:

Out of these propitious conditions there developed an order of minstrels as picturesque as wandered over England centuries ago. With scarcely anything more than the three R's (and sometimes not even that) as the sum of their cultural equipment, and lacking even the rudiments of a musical education, they strolled through the coal-fields strumming a banjo or fiddling a tune, in accompaniment to ballads which they sang or made up as they went. There was no professional feeling in what they did. They liked ballad singing and reciting, jig dancing and fiddling better than drilling a hole in the face of a coal seam, and followed their bent. Their ultimate reward of course, would be in a miners' heaven, but here on earth they were satisfied with a bite to eat, something with which to slake one's throat, and a bed to rest one for to-morrow's journey. Only two of these minstrels, "Giant" O'Neill and Harry Tempest, both of Shenandoah, Schuylkill County, developed into professional performers outside the coal region, as far as I know. But they went back to their old haunts when they had tired of the stage.

Edward Foley, whom the author calls "possibly the most characteristic of the miner-minstrels who held sway in the anthracite coal region during the last century," is still remembered for some of the jolly ballads which he sang from village to village. One of Foley's peculiarities was that he feared and hated railroads; he was once known to walk forty miles or more, from Wilkes-Barre to Mount Carmel, his home, to avoid riding on one. At another time a friend bought a railroad ticket for him with the fee due him for a performance, but he promptly redeemed it at the next station and proceeded on foot with his cherished fiddle. We read:

> Foley was a big heavily built man, yet he had the simplicity and the refreshing ingenuousness of a child, and the majestic irresponsibility of the eternal Bohemian. To him life consisted of a song, a story, a hearty meal and a drink, and for years it was one round of christenings, weddings, and parties of one sort or another where the symbol of joyous hospitality was the glass. He was the darling of his tribe, loved by his simple, idolatrous fellows until his strength could no longer stand the exactions that followed on that love. He died at the dawn of the new century in the Packer Hospital at Sunbury. Despite a busy social life, he found time to be married twice, the second venture being with a widow and family. He has a daughter living in Philadelphia and two stepsons in Mount Carmel.

Foley was a prolific ballad author, but Mr. Korson has been able to resurrect only two of his creations, of which one, "Mining in the Bar-room," is in part as follows:

I'm a celebrated workingman, my duties I don't shirk;
I can cut more coal than any man from Pittsburg to New York;
It certainly is a terror, boys, how I get through my work,
When I'm seated in my glory in the barroom.

I can drive four yards of gangway, six or seven yards of breast;
I can load my eighteen cars of coal, just while I take a rest;
But it's safer here than in the mines, and suits my purpose best
To perform my manual labor in the barroom.

I can stand a set of timber, post and bar on single prop;
I can hitch up at the bottom or throw chain upon the top—
And give me a pair of engines, and, bejabers, I'll never stop
Till I shake up all the bottles in the barroom.

Patrick J. (Giant) O'Neill was one of the two miner-minstrels to attain the professional stage. He was a small man, but early in his career, says Mr. Korson, he earned the nickname "Giant" by standing head and shoulders above all other jig-dancers in the region. For a generation or more after the Civil War, jig and reel dancing matches were all the rage; every patch boasted its "best" dancers, and the favorites were matched at sectional and regional contests until a champion emerged. "This champion loomed as high as the Himalayas on the horizon of life in the hard-coal fields; and if in addition to his

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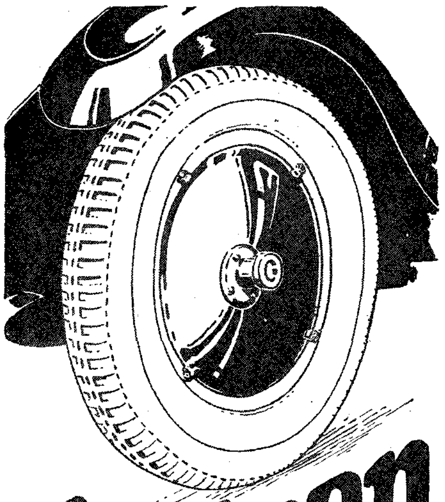

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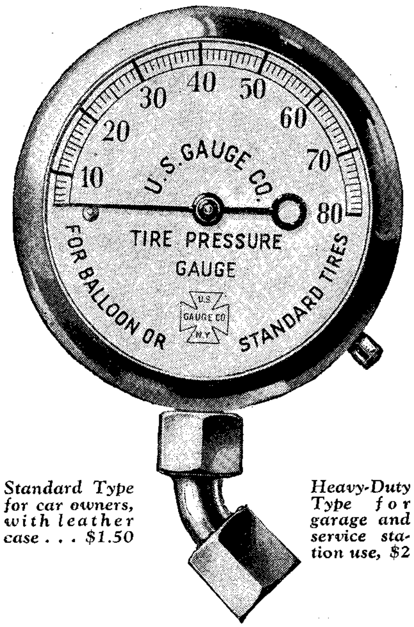

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## PERSONAL GLIMPSES
*Continued*

graceful stepping he was able to create a ballad and sing it himself in a way that brought a tear or a laugh, then the kingdom of a Crœsus was none too high a prize for him in the estimation of his fellow miners." Such was the position enjoyed by "Giant" O'Neill in 1878 when the miners lost him to the circus and later to Howerth's "Hibernica," the show that captivated all the mining-towns in its day. Here is part of one of his best ballads, "The Hard Working Miner," which the present historian has unearthed:

I'm a hard working man, you can see by my hands,
Although I am friendly and free.
A dollar a day is a very small pay
For a man with a large family.
I didn't come here, boys, to boast or to brag,
But just for to tell you my trouble,
I work day and night and the world I must fight
And load coal with me pick and me shovel.

CHORUS

I work in the mines where the sun never shines
Nor daylight does ever appear;
With me lamp blazing red on the top of my head,
And in danger I never know fear.

Just think of the poor man who works in the mines
With the mules and the rats underground;
Where the smoke is so thick you can cut it with a stick,
And can weigh it on scales by the pound.
My face it is black from the dust of the coal,
Though my heart it is open and free;
I would share my last loaf with the man that's in want,
Though I earn it hard you can see.

"Jake and Jack are Miners" is one of the three ballads which Mr. Korson transcribed from the copy-book of John Hory, their author:

Jake and Jack are miners,
Their breast is No. 6,
It's naught but rock and sulphur ball—
I think they're in a fix.

Jake and Jack are miners,
The men do laugh and shout;
Everytime they fire a shot,
It blows the tamping out.

Jake and Jack are miners,
Good people do not grin,
Sometimes they blame the powder,
Or forget to put some in.

Jake and Jack are miners,
No coal they'll ever give,
The place where they are working in,
Will do them while they live.

Jake and Jack are miners,
Now say they'll go on tramp,
They do not like the fireboss,
And curse the safety lamp.

Jake and Jack are miners,
And do their very best,
But they were born tired,
So they often want a rest.

When a miner named Curtis was blinded while at work and reduced to beggary, it was Joseph Gallegher who put his tragic story into a ballad, which he groped about the country singing for a livelihood. And it was that same bard of the coal-fields who wrote "The Old Miner's Refrain":

I'm getting old and feeble and I cannot work no more,
I've laid my rusty mining tools away;
For forty years and over I've toiled about the mines,
But now I'm gettin' feeble, old and gray.
At eight years of age, my boys, to the breaker first I went
To learn the occupation of a slave:
Our troubles they were many but I had to be content,
To avoid the pathway leading to the grave.

CHORUS

Where's the boys that worked with me in the breaker long ago?
Many of them's dead and gone to rest,
Their care of life is over; they have left this world of woe,
Their spirits now are roaming with the bless'd.

At eleven years of age, my boys, I bought myself a lamp,
The boss he sent me down the slope to tramp,
Through water and through powder smoke and always in the damp;
I spent my leisure hours at killing rats.
Then I got promoted to what they call a patch;
That's a lackey for a man that drives a team.
I carried sprags and stretchers and ofttimes set the latch—
While going through my exercise I'd sing.

Next I became a driver and thought myself a man,
The boss he raised my pay as I advanced.
While going in the gangway with a team at my command
I was as happy as the President of France;
Next I became a loader and my chest began to swell;
I was going up and yet I was going down,
I climbed that famous ladder as we often used to tell,
Through our ignorance of the dangers underground.

Next I became a miner and up the pitch I went
To earn my daily bread beneath the ground;
I put my length on every day while driving up my breast
To get my cars and load them I was bound.
But now I am old and feeble and I cannot work no more,
I'm waiting for the signal at the door.
I hear the angels whispering: "Old miner, you must come,
And we'll row you to that far-off distant shore."

Daniel L. Hart's touching ballad of a collier lad, "A White Slave of the Mine," and his song, "Down in a Coal Mine," which reached the variety stage and is still found in old song collections, are among the many others which Mr. Korson has gathered into this series. Reviewing the decline and fall of coal region minstrelsy, he tells us that the historic strike of 1902 was the most important in the whole chaotic history of the anthracite coal industry, and the longest, up to the most recent one. Its chief significance for us, says Mr. Korson, lies in the fact that it marked the dawn of a new era in the relation between coal-miner and operator. Heretofore disunion had made of the miner a sort of mendicant—now begging, now demanding what he felt were his rights. But with the union strengthened as a result of this strike, he braced up and began to look the world in the face. Little by little, we are told, he wrested concessions from unwilling operators until he came into a great part of his heritage as a free-born man.

With the coming of the new era, the old ballads began to disappear, hence the present effort to preserve them.

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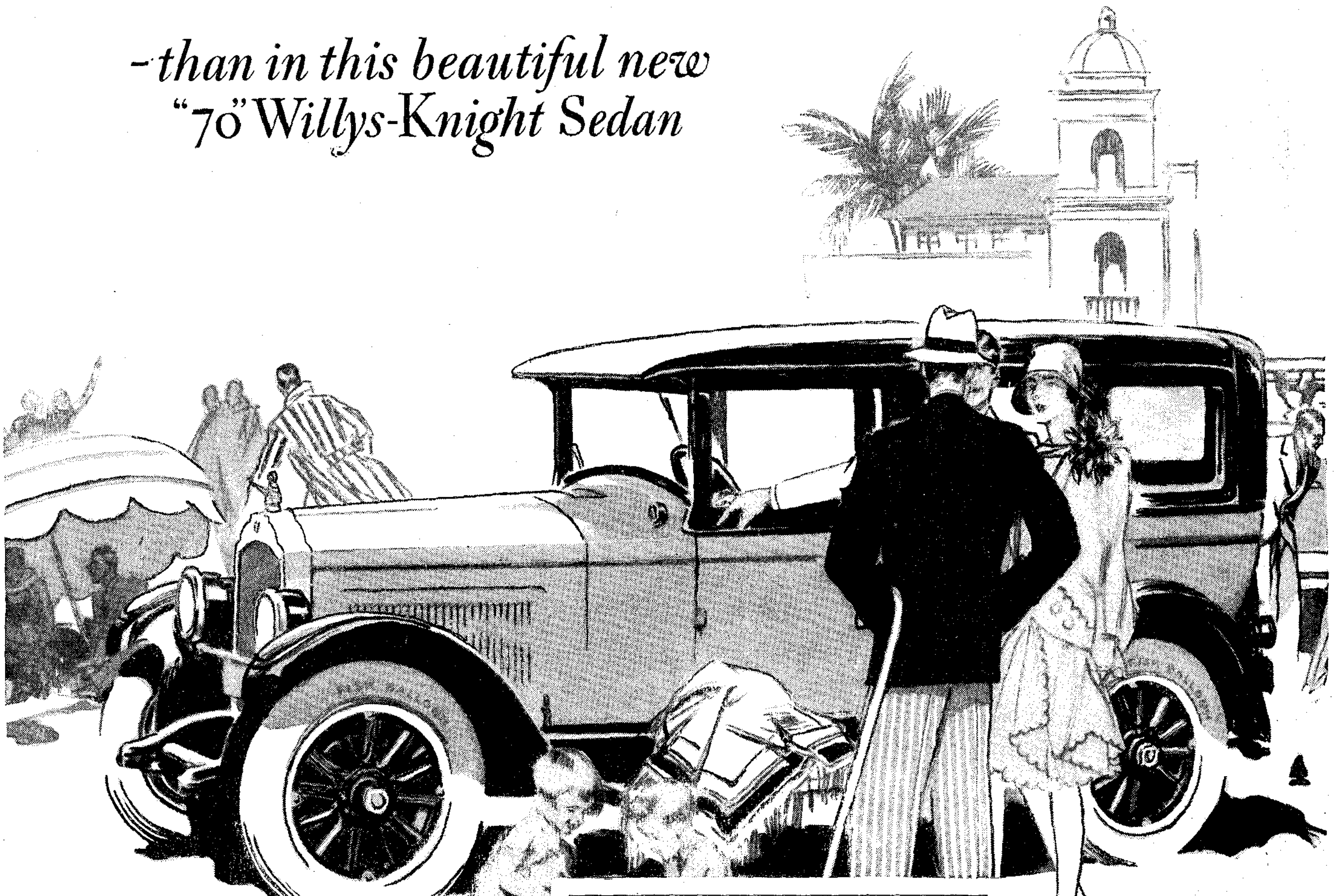

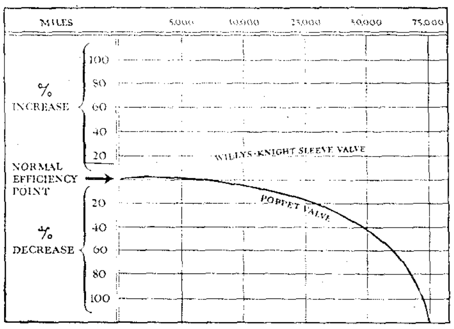

*Chart shows how Willys-Knight Engine increases in efficiency up to and beyond 75,000 miles, while the poppet-valve decreases.*

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⁂

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# "70" WILLYS-KNIGHT SIX

## WHY CAPTAIN KIDD WAS NO PIRATE

CONDEMNED to death for piracy by a London court in 1701, Capt. William Kidd of New York said to the judge in his peculiar Scotch accent: "It is a very hard sentence. I have been sworn against by perjured witnesses." Nobody paid any attention to his words. He was led down the worn stone steps at Execution Dock, and according to the custom with pirates, hanged on a gallows between the marks of high and low tides. Then his body was covered with tar, bound about with chains, and suspended from a gibbet farther down the Thames as a warning to seamen, until the crows should pick the bones bare.

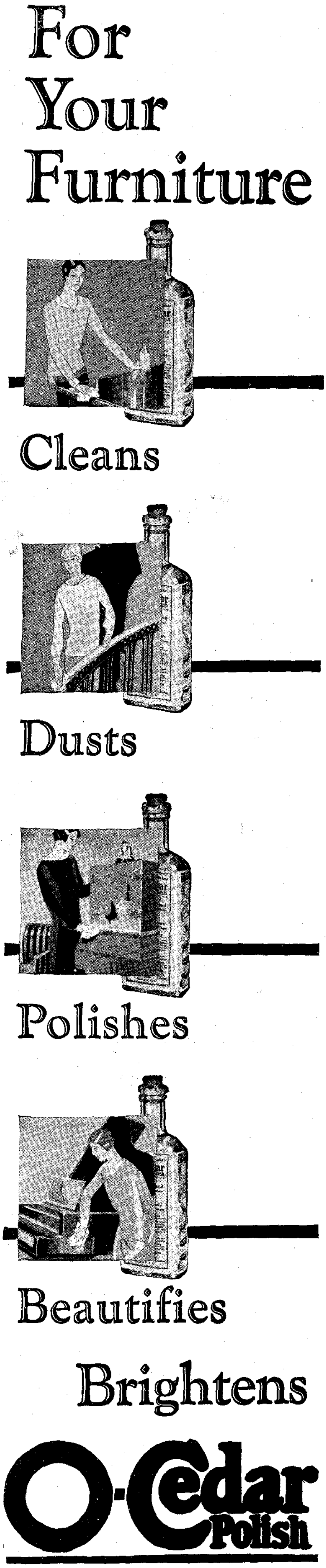
For 200 years the name of Captain Kidd was a synonym for piracy and buried treasure. Then one day Ralph D. Paine, an American, rummaging in the dusty files of the Public Record Office in London, discovered two French passes which had belonged to Captain Kidd, and which, if produced in court at his trial, would have cleared him of the charge of piracy. He had taken these passes from the two ships which he had captured in the Indian Ocean, and they were his proof that the ships were sailing under an enemy's flag, and were legitimate prey for a privateer. Who hid these papers when they meant life or death to Kidd? What was the motive for doing this man to death on a charge of which he was innocent?

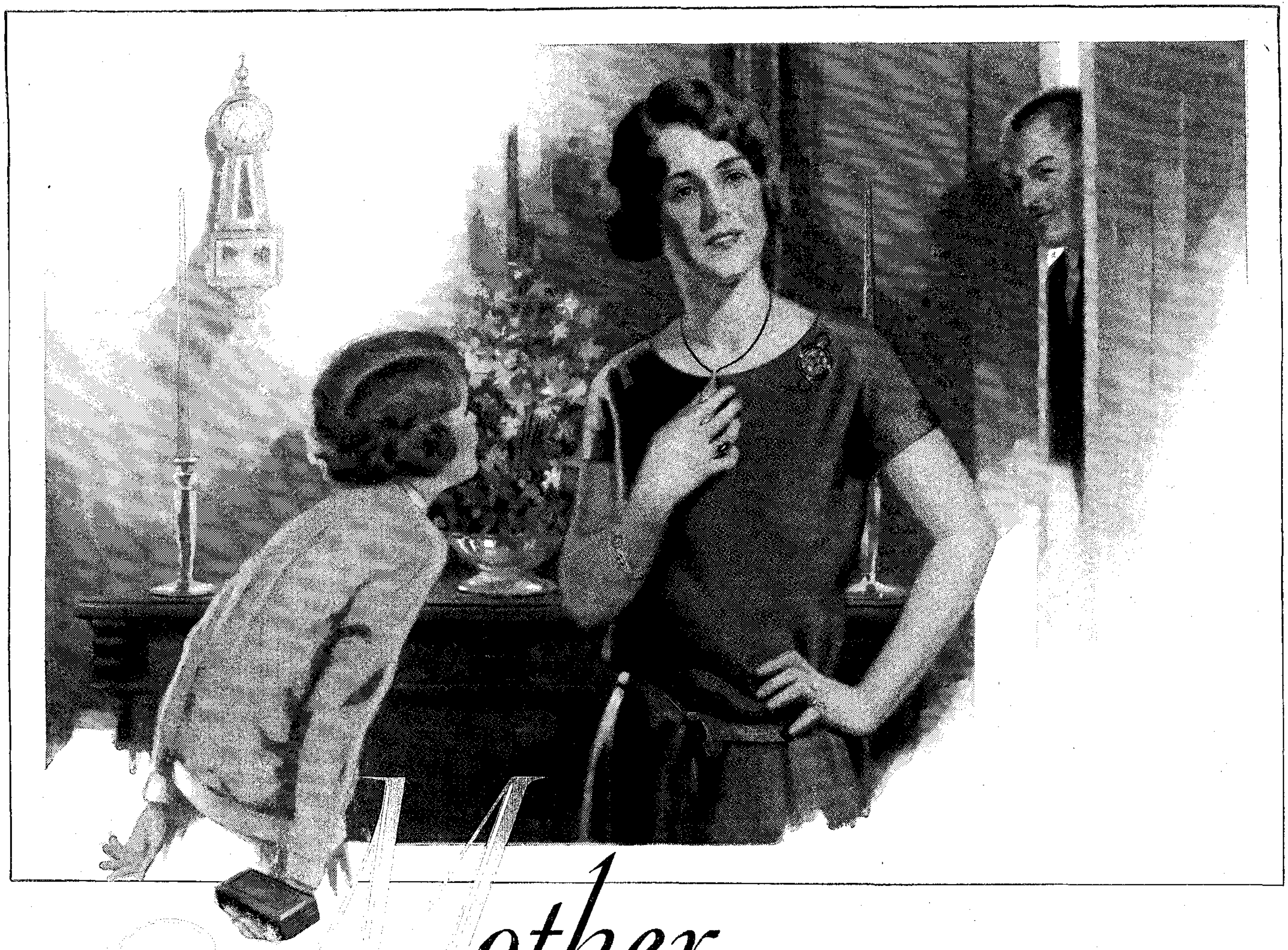
Since Paine's discovery, books have been written to answer these questions and to clear the name of Captain Kidd. Only last year Robert W. Chambers covered the subject in "The Man They Hanged." More recently the latest knowledge upon it has been summarized in an article by Marquis James in *The American Legion Monthly* under the title, "The Sailor Who Sailed Once Too Often." For William Kidd had retired from the sea when he married Sarah Oort, the richest widow in New York in 1691, and his social standing was indicated by the title "Gent." after his name in the official record of his marriage. He was the son of a Scottish country parson, had been well educated for a country boy, and had many friends among the high officials both of colonial New York and of England under King William III. Mr. James says further:

> William Kidd laid by his pay, and his share of prizes and awards, and invested in New York real estate. While he was courting Sarah Oort the New York Legislature voted him £150 for chasing pirates from the local waters. When he married Sarah, he seemed fixt for life financially. So at thirty-seven the thrifty Scotch captain retired from the sea as a regular thing, and devoted most of his time to his property in New York, and that which he had acquired by marriage.
>
> The Kidds lived in a three-story brick house at the corner of Pearl and Hanover streets. The Turkey carpet on the parlor floor was the first Oriental rug in New York, they say. The élite of the colony attended the social gatherings at Captain Kidd's house, walked on the Turkey carpet, and admired the other rare articles he had brought home on his voyages.

Occasionally the captain spiced the tranquillity of his retirement with a voyage, we are told. He was in London in the winter of 1694. There he met a fellow New Yorker, Robert Livingston, who had amassed a fortune connected somehow mysteriously with salt water. Livingston had a scheme for making money, which he laid before the Captain, and it came out that he was acting for men high in power, who were backing the enterprise for their own profit. Mr. James gives us their august names:

> There was the Earl of Bellomont, who was to be the next Governor of New York. There was Edward Russel, First Lord of the Admiralty. There was the Duke of Shrewsbury, His Majesty's Secretary of State; Lord John Somers, Keeper of the Seal and the King's private legal expert; the Earl of Romney, the handsomest man in England, Master General of Ordnance and one of the King's most intimate personal friends. And—in sacred confidence—there was the King himself. These gentlemen solicited the services of Captain Kidd for a special expedition to capture pirates.
>
> Kidd was not born yesterday. He knew that when such gentlemen solicited, they commanded. In the whole British kingdom it would have been hard to find a more formidable list of names with which to overwhelm the demurrers of a simple sea captain.
>
> The bargain was made. Bellomont drew up the papers. The King himself signed the one commissioning "our trusty and well-beloved" Captain Kidd, commander of the ship the *Adventure Galley* . . . "to take into custody . . . Capt. Thomas Too [Tew], John Ireland, Capt. Thomas Wake, and Capt. Wm. Maze, as all such Pirates, Free-booters and Sea-Rovers . . . which you shall meet upon the Seas . . . and all such Merchandizes, Money, Goods, and Wares as shall be found on board or with them." The pirates were to be brought home for trial, but his Majesty did not say what his well-beloved captain was to do with the merchandizes, money, etc. That point, however, was covered in other articles in which, for certain reasons, the King's name did not appear. One might expect that this loot would be returned to its rightful owners, but that was not the plan. "Serve God in the best Manner you can," wrote my Lord of Bellomont, in Kidd's supplementary instructions, and "sail directly to Boston, in New England, there to deliver unto me the whole of what Prizes, Treasure, & Merchandize you shall have taken." Then one-fourth of the cargo would be divided among Kidd's crew. This was to be the only wages the seamen would receive. The remaining three-fourths of the trophies would be split among Bellomont, Somers, Romney, Russel, Shrewsbury, Livingston and Kidd—the larger shares going to Livingston and Kidd.
>
> That is what the written agreement said, except for a secret clause stipulating that the King was to receive a 10 per cent. cut of all shares. If the booty should total £100,000, Kidd was to receive as a bonus the





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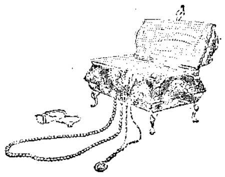
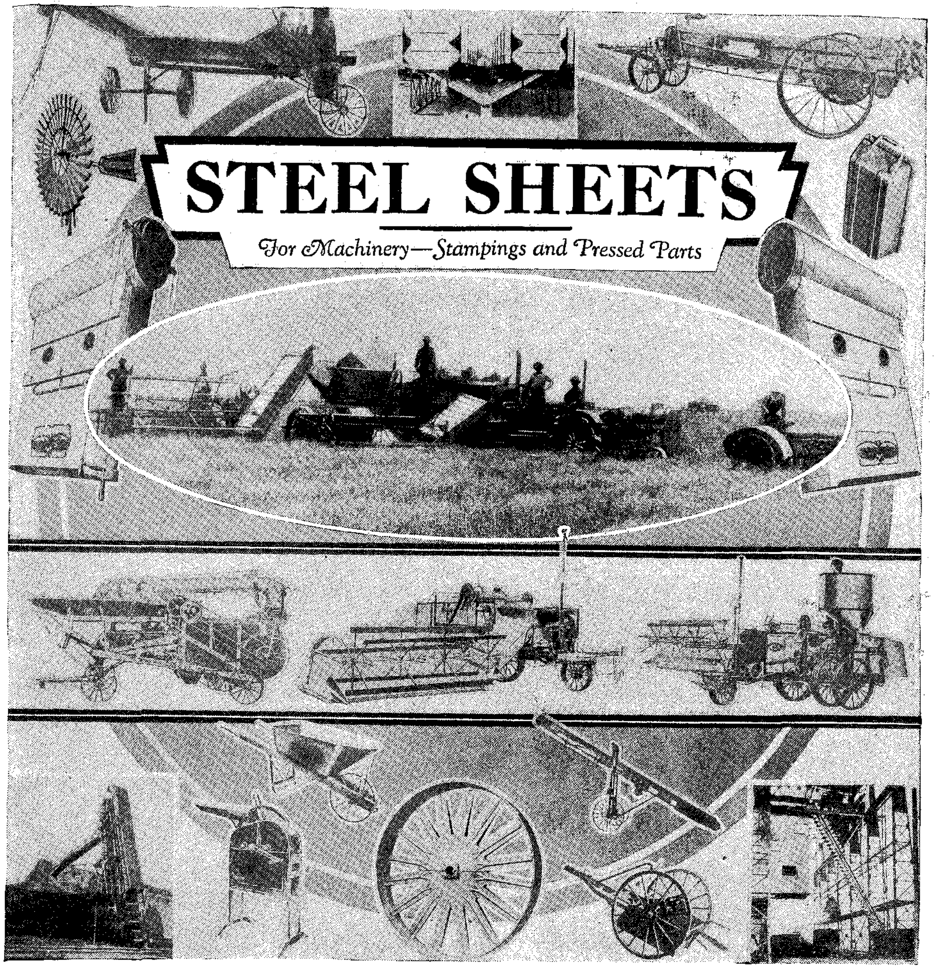


*for*

# GIFTS THAT *LAST*

*Consult your Jeweler*



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## PERSONAL GLIMPSES
*Continued*

ship he sailed in. If the venture were unsuccessful, Bellomont was to be refunded what he had contributed to the initial outlay. The others took their chances. But the noble earl was in all things a shining disciple of Safety First.

To minimize the danger of failure, Captain Kidd was provided with a second commission—which was his undoing through no fault of his—authorizing him to seize any ship, whether pirate or not, which flew the flag or sailed under the protection of France. This was by way of reminding France that England was at war with her, tho it was a queer sort of war. The narrative proceeds:

> It cost £6,000 to buy the new ship *Adventure Galley* and fit her out. Kidd was obliged to put in some of his own money to do this. The *Adventure Galley* was of 287 tons burden, which was a fairly large ship. She carried thirty guns.
>
> With all these documents signed, sealed and delivered, William Kidd began to scare up a crew, when Robert Livingston reappeared to add some private instructions which it would have been untactful to put in writing, even in secret clauses. He told Kidd not to worry about failure, and rather than let a handsome prize slip through his hands, not to scruple over legal niceties, but to "act without regard to my Commission."
>
> In other words, Kidd was not to come back empty-handed. He was expected to capture pirate ships, but if no pirate ship sufficiently laden with treasure were available, he was to return with *something.* This is Kidd's own statement of the conversation, made when his life was at stake, but there is more reason for believing it than there is for disbelieving it. The official morality of the time condoned such things. It was a common practise for pirate hunters to go out for pirates and come back with *something,* split with a few officials and go their way.
>
> With a short-handed crew Kidd sailed from London in April of 1696. On the voyage to New York he captured a little French fishing-vessel and brought it into port, a lawful prize. Then he started filling up the ship's company for the grand cruise.
>
> It was hard to get the right sort of men on a no-prize no-pay basis, to which he was bound by instructions. He wound up by taking any men he could get, and when the bars were let down, there were plenty of applicants. "Many flockt to him from all parts," wrote Benjamin Fletcher, the current Governor of New York, "men of desperate fortune and necessitous, in the expectation of getting vast treasure."

On September 6, 1696, Captain Kidd sailed away with a crew of 154—"as finished a collection of cutthroats as ever tramped a deck." Out past the Madeira Islands and down the coast of Africa to the Cape of Good Hope the pirate hunter sailed, stopping every ship on the way, searching its papers, but finding them always regular. By the time the *Adventure Galley* reached Madagascar, 147 days out

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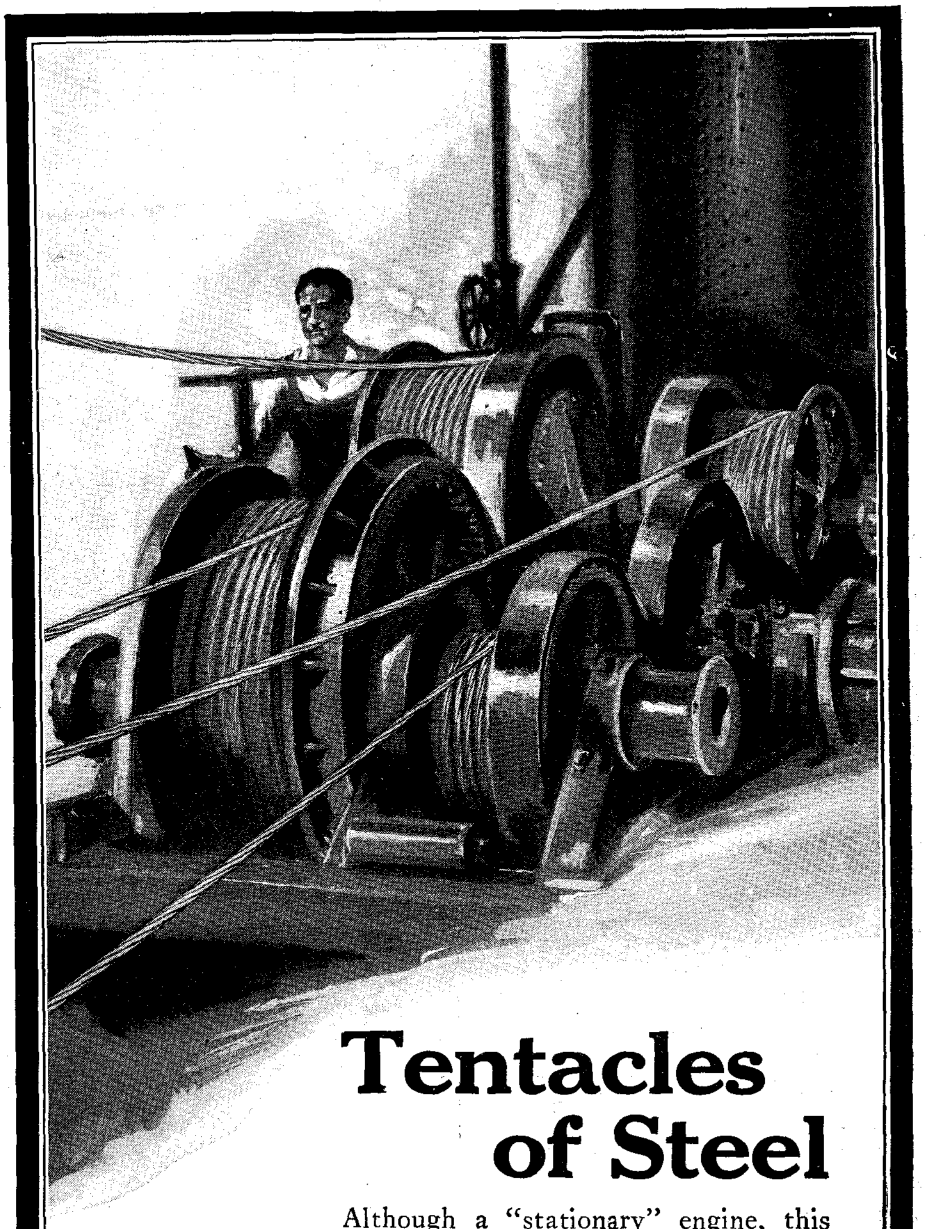
from New York, with no booty whatever, relates Mr. James, the crew were growing restless and mutinous. After they crossed the Indian Ocean to the coast of Hindustan, a small vessel carrying English papers was overhauled, boarded and rifled. Apparently this was the only incident that amounted to piracy in Captain Kidd's career, and he said it was the act of his mutinous men, who took matters into their own hands. The pickings, at any rate, were slim, and what is more important, when Kidd was brought to trial "with the cards deliberately stacked against him," this offense was not mentioned. Reading on:

> Fifteen months passed and no prize, and no money for the penniless, growling crew. Kidd's situation became critical. His ship was leaking, his provisions low, his men treacherous and surly, and his own life in danger.
>
> Then luck turned. In the month of November, 1697, the *Adventure Galley* fell in with the well-stocked Indian trader *Rouparelle*, which was sailing under a French pass of safe-conduct, and therefore seized. And on the first of February following Captain Kidd made the haul which seemed to redeem the voyage.
>
> The *Galley* was nosing about in the Indian Ocean under French colors when a sail of enormous spread was cried. Kidd ran up. Seeing the fleur-de-lys, the big ship made no effort to get away, but announced herself as the *Quedah Merchant* from Surat, property of that fabled oriental potentate, the Great Mogul. Kidd invited her master to come on board and submit his papers. When the *Quedah Merchant* people stept on the deck of the *Galley*, the English flag was hoisted. . . . It was a fabulous prize—the Great Mogul's treasure ship. Ingots of gold and bars of silver. Bags of gold-dust. Chests of coin. Boxes of diamonds, rubies, emeralds. Bales of silk, damask, and such products of India. The value can never be told, but an inventory of the left-overs which Captain Kidd managed to bring to America assumes the sweeping dimensions of a maharajah's dream.
>
> Captain Kidd turned his helm and stood for home, but that was 12,000 miles away, and the *Adventure Galley* would never make it. She was leaking so badly that the eight-man shifts at the pumps were changed every two hours. Her hull was bound round with cable for fear the bottom would drop out. With his two prize vessels in company, Kidd put in at St. Marys, Madagascar, to refit for the home trip.
>
> The *Galley* reached St. Marys on April 1, 1698. At anchor in the harbor was the frigate *Mocca*, Capt. Robert Culliford. The *Mocca* was a pirate ship, and Culliford was a pirate captain.
>
> Ninety-seven of Kidd's men rebelled. This was nearly all he had. They stole the *Rouparelle*, ransacked and sunk her, then joined by some of Culliford's followers they raided the disabled *Galley* and the *Quedah Merchant*, in which Kidd proposed to go home. Kidd managed to hold the ships, but the mutineers carried off nearly everything portable, including all the treasure they could find, and the cannon. They marched inland to where Kidd had stored some of the treasure at a planter's house and took that. On the fifteenth of June, Culliford sailed away, leaving Kidd utterly stranded. His four-



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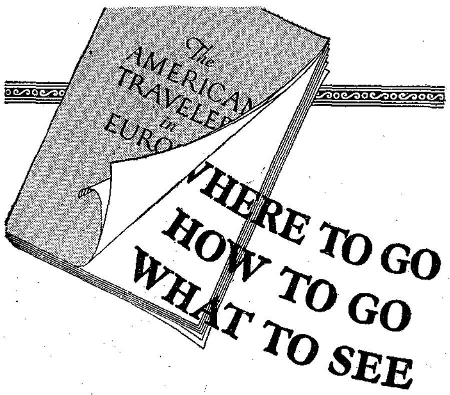

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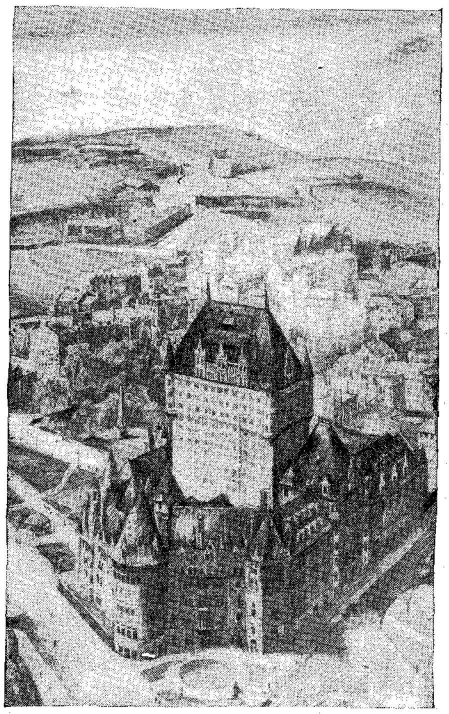
PERSONAL GLIMPSES
*Continued*

hundred-ton ship had been picked clean, and he had only thirteen men. The *Adventure Galley* had fallen to pieces. It took him five months in that out-of-the-way port to get his ship equipped and enough men to man her for the homeward voyage.

This delay, says Mr. James, was fatal to Kidd. Unsettling rumors had begun to sift back to civilization. The powerful East India Company was out for the scalp of this man who had been sailing in waters where they had a monopoly. Because of Kidd's influential backers, the company had to be careful, but the seizure of the two ships under French passes gave it the desired opportunity. London had recently launched a grand crusade against buccaneers. This crusade was not going well, we are told, and Kidd was a convenient victim for a Government anxious to show results. So toward the close of 1698 an order was sent out to arrest "that obnoxious pirate Kidd." When the ill-fated captain set out on his long voyage back to New York, he knew nothing of the coil that was tightening around him. By the time he reached the Leeward Islands, southeast of Cuba, his ship and crew were in a desperate condition, relates Mr. James. He appealed to the authorities for relief only to learn that he was a fugitive from justice, and, finally:

> Giving a British war-ship the slip, he purchased a sloop called the *St. Anthony*, and left the *Quedah Merchant* concealed in a cove near the coast of Hispaniola, now San Domingo, under guard of a trusted friend and the remnant of the crew. The big ship had £30,000 to £100,000 of treasure aboard, which the guards lost little time in appropriating when Kidd was out of sight. Taking £15,000 in the sloop, Kidd sailed northward, hoping his troubles were over.
>
> Before reaching New York, he sent ahead and engaged a lawyer—James Emmot, a leading member of the colonial bar and a vestryman of Trinity Church. In June of 1699 the *St. Anthony* slipt into Long Island Sound and Mr. Emmot went out in a boat and met his client at Oyster Pond Bay (not to be confused with the better-known Oyster Bay), at the eastern end of Long Island. The lawyer heard Kidd's story and said he would see the Governor and arrange to have the charges against Kidd quashed.
>
> The Governor was my Lord of Bellomont. At this moment the King was preoccupied with his antipiracy crusade. The Governor did not have to think twice to surmise that it would be a feather in his cap to bag the "obnoxious" Kidd. In substantiation of the legality of the two seizures for which Kidd had been outlawed, Mr. Emmot placed in the Governor's hands the two French passes which the Captain had taken from those vessels.

That was Kidd's undoing. Later, after being illegally transported to London for trial, and languishing in Newgate Jail for



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more than a year, his case was called, and we read on:

> Kidd was as good as dead when he went to trial.
>
> Four judges presided. Four lawyers represented the prosecution. Kidd asked for a lawyer, but the petition was denied. In open court he requested the return of his papers which he had surrendered before his arrest in America. He was insolently asked what he wanted with them. Kidd said the French passes would acquit him of the charge of piracy. Whereupon the prisoner was informed that he was not to be tried for piracy, but for murder, upon which the passes had no bearing.

The death of a mutinous sailor he had struck with a bucket, to restore discipline, was dragged up against him. We are told that the jury was practically instructed to bring in a verdict of murder, and Kidd was sentenced to death. Then—

> The next day he was tried for piracy. The same prejudiced judges, unscrupulous prosecutors, perjuring witnesses and a brow-beaten jury were on hand. With the rope already about his neck, Kidd made a valiant fight to clear his name. He asked for his papers that he might exhibit the French passes. He was told they could not be found. The prosecutor who addrest the jury admitted that if Kidd could show French passes he should not be convicted. But, he exclaimed, Kidd had no passes. He scoffed at the Captain's pretension that he had possest such passes until he had trustingly surrendered them to the authorities. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty, and William Kidd was again sentenced to death.

## PAGING ICEBERGS WITH THE COAST PATROL

OUT of the cave of winds known as the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, a gale of cyclonic intensity had been raging, and in its wake three great icebergs, sinister and menacing, slipt down out of the arctic until they stood right across the track of the transatlantic steamers. It was a thousand miles from land, but there on the spot, ready for just such an emergency, lay the Coast Guard cutter *Tampa*, wallowing in the gigantic waves that swept across her ice-sheathed decks with roars of baffled fury. The presence of these mountains of drifting ice on "track B" was in utter defiance of all rules and regulations for icebergs, as outlined by the International Conference for the Safety of Life at Sea, writes Mr. A. G. West in the Washington *Sunday Star*, and the high-frequency radio apparatus of the *Tampa* at once crackled with urgent warnings. He goes on:

> The record shows that approximately 500 ships "listen in" to such notices, while the Hydrographic Office of the United States Navy at Washington, D. C., cooperates with the Coast Guard in handling reports of all menaces to navigation, when the usual routes are shifted to an extra-southerly lane, "track A," sixty miles away, until the danger is past and the bergs are destroyed with mines by the vessel on patrol.
>
> "Paging Icebergs," as it is known in

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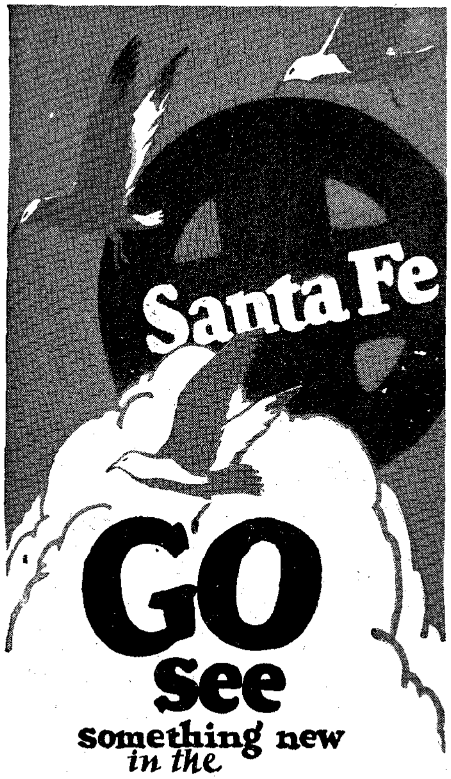

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## PERSONAL GLIMPSES

*Continued*

the service, is a thrilling but dangerous business, and coupled with the life-saving work carried on each year along our far-flung coast-line on three oceans, forms an epic struggle that deserves a special chapter in the history of heroism of American seamen.

For the United States Coast Guard is an organization that is charged with the safety of all passengers on the Atlantic highways, as Uncle Sam has the official control of the International Ice and Derelict Patrol that was inaugurated by the thirteen Powers interested in trans-atlantic shipping following the tragic sinking of the *Titanic* by an iceberg in May, 1912.

In addition, the Coast Guard is responsible for many similar duties on the Pacific coast, and approximately half the globe is patrolled by her ships each day, from the Arctic Seas on the north near Point Barrow, Alaska, to the warm waters of the West Indies, and from the Lesbian Islands in the mid-Pacific to the high seas of the turbulent Atlantic.

The particular work of the ice patrol has been all that might have been hoped for, since not a life has been lost through bergs in the fourteen years of this international service, which was originally started by two Navy cruisers, the U. S. S. *Birmingham* and the U. S. S. *Chester*, in the winter of 1912. Subsequent to the signing of the pact between the several nations, the President directed that the Revenue Service undertake this patrol, which was officially begun in February, 1913.

Each winter, before the commencement of the severe storms, a dozen or more vessels are designated by name by the President to act as special scouts for distrest mariners along the coast. These cutters, in addition to the three ice-patrol forces, have been successful in aiding many ships by special directions or contact, and last season saved outright twenty-three vessels, with cargoes valued at more than $3,500,000.

It will thus be seen that duty in the Coast Guard requires something more of a man than ordinary skill as a mariner on the high seas. On this point Mr. West says:

Rescues are often required in the midst of the very gales that have brought disaster to the seaman in distress, and ability of a high order is needed to surmount the obstacles of weather and wave and wind and tide. This skill might perhaps be comparable to that of the crack polo-player who continues in the game with a broken shoulder and who must of necessity know considerably more about riding than is implied by his ability to stay on his mount during the critical game in an international tournament.

Life-saving at any time requires a highly trained force, and in bad seas the men of the Coast Guard must not only be prepared to handle small cutters or lifeboats on long journeys past tricky surf and through mountainous waves, but they must be able to maneuver anxious passengers to safety and shelter, with almost impossible conditions prevailing much of the time.

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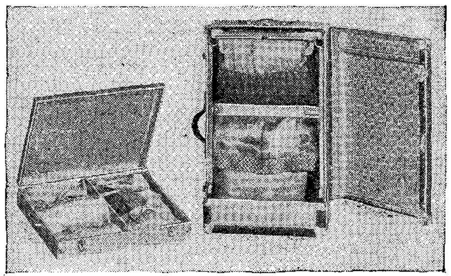

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men of the Coast Guard have regular drills to qualify them as sharpshooters, and big-gun practise in connection with their ordinary routine. The academy at New London, Connecticut, affords special instruction to the young cadets before they receive commissions in the Coast Guard service, and a practise cruise on board the *Alexander Hamilton* to foreign waters completes the initial training before the ensigns are assigned to duty on the regular cutters.

The patrol of the 10,000 miles of ocean frontier, the *Star* writer reminds us, is maintained by various special branches of the service, as some of this work is performed hundreds of miles offshore; or it may be off the Great Lakes, or duty on the banks, or along river fronts. Moreover—

Right in the harbor of Gloucester, Massachusetts, there are three branches of the work; life-saving for ships wrecked on or near the beach; small patrol boats with six or seven men that go out to aid the fishermen after storms; and amphibian planes from the Coast Guard Air Station that scout out over the ocean for two or three hundred miles for missing vessels and rum-runners. In addition, there is special work each year along the Maine coast, where the ice must be broken up with explosives in order to keep the sea lanes open for navigation.

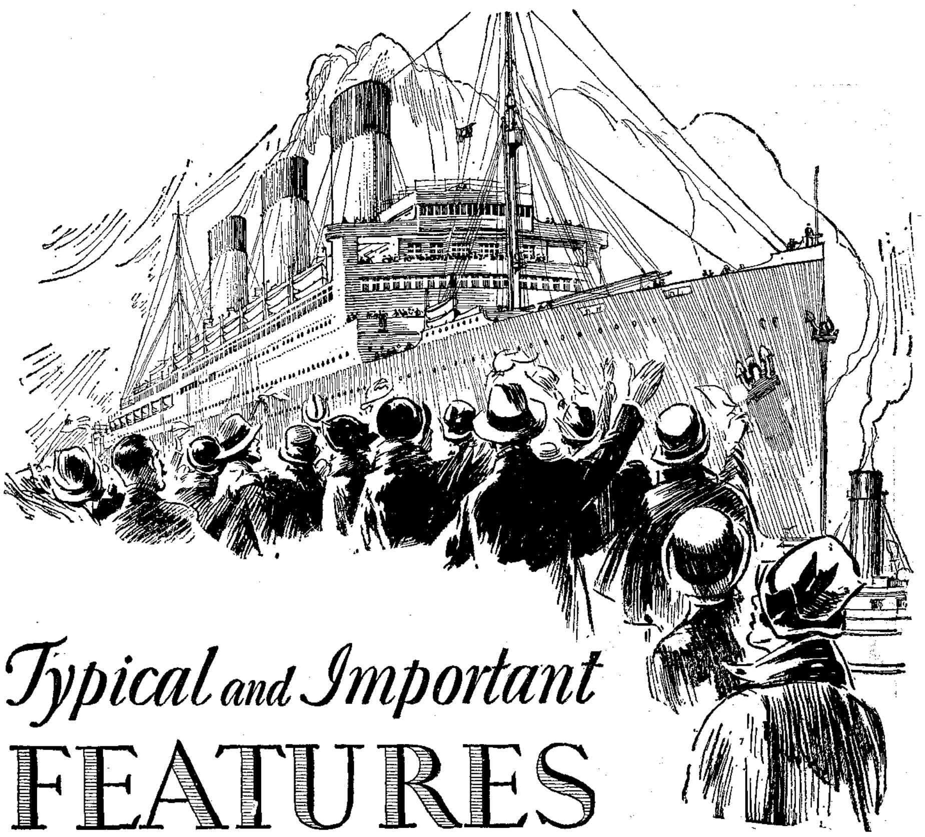
The *Kickapoo* was specially fitted out for this duty recently, and left at the close of winter to cruise along the New England shores, smashing the ice on her way so that the mail men and harbor ships could reach the outlying islands with food and other necessaries.

One very interesting form of the work is that of the beach patrol, which is a purely American institution, and was invented some time in the early 'seventies by the Life-Saving Service. A fixt beat along the shore is arranged for, depending for its length upon the natural contours of the coast in respect to hills and other prominences, from which a view of the water may be readily obtained, and thus varying from half a mile to four miles away from a station.

The station crew is divided into two watches of two men each, who share the patrol from sunset to sunrise, keeping a sharp watch into the darkness for disabled vessels or small boats in distress. One man takes the station watch which is kept in the tower or adjacent beach, so that he may listen for the bell on the service telephone line, in addition to his lookout for signals from his mate on patrol.

Upon the return of the latter to the station, the first man goes out on patrol, and in due course the second group of men is called to relieve the first watch. During thick or foggy weather, this system is continued as long as it may be necessary, day and night. Such a guard is of great value in certain dangerous districts such as at "Death's Door Passage" on the mail route from Ellison Bay and Detroit Harbor, Wisconsin, where drifting ice-fields are shifted by the gales and currents in the winter months, and sometimes the carrier is caught far out on the ice when the break-up occurs.

Many a mail-carrier has had good cause to bless the Coast Guards at the station at Plum Island, as was the case not so long since, when the postman found himself isolated on a cake of ice barely large enough to hold the horse and sleigh. The patrol had noticed the danger, however, and by a



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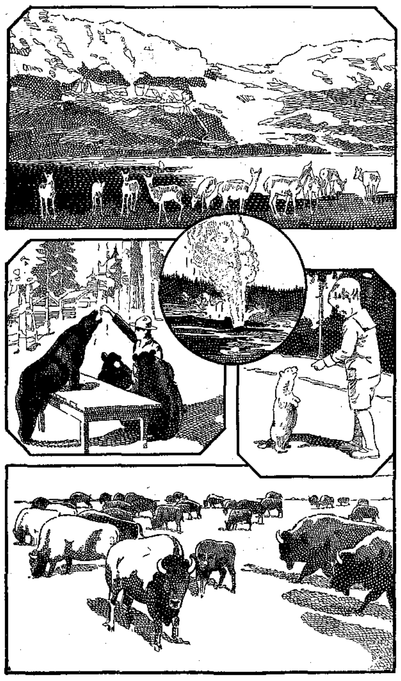

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
*Continued*

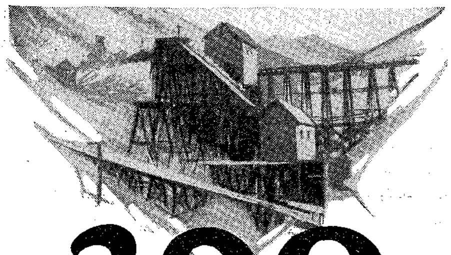
> series of maneuvers along the tricky ice managed to reach the unfortunate carrier with ropes, so that he was able to tie up to a near-by ice-floe and later walk safely to land.

Last year proved to be the biggest season in the entire history of the Coast Guard, as 15,398 persons were relieved from danger, we are told, and 3,037 saved from death. Probably the most dramatic feat that was noted by the press was the rescue of the Clyde liner *Lenape*, which had taken fire one evening about 10:30 as the ship was abreast of Cape May. Mr. West continues:

> The doughty captain sent out S O S signals over his radio and began a race for life toward the Delaware Breakwater. Immediately response was forthcoming from other ships, but it was soon discovered that one was forty and the other twenty miles away, and thus of little use to the ill-fated steamer.
>
> Coast Guard cutters were rushed from Cold Spring Harbor, New Jersey, and these, together with a steam pilot-boat and the *Kickapoo*, whose crew has figured so often in heroic rescues at sea, tore out into the night after the flaming vessel. A wild burst of speed brought the rescue ships to the sides of the *Lenape*, and by means of ropes suspended by the rails the 367 passengers leapt safely to the decks of the cutters, and with the dawn word was flashed around the world of the heroism of the seamen and of the imperishable memory that remains a shining beacon in the sailors' Hall of Fame.
>
> There are many similar instances that might be cited, as was the case in the rescue of the twenty-nine men by the lifeboat crew of a station off Keeweenan Point last Thanksgiving time. A terrific gale was raging over the whole coast, yet the sturdy seamen rowed out six miles to the stranded vessel and brought back their charges in safety.
>
> Very often the coastal signal-lights that are burned by the beach patrols are of great value in warning mariners that they are closer to a dangerous reef than they are aware, and thus the captain of such a ship is able to change his course in time to avert disaster.

Here the seaplane enters the story. The Washington writer has this to say of it:

> One of the chief responsibilities of the Coast Guard is the care of the fishing fleet, especially in the winter months, as hundreds of these small vessels go out from Norfolk or Gloucester and meet with difficulties if caught in a big storm. The latest aid in such matters is the seaplane, which is sent out on a scouting trip after a storm to locate any members of the fishing fleet that may be reported as missing. As an average speed of an amphibian may be said to be ninety or a hundred miles an hour at a minimum, a very large territory may be thus covered in a short time, and far more swiftly than by the old method of using a patrol-boat.
>
> When the lost fisherman is found the plane radios in to the air station, and a cutter with six or seven men is sent out to bring in the vessel or to aid the crew in any way that may be necessary. Tho it is proposed to have ten coastal air stations in



390 million dollars in *dividends!*

One after another the mineral deposits in Utah swell the stream of wealth flowing from the mountains. The immensity of Utah's mineral resources staggers the imagination!

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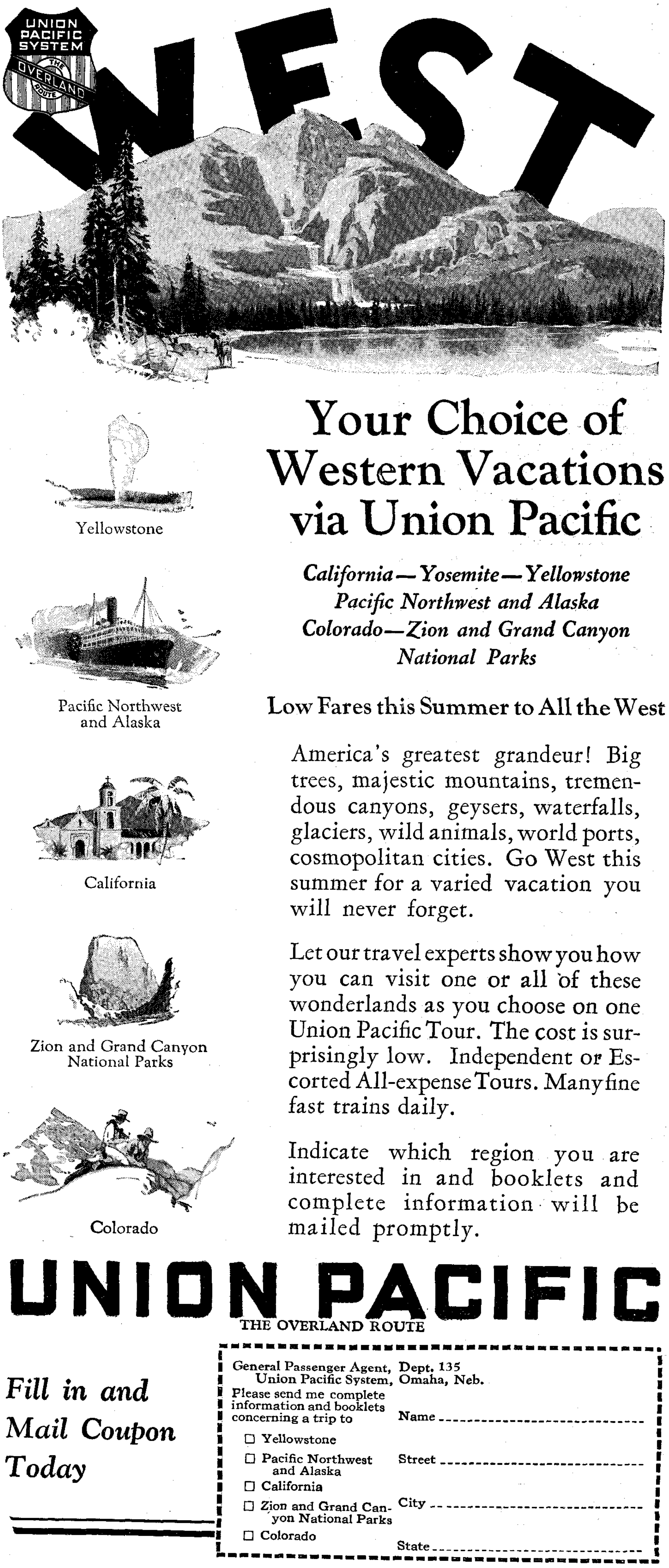
time, only two are operating at the moment, one off Cape May and the other at Gloucester.

The latter is in the charge of Lieut. E. F. Stone, who will be best remembered for his notable work as one of the two pilots aboard the hydroplane *NC-4* on its record trip across the Atlantic several years ago. The air force for the Coast Guard is being trained in cooperation with the Army and Navy air schools in various parts of the country, and is intended to build up a group to operate in conjunction with the force of twenty-five destroyers.

It is rather astonishing to learn that the Coast Guard covers a radius of a hundred thousand miles a day on its patrol, concerning which Mr. West tells us:

> The various cutters start out from their respective bases in military formation and then spread out fanwise, to relieve the weary sentinels already on duty at their marine posts far at sea. One of the most urgent of all their duties is the rendering of medical and surgical aid as required by any American vessels engaged in deep-sea fishing, and in many parts of Alaska the doctors of the Coast Guard cutters are the only ones ever seen by the inhabitants.
>
> The famous vessel *Bear* made her last voyage in Alaskan waters this past season, and is to be replaced by the new cutter *Northland.* The old Imperial Russian Government used to cooperate with the United States in regard to permitting the Coast Guard cutters to go over to the Siberian shores to regulate conditions among American citizens there, as needed, but the Soviets are not interested in the problem, and seem to resent such efforts.
>
> On cruises in the northern waters, the Coast Guard acts as minister, census taker, judge, surgeon, and in many regions is the only court of law and order that is known. The *Bear*, for example, left Oakland, California, early last May, and on her return to that port, five months later, had cruised over 11,000 miles. During her voyage her commander qualified as United States Commissioner for the second Alaska district, and another officer qualified as a deputy United States Marshal. Various cases of promiscuous shooting were investigated and the culprits brought to book; medical attention was given to natives; Eskimo children were taken aboard and royally treated with luncheon, candy, games and presents in honor of July 4; and various passengers, including missionaries, taken from one post to another.
>
> The five or six cutters operating in those waters cooperate with the United States Bureau of Fisheries to protect the halibut and other fishing, and whereas it is entirely conceivable that lawbreakers may scorn the rules promulgated by isolated members of various governmental units, no such disrespect is accorded the vessels of the Coast Guard, whose guns back up any wanton infringements of the United States laws.
>
> One interesting phase of the work carried out by the service is the inspection of the life-preservers, fire extinguishers and lifeboats on various ships, thus securing the safety of travelers so far as possible. Forty-seven thousand vessels were examined last year in this respect, and since it is the official duty of the Coast Guard to aid in any rescues that may come up, the force leaves no stone unturned to see that these aids to safe navigation are not lacking, on the general principle of a stitch in time.



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# SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

## FORCING PROFESSIONALISM ON MARY K. BROWNE

A STORM OF CRITICISM all over the country has greeted the decision of the United States Golf Association to disbar Miss Mary K. Browne from her amateur golf status because of her plunge into professional tennis. "Incredibly silly" is a phrase applied to the association's action by the Providence *News*, in an editorial protesting against the doctrine "that no one can be an amateur in golf who is a professional in any other game"; and *The News* brands as "arrant nonsense" the official excuse that "by reason of the manner in which Miss Browne capitalized her skill as an amateur athlete, she acted in a manner detrimental to the best interests and true spirit of the game of golf." The fact that Miss Browne joined the professional tennis ranks "has had no more effect on the game of golf," adds the editorial, "than the Chinese war or the publication of 'Elmer Gantry.' What makes this decision doubly and trebly unfair is that the Golf Association acknowledges as amateurs many players who are in fact, if not in name, enjoying large incomes because of their golfing prowess."

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

DISBARRED FROM AMATEUR GOLF

Because of her plunge into professional tennis, Miss Mary K. Browne has been ruled out by the U. S. G. A., and many protests have greeted that official decision.

Diametrically opposite to this point of view is the one taken by George Trevor, of the New York *Sun*, who finds it "difficult to see how the powers that be could have acted otherwise. If Mary Browne, an out-and-out tennis professional, had been permitted to compete as a golf amateur, how," he demands, "could the U. S. G. A. have justified its exclusion of sporting-goods dealers?" And he goes on to cite the case of "popular Francis Ouimet, cast into outer darkness some years back because he organized a sports store in Boston, featuring tennis and golf supplies. You recall," he continues, "the dramatic upheaval arising from Ouimet's excommunication. Not even the Sacco-Vanzetti case stirred up more raucous protest. Civil war was precipitated between the paternalistic U. S. G. A. and its unruly stepchild, the Western Golf Association, which espoused Ouimet's cause." However, as Mr. Trevor reminds us:

> Eventually everything simmered down. Ouimet promised to abandon his wicked traffic in golf implements, and the U. S. G. A. proceeded to slay the fatted calf for its prodigal son. At that the cadaverous Brookline star looks as tho he might have lived on a diet of husks. Will history now repeat itself? Will Western golf solons invite another break with the parent body by welcoming Miss Browne into the corn-belt fold? The answer is probably "yes." Miss Browne, while naturally disappointed, doubtless appreciates the fact that she can not eat Charley Pyle's cake and have her amateur standing too.
>
> If Mary Browne were eligible to play amateur golf, then Jigger Statz of the Cubs and Ross Young of the Giants would qualify for a crack at George Von Elm's crown. Statz averages around 75 on Texas courses. On second thought we have a hunch that Statz recently became a full-fledged golf "pro," so the analogy may not hold in his case. At all events, it would hardly be fair to permit a professional athlete in one branch of sport to play as an amateur in another game. Tennis and golf are closely allied in tradition, patronage and spirit. Their interests are common. Jim Thorpe lost his Olympic medals because some petty-minded snooper unearthed the fact that James had once played a few games of professional baseball. We can't conceive of the U. S. G. A. accepting Gene Tunney's entry in a national amateur championship. Professional in one sport, professional in all—that's the only just verdict.
>
> Mary Browne is one of the few exceptions to the rule that excellence at tennis is incompatible with proficiency at golf. The strokes involved in hitting a stationary sphere and a moving ball respectively are essentially different. Dissimilar types of nervous organism are almost a prerequisite. Red McLoughlin has attained some success in California golf tournaments. Norman Brookes could break 80, when the mood seized him, hitting from the port side. Cyril Tolley once won his blue at tennis. It remained for Mary Browne, however, to become a serious title contender in these two divergent sports. She took up golf after her heyday on the courts was over, yet Mary reached the last four at Forest Hills the same season that saw her beaten as a golf finalist. They can't take that record from her.

She is "a pleasant person," proclaims Mr. Trevor, and "combines feminine charm with an aggressive, fighting spirit almost masculine in its combativeness." Concerning which he muses:

> Pugnacity is a quality too often missing in women athletes, notwithstanding Rudyard Kipling's remarks concerning the "deadlier sex." Notable exceptions only serve to prove the rule. Molla Bjurstedt Mallory, for instance, lacks nothing in combativeness. The Norse girl has the killer instinct highly developed. She grits her teeth. She presses an advantage resolutely. She never relaxes her death grip once she senses any softening in her rival's game. Mrs. Mallory is a finisher. So is Mary Browne. Miss Elizabeth Ryan gives a tigerish impression against many opponents, yet there have been occasions when one detected something less than granite beneath her truculent veneer. Mrs. Mallory outfought Miss Ryan at Forest Hills last summer.
>
> Women golfers as a class lack the killer instinct. They could improve their game by cultivating something of Sweetser's domineering self-assertion. There's too much of a pink-tea and lady-finger attitude about the average woman's golf. We are speaking of tournament competitors. The leading women golfers rarely assert themselves positively. Miss Collett, for example, doesn't appear to realize her own strength. She can not steel herself to apply the thumbscrews to a weaker adversary. She lets up subconsciously instead of increasing the pressure. This tendency explains the loss of many matches which she should have clinched.
>
> Too many women golfers undervalue their own ability. Modesty is an attractive quality, but one scarcely calculated to develop championship potentialities. The feminine golfer needs less of the "I-was-pretty-lucky-on-that-shot" attitude

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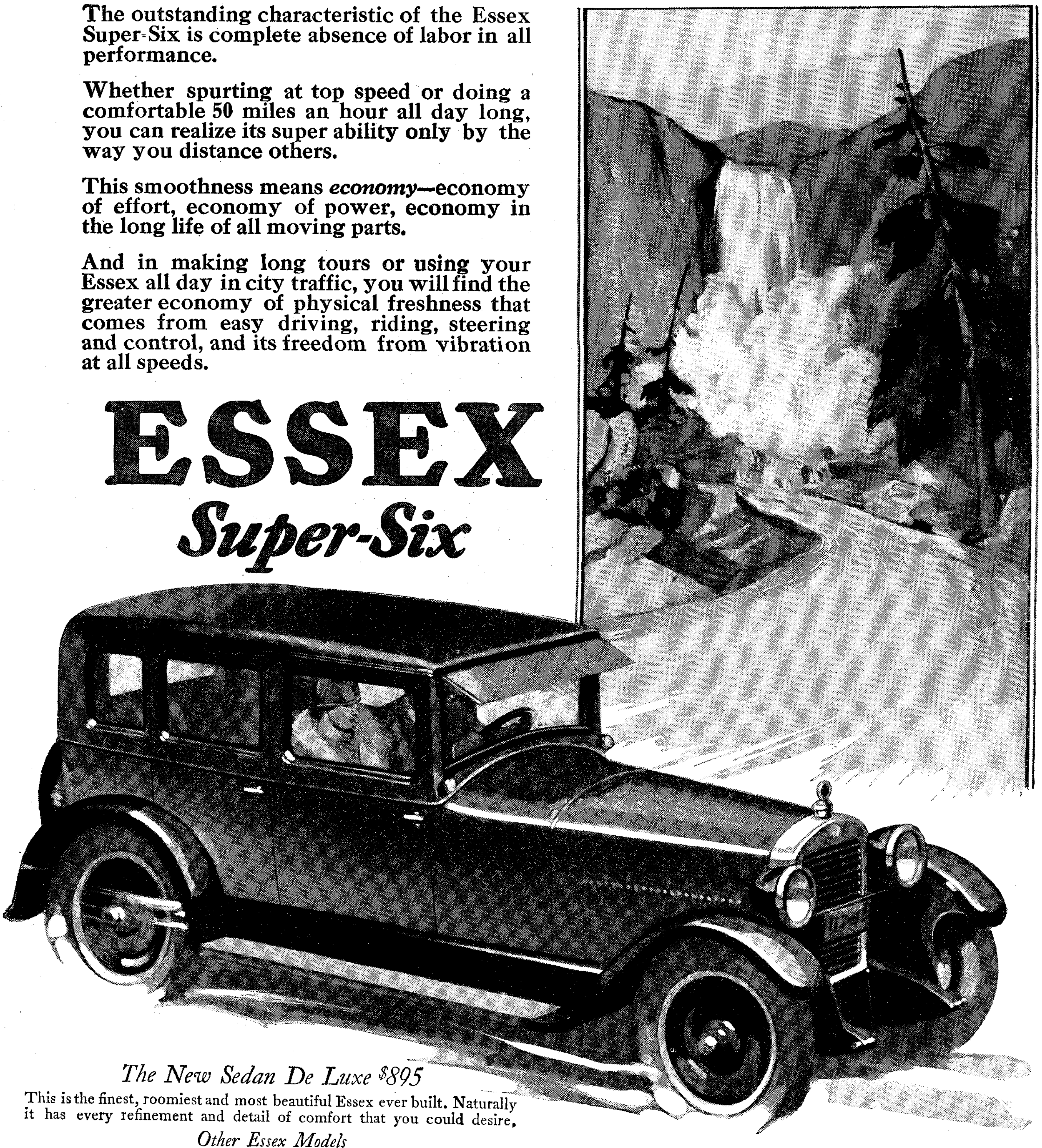

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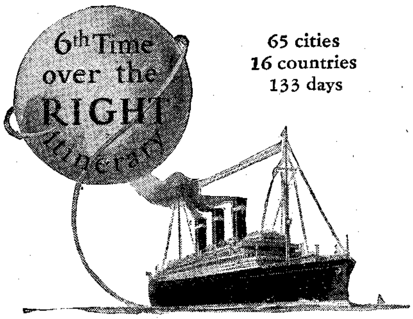
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## SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
*Continued*

and more of the spirit which seems to shout "Nothing fluky about that one—I'm just plain good."

Spunk and nerve carried Mary Browne to a national golf final despite her somewhat meager stroke equipment. The combative temperament acquired in many a hard-fought tennis struggle stood Mary in good stead on the links. She had the cocky self-assurance which enabled her to outgame rivals whose technique was infinitely more polished. They had the shots but Mary Browne had the spirit which will not brook defeat. Her belligerent chin bespeaks the born fighter, yet Mary asserts herself without sacrificing an innate graciousness of manner which gets across to spectators and opponents. Hers is a sugar-coated truculence, and for that reason the more disarming.

Mary Browne brought the personal equation to bear in her golf matches. She didn't concede anything to anybody—not even to Miss Collett. Sour shots she made in profusion, but they didn't disconcert her. Tennis had taught her to disregard mistakes as soon as made, while concentrating on the stroke at issue. There is a personal angle to tennis which is missing in golf. On the court you trade shots with a flesh-and-blood rival. Your strokes directly influence your opponent's power of reply. Golf, conversely, is impersonal in nature. You are really playing against yourself. Your shots influence your rival only indirectly. A mashie dead to the pin may depress him so that he flubs his approach, but your good shot hasn't made his stroke mechanically any harder. You can't beat a man clean with a side-line placement on the links. Even should you hole your tee shot, you haven't affected his theoretical chance of doing the same. Holes have been halved in one.

Edith Cummings and Mary Browne inject more of the personal touch into a golf match than do their sisters of the links. Both bristle with confidence. Vivacious Miss Cummings might have more than one title to her credit had she cared to devote herself whole-heartedly to golf. "This is an era of specialization in sport," Miss Cummings told the writer after her Biltmore triumph, "but I simply won't be a specialist. I like dancing, cards, riding, tennis and other amusements too well to restrict my attention to golf. To stay around the top in any particular sport you've got to make it your religion. Glenna Collett thinks, eats and sleeps golf. I simply won't pay the price."

Golf will miss Mary Browne as much as Mary will miss competitive golf.

Confronted by the possibility of a dissenting movement in the West over the issue of Miss Browne's ineligibility for amateur golf competition, relates a later Associated Press dispatch, the United States Golf Association indicated through its Secretary, H. H. Ramsay, that the door would be open to her reinstatement only after the usual three-year "good conduct" period; and we read on:

Mr. Ramsay indicated that Miss Browne's general attitude toward all professional sports in the next three years would be weighed. "If she accepts offers to become a tennis instructor, which are

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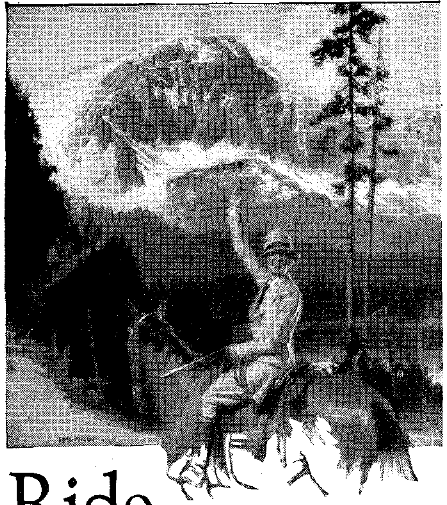

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said to have been made, this will, of course, be considered," he continued. He denied a report that Miss Browne would be able to obtain reinstatement only if her amateur tennis standing were restored. "We are not affiliated with the United States Lawn Tennis Association and will act entirely independently of it," he said.

The reinstatement rule of the association provides that applicants "must have acted so as to come within the definition of an amateur golfer for a period of three consecutive years immediately preceding the date of application."

A *Times* dispatch from London tells of some surprize in English golfing circles over the disbarment of Miss Browne, and continues:

> The British amateur golf definition does not take into consideration a player's status in other sports. At the last meeting of the Lawn Tennis Association it confirmed the existing rule that a professional at any other sport can not compete as amateur in lawn-tennis, but that rule never has applied to golf.
>
> Bombardier Wells, professional boxer, has played in amateur golf championships and Jack Hobbs, professional cricketer, has competed in amateur Badminton championships. There are many other instances in England of professionals at one sport playing as amateurs in another.

Writing in the sports department of the same paper, John Kieran remarks:

> Sometimes it hardly seems worth while to attempt to divide the amateur from the professional in sports.
>
> If the distinction were wiped away, it is probable that all sports would suffer severely, and the results in some cases would be fatal. But the men entrusted with the task of defining and defending the border-line between the amateur and the professional must be fearfully sick of their jobs.
>
> All this is apropos of the recent decision of the Executive Committee of the United States Golf Association which declared Miss Mary K. Browne ineligible to compete in any amateur tournament under the jurisdiction of that association.
>
> Secretary H. H. Ramsay of the U. S. G. A. barely had time to pull in his head after announcing the decision before the firing began.
>
> Hobart R. Young, President of the Western Golf Association, opened with what he probably thought was a direct hit by telling the world that Miss Browne could play as an amateur in the Western Golf Association tournaments. A Director of the Pacific Northwest Golf Association was quoted as taking the same stand for the tournaments in that area. Gene Tunney, representing the Gene Tunney Golf Association, voted the U. S. G. A. decision most unjust.
>
> The man in the street probably agrees with Gene Tunney and the Western golf officials. If the matter were put to a popular vote, the U. S. G. A. decision would be swamped. And as a London scientist remarked during the trial of the Scopes case at Dayton, Tennessee, if the question as to the shape of the earth were put to a vote of all the inhabitants, the "flats" would win by a vast majority.
>
> But the world isn't flat and the U. S. G. A. isn't rendering decisions on a basis of popular appeal. The case was decided on its merits.
>
> The general complaint against the U. S. G. A. decision seems to be that Miss Mary

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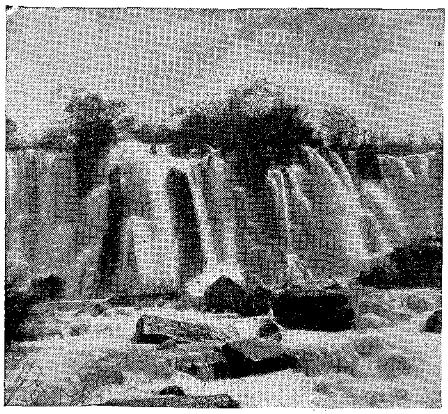

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## SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
*Continued*

K. Browne is a fine player, a fine sportswoman, a credit to any game, and an outstanding heroine of many historic contests in amateur tennis and golf.

This much is admitted on all sides. Yet a jury found her guilty as charged.

The defendant having been tried and found guilty, it might be well to try the jury.

The members of the Executive Committee of the U. S. G. A. are, for the most part, successful business men who are devoting a considerable portion of their time to the administration of golf affairs solely out of love for the game.

With the citizens at large, they share the general admiration for Miss Browne as a player and a sportswoman. Something must have swayed them to vote against her. Perhaps it was the conviction that they were doing the right thing.

The case of Miss Browne recalls to mind certain reproaches recently hurled by her colleague in professional tennis, Mr. Vincent Richards, against the United States Lawn Tennis Association. Directing his attack largely against Mr. Julian Myrick, whom he dubbed the "Czar" of the association, Mr. Richards complained that "the amateur ruling has never been clearly and sharply defined," and his article, in *Liberty*, continues:

> In so far as this rule prohibits an amateur from playing tennis for money, accepting a fee for coaching or teaching the game, no one objects to it. But when it is interpreted to apply to the indirect income that a player may earn because of his position in the game, there is always trouble.
>
> It is no small problem to devote more than half of one's time and all of one's strength to a sport, and to support oneself and, possibly, a family. The association, or rather the Czar, has always refused to face this problem, choosing to hide behind the cloak of snobbery.
>
> "How sordid!" they say. "Gentlemen don't discuss such things. Why do they go in for a gentleman's game if they haven't any money?"
>
> They ignore the fact that the men who have had money and have gone in for tournament play seldom, if ever, reached the top.
>
> Men like Tilden, Johnston, Howard Kinsey, and me became champions in spite of the harassing problem of how to live on fame alone; but the association refused to recognize the fact that we self-supporting men had taken the game from the rich.
>
> This snobbish attitude on the part of the association has cropped up again and again in the years when I rose from junior champion to the second national ranking. I am glad to say that every time it raised its ugly head, I took a swat at it. Then the association, no longer able to deny that many of its best players were men who must make their own living, began to put on the screws.
>
> Any player found guilty of earning money in some other field, and of being paid more in that field because of his standing in tennis, was breaking the amateur rule—was, in effect, a professional. All of us affected by this decision asked what we should do about it. We must eat to live; we must have bread.
>
> Like Marie Antoinette, they said to us:

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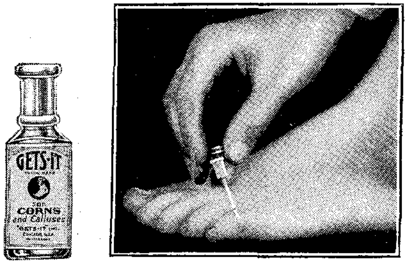

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Recently the association—that is, the Czar—denied me my rightful first place as an amateur player for the year 1926. A storm of protest broke out in all the newspapers of the country. It was generally felt that this was unfair; another instance of the association's steam-roller methods. Before the delegates who voted on the question ever reached Philadelphia or sent their proxies, they had already been told by their local associations how to vote. The machine worked perfectly; I hadn't a chance. They voted a straight No.

When interviewed in connection with this situation, I pointed out that the line between a professional and an amateur has never been clearly drawn; that the majority of the important players have been making an indirect living out of tennis for ten or fifteen years. One reporter called this attitude of mine "mud-slinging."

If it was, I can only say that I smeared mud all over myself as well. I admitted frankly that I was included in their number. What else could we do? Could we seriously be expected to make a decent living in the few months when we were not playing and not in training? Can any one name an occupation or a profession that may be pursued for only three months of the year, and by a man whose best energy and interest are already given to an absorbing activity? If any of us did succeed in finding such a business, were we to blame because we accepted salaries that would have been out of proportion to our abilities had we been unknown?

When we wrote articles, syndicate stuff, or books, or made drawings, or went on the stage or into the sporting-goods or insurance business, was it fair to expect us to say to our employers: "No; I will take only what you would pay me if I were not a tennis champion. I can accept no more"?

We were not playing melodrama. We were trying to make a living. We could not make a living directly out of the one thing we could do best. Quite naturally we tried to make our tennis achievements count.

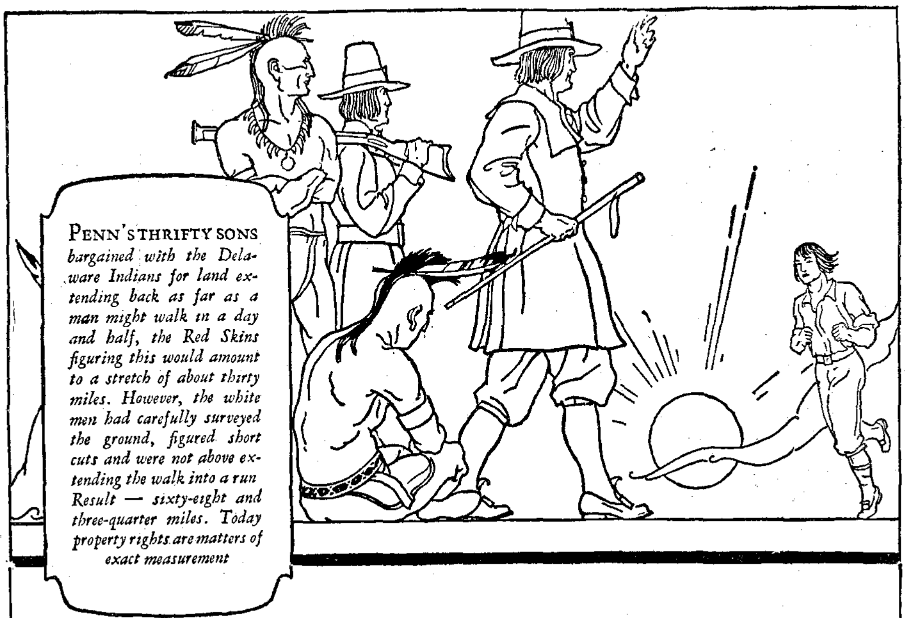
I repeat that this is no criticism of our champions. Until the Czar, his committees and the public take a reasonable attitude, the amateur is compelled to adopt a more or less hypocritical attitude. He is never quite sure what is considered legitimate; and he knows that he may be punished for a course of action, while another engaged in the same activity may go scot-free.

Queens indorse cold cream. Actresses praise pipe tobacco. Society women pose in the latest clothes. They all get paid for their statements, but no one thinks it unethical. No one can see the joke when a tennis-player gets $250 a week for doing work that would not bring him more than twenty-five dollars if he were a nobody.

One sports writer, commenting on the recent controversy over my ranking for 1926, said:

"The great curse in golf and tennis today is the man who uses his sport as a means to earn a high salary, whereas if he were plain Bill Jones he would not earn one-tenth that sum."

Will this gentleman who has called me and my former amateur associates a curse



PENN'S THRIFTY SONS *bargained with the Delaware Indians for land extending back as far as a man might walk in a day and half, the Red Skins figuring this would amount to a stretch of about thirty miles. However, the white men had carefully surveyed the ground, figured short cuts and were not above extending the walk into a run Result — sixty-eight and three-quarter miles. Today property rights are matters of exact measurement*

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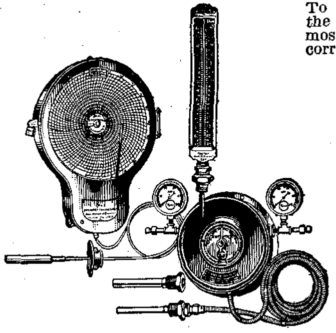

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
*Continued*

please tell us what we should do? I can not feed my baby on fame and stuff its nurse with clippings of my victories on the courts; my wife can not clothe herself in the sporting page, nor will my landlord accept a columnist's quips about me in place of rent.

This same man who has called most of our amateurs such a harsh name goes on to score "the men who rate as amateurs and earn their living because they sell their athletic reputation in business." Why not? The business man cashes in on his ability to play golf and bridge, his hospitality, whatever charm of personality he may have, his church standing, his membership in the right clubs, the reputation of his college and fraternity.

The amateur tennis-player can not make a living directly out of his skill with the racket. But when he takes the only course open to him and tries to profit indirectly by his position, he becomes a "curse."

In 1925 the player-writer question came up. Tilden, I, and several others were writing for the papers, and we were told that we could not keep our amateur standing if we continued. We promptly resigned from the Davis Cup team and said we would turn professional. That brought the committee round. It does not care much what happens to the players, but the Davis Cup is the apple of its eye. The ruling was amended.

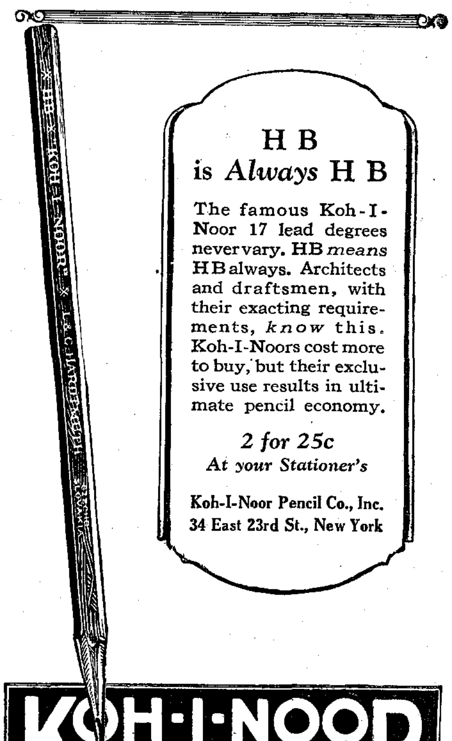
All of which brings this commentary from Mr. W. O. McGeehan, sports editor of the New York *Herald Tribune:*

Vincent Richards became a professional tennis-player because of dissatisfaction with the policies of the United States Lawn Tennis Association, as dictated by Julian Myrick, in regard to amateur standing, according to an article by the young man himself in *Liberty*. This is not particularly convincing. The general notion is that young Mr. Richards turned professional because Mr. C. C. Pyle made it worth his while to become a professional, just as Mr. C. C. Pyle made it very much worth while for Mr. Red Grange to become a professional football player.

Of course, Mr. Richards does not feel at all friendly toward the United States Lawn Tennis Association, and he has a fairly just grievance against that organization. You will recall that last year the United States Lawn Tennis Association declined to give Richards his ranking on his performance as an amateur, made while he was an amateur, and before he turned professional. This was petty and unsportsmanlike.

Altho Mr. Red Grange had turned professional before the mythical All-America team had been made up, there was no question as to his being named on the All-America, tho Mr. Grange was taking the wage of Mr. C. C. Pyle—and a very substantial wage it was—when he was nominated in the mythical backfield. If he had not been named, the All-America team of that year would have been quite as ridiculous as the United States Lawn Tennis Association's rankings without the name of Vicent Richards, the last American survivor in the men's singles.

In this instance Mr. Richards was treated unfairly by the United States Lawn Tennis Association, which might have said when it committed that sin of omission, "This is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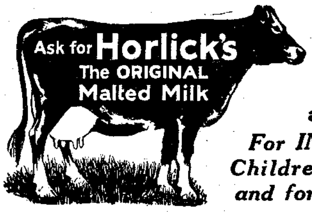

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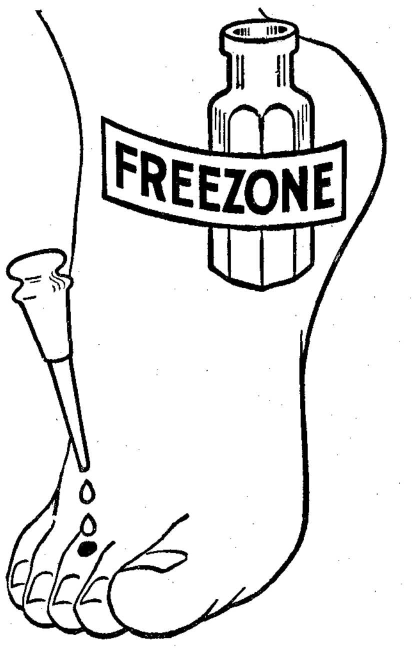

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going to hurt us more than it will hurt you," after the fashion of a hypocritical parent chastising a child. It certainly turned out that way. As they say, Mr. Richards "had a squawk coming," but as to the wisdom of giving vent to the squawk, there is some question.

"Snobbish rules made him turn pro, says Richards," quotes *Liberty*. This might lead to the suspicion of a certain snobbishness on the part of Richards himself. Having turned professional, he feels that it is necessary for him to explain himself, thereby admitting tacitly that he feels the necessity for explanation and acknowledging that he feels as tho he had placed himself in an inferior position. Certainly, this is a form of snobbishness against which Mr. Richards rails.

Christy Mathewson, when he left the campus of Bucknell College to become a professional baseball player, did not feel that it was necessary for him to explain why he became a professional athlete, because he was sure of himself. He felt that he was doing an obvious and natural thing, and that he was entering upon an honorable career for which he was well fitted.

Miss Mary K. Browne, who joined the forces of Mr. C. C. Pyle at the same time that Mr. Richards became a member of the troupe, does not seem to have any grievance against the United States Lawn Tennis Association. In fact, I rather think that she has a friendly feeling for the association because of its part in furnishing her with a background that made her an asset to the professional tennis promoter. Her attitude in turning professional was not one of revolt against the association for injuries, real or fancied.

---

## FOOTBALL BRUTALITIES "OLD STUFF"

DID the Princetons sock the Harvards on the nose, knee them in the ribs, twist their ankles and pull their hair in the big November football games? And did the Harvards do their boyish best to commit similar violence on the Princetonians? Beyond a reasonable doubt they did, if we may believe a Yale man, George Murphy, son of a famous Yale physical trainer, and himself no stranger to the gridiron. Mr. Murphy recently wrote in this vein to Edward Hope, the Princeton graduate who edits the column called "The Lantern" in the New York *Herald Tribune*, and he printed it as a semihumorous echo of the Harvard-Princeton football feud. Hear Mr. Murphy further:

> Would any sincere player . . . pass up a good chance to bash a dangerous opponent? Not if I know the pursuit of the skin of the pig. And I do.
>
> You have no idea of how far the influence of your Mr. Roper has spread over the collegiate United States. Yes, and beyond that. Dirty playing isn't confined to Princeton or to Princeton coached colleges or to colleges at all. Nowadays—and you are a fossil if you don't know it already—unnecessary roughness is the rule everywhere.
>
> Not so many years ago I was a freshman in the school Harvard accepts as its only rival. Being fired with ambition I went with 300 or so others of my kind to have a go at the freshman football team, and presently, having two rabbits' feet and a

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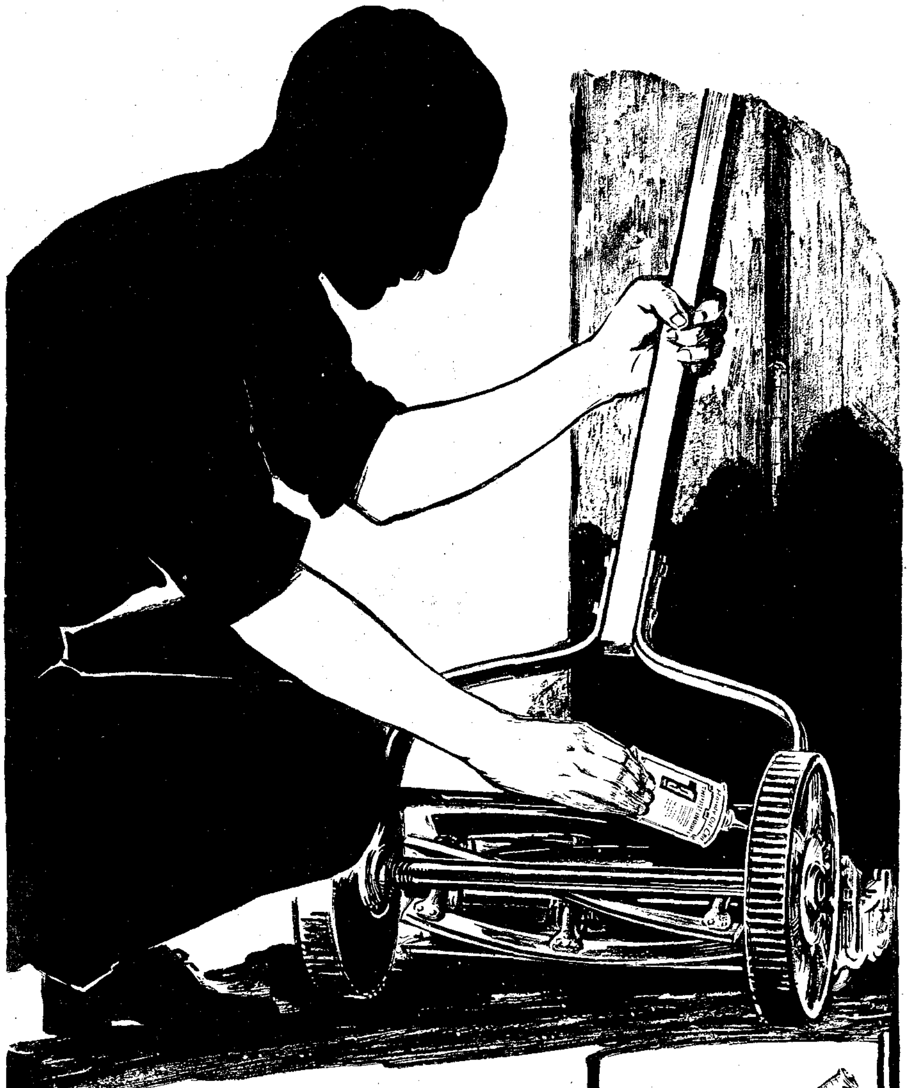

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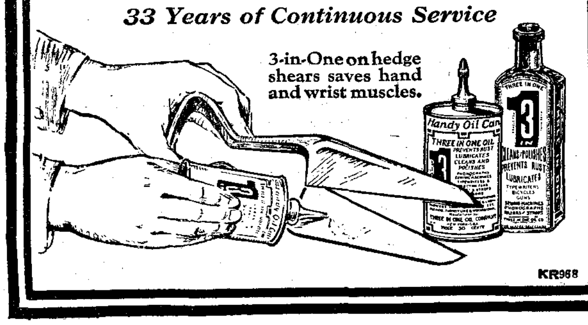

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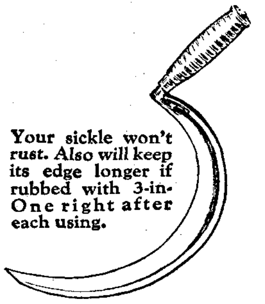

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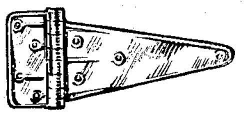

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## SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

*Continued*

horseshoe concealed in my room, I was given a position on the freshman scrub.

Well, sir, in one afternoon I was awarded one of the prettiest black eyes you ever saw and a whack on the jaw smart enough to put me on a soup diet for several days. I don't mind telling you my faith in clean sport at Yale was shaken.

A week later, having added another rabbit's foot and three more horseshoes to my collection, I was switched over to the first team. All went beautifully for a couple of days. And then, what do you think? One of my recent team-mates of the scrub—my roommate, to be exact—was the direct cause of my breaking my shoulder and riding off for a nice long rest in the infirmary. . . . If things like that were going on in freshman practise games, you can imagine what they were doing in the varsity contests for the championship of the newspapers.

At this point Lawrence F. Abbott enters the fray with an article in *The Outlook* quoting Mr. Murphy's letter only to call it "old stuff"—as old as the ancient Greeks and their Olympic games. In the spirit of jest he goes on to accuse Murphy of literary plagiarism, and to show that Lucian in one of his dialogs gave the same picture of Greek university culture as that so effectively drawn by Murphy of Yale as a portrayal of American university culture. It was in the form of an imaginary conversation between Solon, the famous lawgiver, and a barbarian from Scythia, Anacharsis by name, who had come down out of what we now call the Ukraine to learn the sources of Greek intellectual supremacy. From Prof. Austin Morris Harmon's English translation of Lucian, Mr. Abbott quotes this fragment:

*Anacharsis*—And why are your young men doing all this, Solon? Some of them, locked in each other's arms, are tripping one another up, while others are choking and twisting each other and groveling together in mud, wallowing like swine. Yet, in the beginning, as soon as they had taken their clothes off, they put oil on themselves and took turns at rubbing each other down very peacefully—I saw it. Since then I do not know what has got into them that they push one another about with lowered heads and butt their foreheads together like rams. . . . Others, standing upright, themselves covered with dust, are attacking each other with blows and kicks. This one here looks as if he were going to spew out his teeth, unlucky man, his mouth is so full of blood and sand; he has had a blow on the jaw, as you see. But even the official there does not separate them and break up the fight—I assume from his purple cloak that he is one of the officials; on the contrary, he urges them on and praises the one who struck the blow. Others in other places are all exerting themselves; they jump up and down as if they were running, but stay in the same place; and they spring high up and kick the air. I want to know, therefore, what good it can be to do all this, because to me at least the thing looks more like insanity than anything else, and nobody can easily convince me that men who act in that way are not out of their minds.

*Solon*—It is only natural, Anacharsis, that what they are doing should have that appearance to you, since it is unfamiliar and very much in contrast with Scythian customs. In like manner you yourselves probably have much in your education and training which would appear strange to us Greeks if one of us should look in upon it as you are doing now. But have no fear, my dear sir; it is not insanity, and it is not out of brutality that they strike one another and tumble each other in the mud, or sprinkle each other with dust. The thing has a certain usefulness, not unattended by pleasure, and it gives much strength to their bodies. As a matter of fact, if you stop for some time, as I think you will, in Greece, before long you yourself will be one of the muddy or dusty set; so delightful and at the same time so profitable will the thing seem to you.

*Anacharsis*—Get out with you, Solon! You Greeks may have those benefits and pleasures. For my part, if one of you should treat me like that, he will find out that we do not carry these daggers at our belts for nothing! But tell me, what name do you give to these performances? What are we to say they are doing?

*Solon*—The place itself, Anacharsis, we call a gymnasium, and it is consecrated to Lycean Apollo; you see this statue—the figure leaning against the pillar, with the bow in his left hand; his right arm bent back above his head indicates that the god is resting, as if after long exertion. As for these forms of athletics, that one yonder in the mud is called wrestling, and the men in the dust are wrestling too. When they stand upright and strike one another, we call it the pancratium. We have other such athletic exercises, too—boxing, throwing the discus, and jumping—in all of which we hold contests, and the winner is considered best in his class and carries off the prizes.

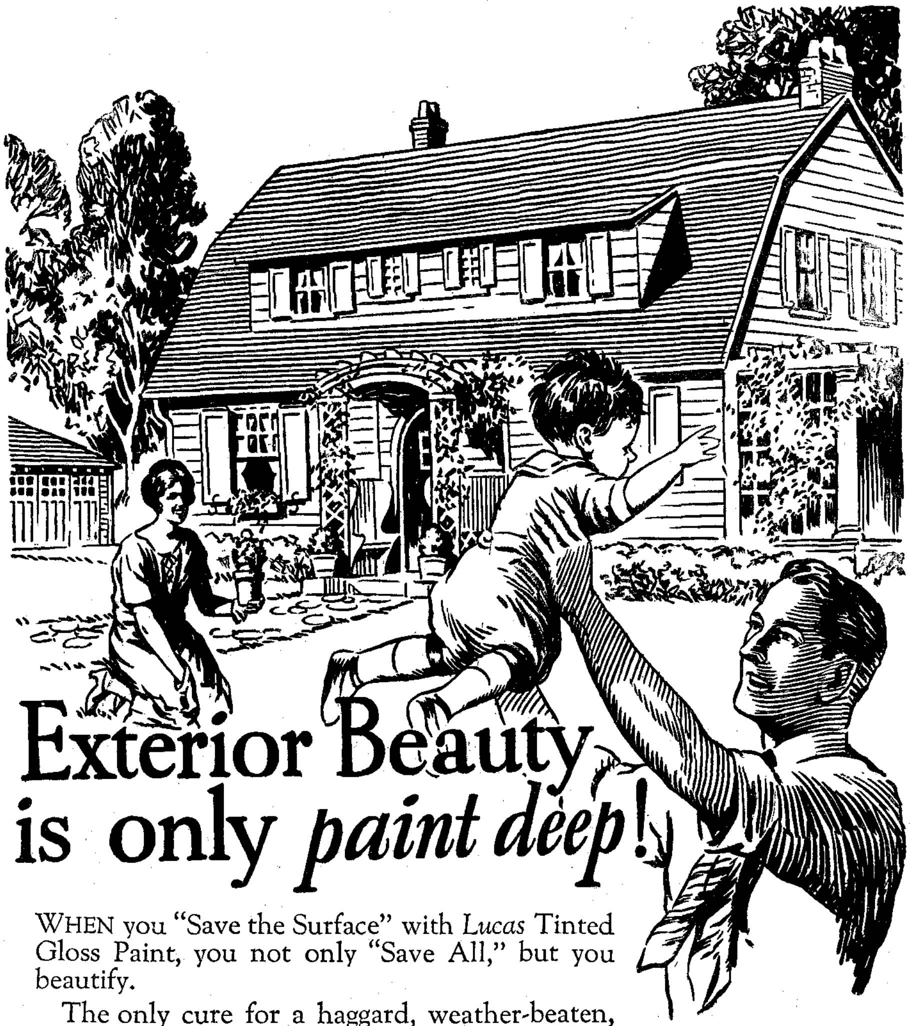
*Anacharsis*—And these prizes of yours, what are they?

*Solon*—At the Olympic games, a wreath made of olive, at the Isthmian one of pine, at the Nemean one of parsley, at the Pythian some of the apples sacred to Apollo, and with us at the Panathenæa, the oil from the holy olive. What made you laugh, Anacharsis? Because you think these prizes trivial?

*Anacharsis*—No, the prizes you have told of are absolutely imposing, Solon; they may well cause those who have offered them to glory in their munificence and the contestants themselves to be tremendously eager to carry off such guerdons, so that they will go through all these preliminary hardships and risks, getting choked and broken in two by one another, for apples and parsley, as if it were not possible for any one who wants them to get plenty of apples without any trouble, or to wear a wreath of parsley or of pine without having his face bedaubed with mud or letting himself be kicked in the belly by his opponent!

*Solon*—But, my dear fellow, it is not the bare gifts that we have in view! They are merely tokens of the victory and marks to identify the winners. But the reputation that goes with them is worth everything to the victors, and to attain it, even to be kicked is nothing to men who seek to capture fame through hardships. Without hardships it can not be acquired; the man who covets it must put up with many unpleasantnesses in the beginning before at last he can expect the profitable and delightful outcome of his exertions.

*Anacharsis*—By this delightful and profitable outcome, Solon, you mean that



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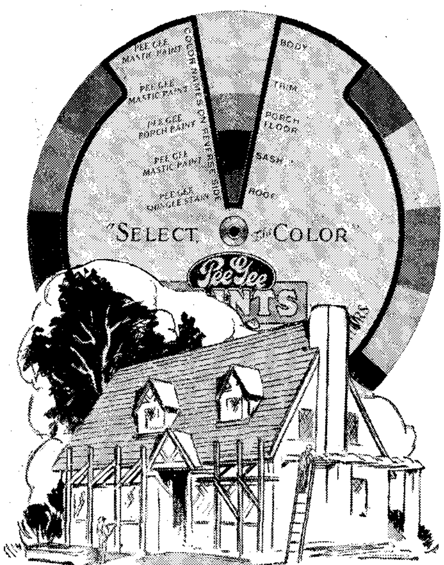

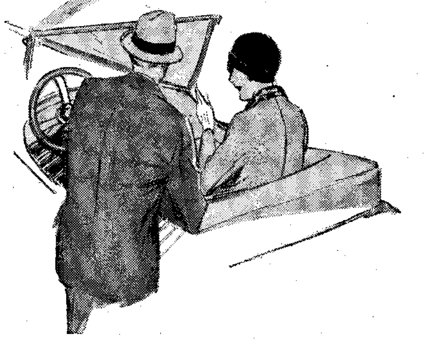

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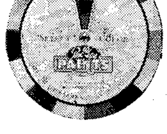

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## SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
*Continued*

everybody will see them wearing wreaths and will applaud them for their victory after having pitied them a long time beforehand for their hard knocks, and that they will be felicitous to have apples and parsley in compensation for their hardships!

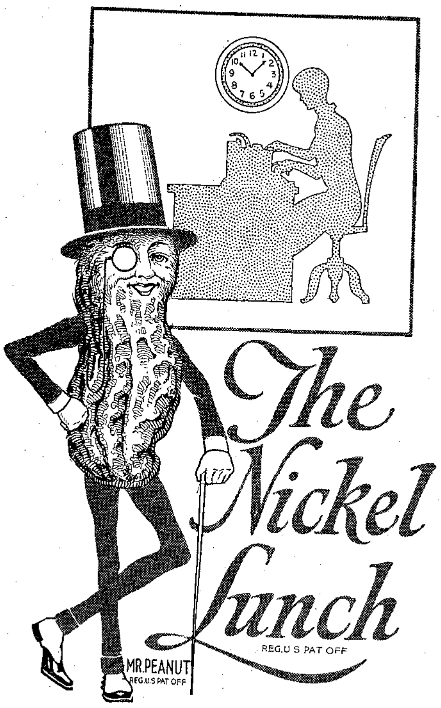
*Solon*—You are still unacquainted with our ways, I tell you. After a little you will think differently about them, when you go to the games and see that great throng of people gathering to look at such spectacles, and amphitheaters filling that will hold thousands, and the contestants applauded, and the one among them who succeeds in winning counted equal to the gods.

Mr. Abbott is quite thrilled thus to learn that American college football is maintaining the best traditions of Greek culture. But a sudden doubt seizes him. Can both Murphy and Lucian be slyly suggesting that the great defect of university education is the exaggerated emphasis laid on spectacular athletics?

### GOLFERS WHO WEAR THE IRON MASK

JEROME TRAVERS confesses in his book of golfing reminiscences, "The Fifth Estate," that his reputation for coolness in crucial moments was not altogether deserved—that under his air of outward calm, time and again, his nerves were so raggedy that he thought they would never hold together. This interesting admission has led a British golfing authority, Bernard Darwin, to peer under the iron masks of some other noted players who have had reputations for stoical calm in playing close matches where much was at stake. In an article in *Vanity Fair*, entitled "Masks and Faces," Mr. Darwin draws this picture of Travers on the links:

> He looked not only calm but cold; his face wore a frozen air that was most impressive; I can remember no gesture of any sort or kind except at intervals the taking of his cigaret case from his hip pocket. Even then he seemed to light the cigaret frostily. At the same time this icy tranquillity could never for a moment be mistaken for indifference. There was nothing placid or easy-going about it. His adversary could never harbor the delusion that Mr. Travers did not care. On the contrary, there was in his silence and immobility something definitely hostile. He looked menacing and formidable, a difficult man, as I should judge, to play against. And then he showed how strong a control he had over himself by not being afraid occasionally to relax it. Now and again, at rare intervals, he would allow himself a movement of disgust over a mistake. Literally, I was wrong just now in saying that he made no gestures, for I have seen a movement of the club, showing that he was not pleased; but, in effect, I was right because nobody would ever have dreamed of inferring from that movement that he had in the very slightest degree lost his hold of himself. To be, just for a moment, human and then to be transformed back to granite again—that seems to me one of the triumphs of golfing "temperament."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Sometimes the mask comes off suddenly and completely. During the qualifying rounds of the British Open Championship at Sunningdale, last summer, the cables flashed round the golfing world the news that Melhorn had snapt an errant brassey in twain over his knee. Mr. Darwin continues:

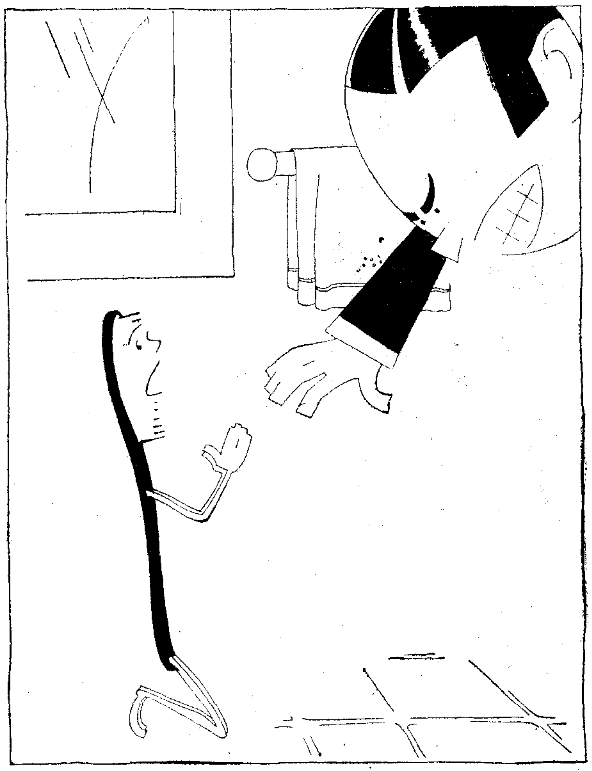
> I remember a little conversation on the subject. Said A: "The man who does that sort of thing is not the man to back." "On the contrary," said B, "the man who is not afraid to lose his temper for a moment *is* the man to back, because it shows that he can trust himself. He knows that the momentary explosion will not put him off." B was the wiser and more far-seeing of the two, altho perhaps he was lucky in being proved so very exactly to be right. As it happened Melhorn had been doing very ill till the moment of the broken club; he was in considerable danger of not qualifying. From that moment he began to play magnificently and qualified with the greatest ease.

Francis Ouimet was exceptionally gifted in point of temperament for big events, according to this writer, who says:

> I have watched him on some of his great days. I saw him make his début against Mr. Travers at Garden City in 1913 and, a fortnight afterward, I saw him "stand a-tiptoe on the highest point of being" when he beat Vardon and Ray at Brookline. I saw him in 1922 pull a wonderful match out of the fire against Mr. Wethered in the Walker Cup by holing the last three holes at St. Andrews in 3, 4, 3. And yet I can not find anything to say about him save that he always seemed perfectly natural, not fighting himself or controlling himself, but simply wrapt up in the match in hand.
>
> I remember one incident very vividly—I can see exactly the place where it happened even now. It was in the playing off of the tie with Ray and Vardon, and we were coming up to the fifteenth hole at Brookline. A young professional, who was walking near Mr. Ouimet in the crowd, came up to him and began to talk to him, telling him of some wholly uninteresting discovery that he had made about his own play. I must suppose that he meant well, but he certainly did ill. To talk to a player at such a moment was criminal; lightning should have come down from above and stricken him to the earth. Yet Mr. Ouimet answered him with a very friendly politeness; he even appeared to be almost interested in his inanities, and it seemed no effort to him to do so. I thought then, and I think now, that that was a supreme triumph of calmness. Yet it was natural, springing from naturally fine nerves and sweet temper. How truly enviable a combination!

For sheer inscrutability of demeanor on a big occasion, Mr. Darwin puts Walter Travis first among all those he has watched:

> I believe that he was by nature rather a highly strung player with a great power of concealing his emotions; at least those who should have known said so. Whether or not the "nerves" were there, they were assuredly concealed. No doubt what I may respectfully call his "make-up" helped in producing the inscrutable effect. The black cigar was a great asset; not only did it "look tranquillity"; it gave, at any rate in the eyes of those who watched him triumph at Sandwich, a positively Mephistophelian air. And then at a later stage, if I remember



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*A tragedy re-enacted daily in millions of bathrooms*

POOR old brush! Haven't you punished him enough? Weak—aged—decrepit—still you expect him to care for your teeth!

True, he doesn't *look* worn out. At a casual glance, he may even appear as good as ever. All the bristles are still there.

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A Dr. West's—the brush that cleans inside, outside, and between the teeth. The brush with special bristles—firm, lively, vigorous bristles—that *polish as they clean.*

Faithful daily care with your Dr. West's will bring your teeth to a brilliant whiteness you may never have thought possible.

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And here's a secret! To get the full value from Dr. West's special polishing quality, never try to "wear out" your brush. Dr. West's is so long-lived that it is often serviceable for months after its polishing ability is gone. Change often enough to have firm, *new* bristles always.

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There's a Dr. West's Tooth Brush for every member of the family. The Adult's size is 50c; Youth's, 35c; Child's, 25c; Special Gum Massage Brush, 75c.

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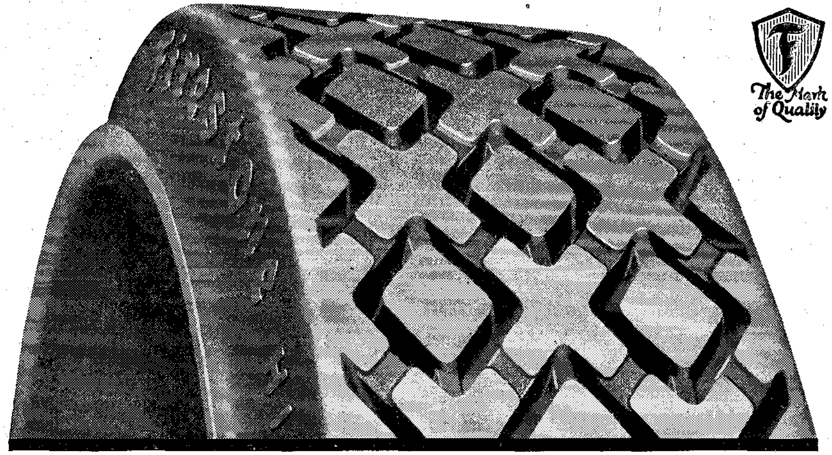

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## SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
*Continued*

rightly, came spectacles which heightened the impression of concealment. Everything too was so methodical and so quiet. He seemed to pad across the greens with feet more silent than those of any man made of flesh and blood. He was our old imaginary enemy "Bogey" incarnate, save that he played better than Bogey, for the Colonel plays only inhumanly *steady* golf and Mr. Travis could be inhumanly *brilliant* as well.

Walter Hagen, we are told, is one of the very few golf champions who play difficult matches as if they really enjoyed them. The British critic says of Hagen:

> The joy of battle must be born in a golfer. It is a stern joy, of course; it can not be a light-hearted one, but still it is a joy. When Hagen won our Open Championship in 1924 and had to play the last six holes at Hoylake in perfect figures, without even one slip, in order to do it; he looked, during those last crucial holes, fiercely radiant—an imperfect description but the best that I can muster. "This is the happy warrior, this is he"—those fine and familiar lines came into one's head in watching him.
>
> I think I have just once seen Hagen look a little unhappy, and even so I may only have been reading into his face something of the emotion that I should have suffered myself in his case. It was in his big match last summer against Mitchell. Having been four down he had fought the match round so splendidly as to become two up with five to play. The day had looked as good as won, and then suddenly, and most unexpectedly, he had made mistakes, the lead had melted like snow and it was all square with three to play—all that hard work squandered and life to begin all over again. It must have been a horrid moment for him, and I thought I could read a suspicion of it in his demeanor. Either I read wrongly or he trampled that momentary weakness under foot, for he played those next two holes in four apiece, won them both and won the match.
>
> Bobby Jones's face used in his early days to be a comparatively open book. To-day when he has become master of himself as well as of golf, he has not the Travisian inscrutability; expression does flit now and then across his features, but one must be very much on the lookout to catch it. I was watching him in the company of an American golfer when he was winning at St. Anne's, and on a certain green he missed a holeable putt. "Now he's mad," said my friend, and I suppose he saw some secret and subtle movement, but I could not see it; I saw nothing but Mr. Jones trying his putt over again. When he did his astonishing 66 at Sunningdale, I saw only one change of countenance, a faint smile when he played his one imperfect stroke of the round, and pushed an iron shot into a bunker at the thirteenth hole. That was, in my belief, an absolutely genuine smile. The pressure of such flawless golf must have been so high that I fancy it was a relief to make the first mistake. In fact, it was the only mistake, and it cost nothing, for Mr. Jones chipped his ball stone dead out of that bunker.

Among British golfers, according to the *Vanity Fair* contributor, Miss Joyce

Springfield, Missouri

Wethered is past mistress of masking her emotions. When she puts on her golfing face, the heavens might fall without bringing upon its features the slightest trace of perturbation or curiosity. "She presumably likes to win," remarks Mr. Darwin; "she may even have a gentle preference for not being beaten, but I defy anybody to find it out." He continues:

> Of our older warriors both Vardon and Braid possess, in different styles, an extraordinary impassivity. Both remained unmoved whatever happened, but the impression in Braid's case was heightened by the lazy majesty of his big, slow stride. To imagine him running would be to cast an unwarranted aspersion on an unimpeachably respectable man. I shall remember to my dying day one tremendous brassy shot he hit over the wall going to the twelfth hole at Prestwick. He walked the whole two hundred yards or so up to the wall, "surveyed mankind from China to Peru," and walked back again. Then he fairly hurled himself at the ball and hit it clean over the wall and on to the green. And then, while the intensely patriotic Scottish crowd was leaping into the air with excitement, off he started again with the same unhurrying gait. The contrast between the divine fury of the shot and the utter placidity of the walk was an unforgetable one.
>
> Taylor and Herd, on the other hand, are decidedly more emotional and show some of their emotions. There never was a great golfer more palpably wrought up than Taylor, and there never was a better man at a pinch. I should liken him to a volcano. The fires are always there, sometimes only grumbling distantly in the heart of the mountain, sometimes in a dangerous state of eruption. And yet I believe no man comes more near to enjoying a championship—perhaps "enjoy" is not the right word because, in a sense, the whole thing must be an agony to him, but it is an agony that he would rather die than be without. I said that Hagen has the joy of battle. Well, then, Taylor has the lust of battle. He fights himself, he fights the other fellow, and he is at his best when he is fighting the weather as well, with his cap pulled well down over his eyes and a biting wind and a shower of sleet in his face. At such times there is no such inspiring spectacle in all the kingdom of golf.
>
> Sandy Herd is rather different. He is not so perpetually at boiling point, but at the same time he boils over more easily. He does not boil over in wrath, but now and again he does so in pleasure. As I go through my gallery of golfers I find it hard to think of any except Herd, as to whom it is easy to see when they are pleased. He, on the other hand, does exhibit a most winning satisfaction over a good shot or over a score that is good as far as it has gone. It is a beguiling quality, but hardly, I think, a profitable one.
>
> Of our players who are now in their prime, Abe Mitchell always seems to me to look more or less equably unhappy throughout. I don't think he is positively unhappy, but I do think that he would rather be playing a peaceful game with a friend away from the shouting and the tumult. Big golf is to him hard and occasionally distasteful work, as is the going to his office to a man who would rather stay at home in his garden. That is at least the impression he gives me, and it may be the reason why so truly magnificent a hitter of the ball has not won the Open Championship.

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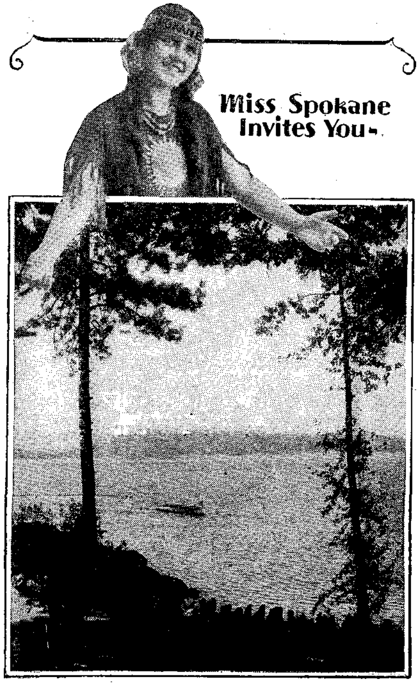

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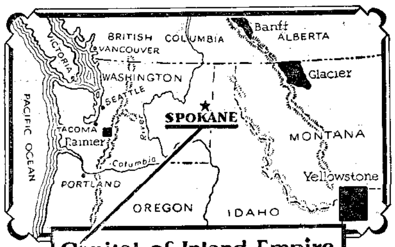

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## SCIENCE AND INVENTION
*Continued*

## THROBBING STARS HELP TO MEASURE THE UNIVERSE

OUR ability to plumb the depths of the Universe, billions on billions of miles away from the earth, depends on the existence among the stars of orbs which pulsate like a slowly beating heart. Dr. E. E. Free, in his *Week's Science* (New York), says that this was brought out by speakers at a recent meeting of the American Astronomical Society. He writes:

> These stars are called Cepheids, after the first of them to be studied, which is in the constellation Cepheus. Recent observations of these stars show that they fluctuate in light from week to week; sometimes brighter, sometimes dimmer. The larger the star the more rapidly it varies. Thus the time from one bright period to the next one gives a rough measure of the true size of the star. From this, by comparison with the brightness that the star seems to have, we can compute its distance from the earth, just as you can compute the distance of a lantern or a street lamp if you know just how bright it is in reality. The change in brightness of the Cepheid stars is believed by some astronomers to be due to fluctuations in size, the star expanding and contracting periodically as a beating heart would do.

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## SCHOOLS THAT NEGLECT HEALTH

TO ascertain what is being done in the schools to cut down the losses due to ill health—estimated at 350,000,000 days annually—the Civic Development Department of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States has published the results of two surveys, in which it has cooperated with local chambers of commerce, of health and physical education in elementary public schools. Says *The Western Druggist* (Chicago):

> A comparison of reports from 192 cities in 1922 and 200 cities in 1925 shows a general improvement. In other respects there has been no improvement, and in a few cases actual retrogression.
>
> The facts which demand consideration, according to the Civic Development Department, are:
>
> 1. That little over 50 per cent. of cities from which these data were received provide for medical examination before admission. While this represents an increase of 10 per cent. over the report of 1922, it is, nevertheless, a poor showing for so important an item in health building and health conservation.
> 2. That only 63 per cent. of the cities have school physicians—a decrease of 19 per cent. when compared with the report of 1922.
> 3. That only 87 per cent. report that their school buildings are properly ventilated—92 per cent. so reported in 1922.
>
> "The schools," the Department adds, "but reflect the interest and energy of the community. They can not carry the burden alone. They must have the interest, encouragement and cooperation of all the agencies for civic betterment."

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Over four centuries ago Alvarez de Pineda discovered a beautiful bay and named it Corpus Christi (meaning "Body of Christ.")

A modern city—40 to 60 feet above the water—now overlooks this bay.

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*Cloth, $4, net; full leather, $7.50, net; by mail, 18c extra.* All Bookstores, or

**Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354 Fourth Avenue, New York**

## A NEW FRENCH MOSQUITO POISON

E. ROUBAUD, of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, has recently announced that a formaldehyde compound manufactured in France offers advantages over anything previously used in the fight against mosquitoes. Says Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

> Mr. Roubaud is of such high scientific standing that U. S. Government entomologists are going to make tests. The new compound may prove to be a weapon in the hands of Americans who are handling the question of mosquito control over very large salt-marsh areas. Even if this should prove impractical, it appears that the new substance will be available for easy treatment of small ponds, fountains, and the like. The preparation is said to be non-poisonous to warm-blooded animals and fish, and to have no injurious effect upon acquatic plants. It is in the form of an extremely light dust, readily driven by the wind. Settling upon the surface of the water, it brings about the almost immediate death of the larvæ of the malarial mosquitoes, which are top feeders, and with a subsequent slight agitation of the water sinks slowly in suspension where it is eaten by the larvæ of other mosquitoes. Roubaud recommends a mixture by weight of one part of the powder with fifty parts of very dry sand. This mixture has been tried successfully by him on fields in Alsace inundated by the Rhine. The cost of this method of treatment compares favorably with the arsenical dusts used in this country. It is said to amount to about eight cents an acre.

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## THE BLOOD OF A CRIMINAL

CRIMINALITY may really be "in the blood" in a much more literal sense than anybody has imagined. This is suggested by interesting researches recently published in Berlin by Dr. M. Gundel, and described in Dr. E. E. Free's *Week's Science* (New York). He says:

> Physicians know that human beings may be divided into four separate blood types, distinguished by certain minor chemical differences in the blood. These types are important in selecting individuals for blood transfusion. If the new blood is of the same type as that of the patient, the transfusion is safe; if the blood types are different, it may be dangerous. Dr. Gundel has determined the blood types of 884 persons confined as criminals in German prisons, as well as the types of 402 patients in the nerve-disease clinic at Kiel. Blood of Type III is found to appear more often in both of these groups than in the average of the German population. Among habitual criminals and persons convicted of crimes of violence, this third blood group was found to be still more largely in evidence. Dr. Gundel does not attempt to decide the meaning of these results; not even to state that the third blood group is proved to be related to the possession of criminal influences. Such a conclusion would be justified only after accumulating much additional data.
>
> It is not inconceivable, however, that some mental or bodily condition conducive to criminality is also reflected in some alteration of blood chemistry, evidenced by the characters which mark Group III.

Last call for Question ASKERS in Pondosa Pine

$4000.00 PRIZE CONTEST

*Still time for you to try for substantial prizes*
*But don't delay—Contest closes May 31st*

*Do you know why doors, built-in china closets, bookcases and breakfast nooks made from Pondosa Pine stay so snug, straight and trim looking?*

*The good old-fashioned veranda is still an exclusive American institution. Do you know why Pondosa is used in porch work to great advantage?*

*Do you know why it is more important that the right wood be used here than the happiest design or stoutest lock and hinges?*

*Interior doors and woodwork are such a dominant part of any decorative scheme that a little thought here will prove worth while.*

THIS unusual contest was announced in March and April. The response has been tremendous. Now—comes the final call. If you've simply been putting off your questions—take fifteen minutes right now and jot them down. If you haven't seen the previous announcements, here are the facts.

Lumber is one of the most important materials that goes into a home. On it depends long life and staunchness—beauty of trim and finish—the lasting trueness of doors and windows—the results of paint and varnish—a hundred and one things that make for pride and satisfaction.

One of the very choicest woods for building purposes that grows in America is Pondosa Pine. If you were going to let a contract for a new home tomorrow, would you specify Pondosa? If so, why? Where should it be used and why?

We are offering $4000 in cash prizes for the best sets of questions regarding the use of Pondosa Pine to encourage you to know all about this remarkable wood. If you are building a home—if you are planning to build soon—or if you hope to build your own home some day, such knowledge may save you many dollars as well as much disappointment after your home is built.

Architects, contractors and lumber dealers should also know *all* about Pondosa Pine. What it means in building economy. Why it appeals to particular carpenters and the country's leading manufacturers of doors, sash and interior and exterior trim.

To include them, and be quite fair, we are dividing the contest into four classes. One—Home Owners. Two—Architects. Three—Contractors. Four—Lumber Dealers.

24 PRIZES IN ALL—*Four* $500 *Prizes*

We will pay $500 in cash in each class for the best set of questions about the use of Pondosa Pine in building.

*Twenty* $100 *Prizes*

We will also pay $100 in cash to each of the five home owners or prospective owners, $100 to each of the five architects, $100 to each of the five contractors and $100 to each of the five lumber dealers whose sets of questions shall be judged to be the next best.

You have only three weeks in which to write and send in your questions. Don't delay another day. If you wish, talk to any architect, contractor, or carpenter. Remember that a genuine interest in the home you are building or the home you will build is all the equipment you need. The number of questions asked will not alone decide the winners, though you may send as many sets of questions as you wish. Send your questions to Contest Editor, Dept. 32, Western Pine Manufacturers Association of Portland, Oregon.

CONTEST RULES

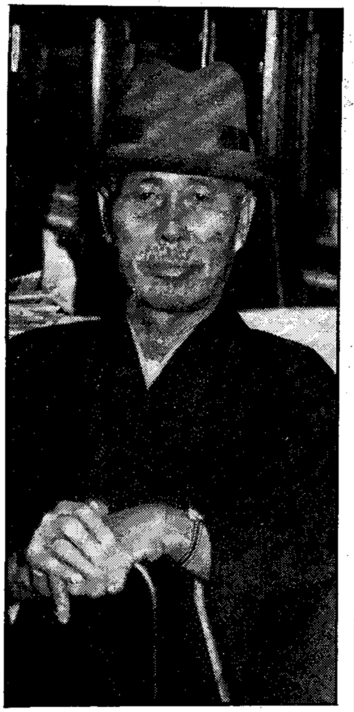
1. Contest opens March 1, 1927. Closes May 31, 1927. Questions must be post-marked not later than May 31, 1927, to be eligible for entrance. The winners will be those who in the opinion of the judges submit the best set of questions. Checks will be sent winners as soon as decisions can be made. Public announcement of their names will be made in September.
2. If you are a home owner or prospective home owner, please print or plainly write your name and address at top of each sheet.
3. If you are an architect, contractor or lumber dealer the questions should be written on your business stationery.
4. Any firm or any or all of the individuals in an architect's, contractor's or dealer's office may compete.
5. If in the opinion of the judges two or more contestants are tied for any of the prizes, the full amount of that prize will be given to each.
6. The judges will be selected by the Western Pine Manufacturers Association. Their decisions shall be final.
7. Do not write for information about this contest. All the information is contained on this page.

Pondosa Pine
*The Pick o' the Pines*

# INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

## JAPAN'S "FINANCIAL EARTHQUAKE"

THE PHRASE IS USED by a leading Japanese banker to describe the financial crisis in the Land of the Rising Sun. It may not be over yet, and already it has been characterized by thirty bank suspensions, the failure of one of Japan's greatest business houses, the fall of the yen in the world's money markets, bank runs and suicides. It culminated in a Cabinet crisis and change of Government and the proclamation of a three weeks' moratorium by the new Government as an emergency measure pending thoroughgoing financial reconstruction. The last desperate measures come as more of a shock to the world, says a Tokyo correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News*, because the truth about Japan's financial position "has been carefully wrapt in roseate world-wide propaganda." Yet for months, observes the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, various bank runs and minor failures have indicated the approach of such a crisis. Financial writers generally ascribe Japan's troubles to a combination of long postponed pangs of after-war reconstruction, the effects of the 1923 earthquake, the interruption of normal trade relations with China, a badly organized banking system, and certain disquieting social and political developments.



Photograph from Adachi

JAPAN'S NEW LEADER

Baron Tanaka, new Premier, hailed as the "strong man" to lead Japan out of her financial difficulties.

Since a crisis was bound to come, our editors incline to welcome it as providing the opportunity for an immediate reorganization. "If the situation from now on can be held in good control, what has happened may prove to be a blessing in the long run," observes the Providence *Journal*, which feels that the house-cleaning now in order may be worth what it costs. The Baltimore *Evening Sun* speaks for a goodly number of American newspapers in declaring "there is every reason to believe that Japan will weather the storm." As the Washington *Post* remarks:

> The courage and industry of the Japanese nation are not daunted by misfortune. These qualities will keep the country safe and strong in spite of adversity.

The financial uneasiness evidenced in Japan for several months was heightened on April 5 with the failure of Suzuki and Company, exporters, importers, manufacturers and shipowners, with liabilities of about $250,000,000. Madame Yone Suzuki, the seventy-six-year-old widow, nominal head and chief owner of the company, and once said to be the richest woman in the world, is reported in an Associated Press dispatch "to have given up her magnificent residence at Suma Beach, Kobe, moving into a small, unpretentious house near by, where she is living frugally." The explanation is given on the financial page of the New York *Times* that:

> At the beginning of this century, Suzuki and Company were a small firm in Kobe. The concern branched out to Formosa and business expanded rapidly, in the sugar industry and other lines. During the World War the firm became a world-wide organization with tremendous interests. In this development the firm became closely tied up with the Bank of Taiwan, the bank of issue of Formosa, which also does a large commercial business.
>
> In the post-war deflation the Bank of Taiwan carried Suzuki and Company along, even tho it meant a tremendous drain, in the hope that better business would develop. The Bank of Taiwan, in turn, was rescued repeatedly by the Bank of Japan and by accommodation it obtained from outside sources. The Bank of Japan was able to make advances to it at low interest, but it was necessary to pay high rates in obtaining outside call loans. While the terms given by the Bank of Japan were favorable, the amount it could advance was limited.
>
> Both the Bank of Taiwan and Suzuki and Company then became indebted to many small banks throughout the country. According to bankers here, this was the most troublesome factor in the situation. The actual amount of frozen credit, if confined to one or two institutions, might not have been too large to handle, but it was spread over such a large area that general uneasiness set in some time ago when Suzuki and Company were compelled to ask for an extension of time in order to meet their obligations.

Photograph from Adachi

AN "EARTHQUAKE" VICTIM

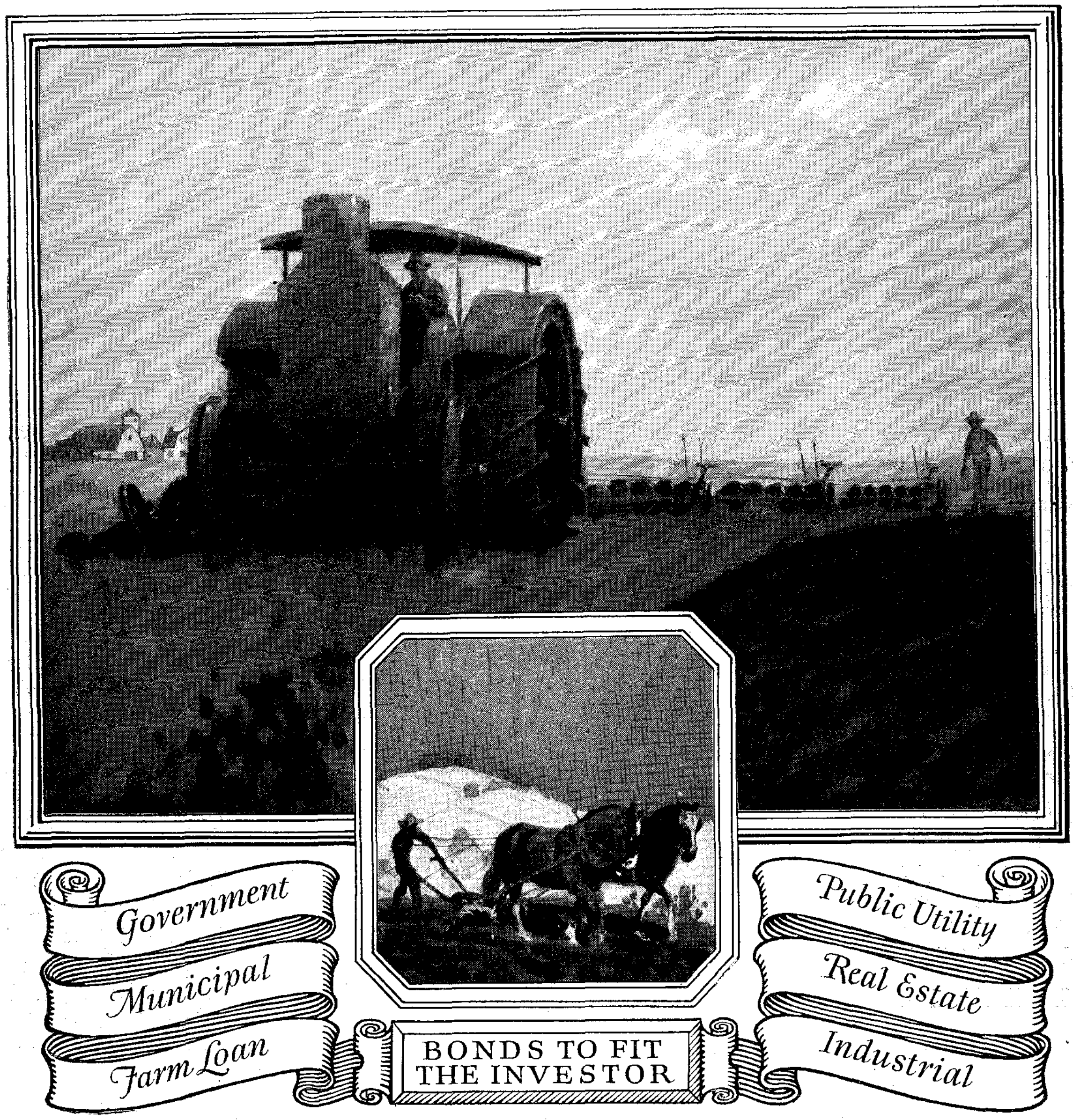
Yone Suzuki, Japan's Hetty Green, whose wealth may fade with the fall of the great Suzuki Company.

> The Bank of Taiwan appealed to the Bank of Japan for a guaranty fund, which was part of the program of the old Cabinet. Parliament had adjourned and it was necessary to ask the Privy Council for permission to provide the guaranty as an emergency measure. This appeal was rejected, resulting in the collapse of the Bank of Taiwan, together with many of its affiliations.

The suspension of the Bank of Taiwan was followed by bank failures and bank runs all over the country. According to one dispatch thirty banks suspended operations between the middle of March and the end of April. Thousands of Japanese took money out of banks they distrusted to transfer it to banks in which they had more confidence or to the postal-savings system. Probably the greatest sensation was caused by the closing on April 21 of the Fifteenth Bank or Nobles' Bank of Tokyo. This famous bank, according to a dispatch to the Chicago *Daily News*, had a capital of half a million dollars, eighty branches, and about $184,000,000 in deposits. Moreover,

> Its depositors included 322 members of the peerage. The directorate includes Prince Matsukata and numerous high people in financial circles.
>
> The failure involves forty of Japan's leading industrial and utility firms, thus affecting shipbuilding, oils, electricity, gas and other staple products.
>
> The fifteenth is called the "Nobles" bank because at the time of Japanese reconstruction three-quarters of a century ago, cash bonds of the "daimyo," or Nobles, which were exchanged for

FIFTH OF A SERIES OF INFORMATIVE ADVERTISEMENTS ON VARIOUS FIELDS OF BOND INVESTMENT



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Farm Loan Bonds are secured by government-approved first mortgages on farm lands conservatively appraised at not less than twice the loan, and by the issuing bank's own capital and surplus and stockholders' double liability. The safety of these bonds has been severely tested by the recent years of farm depression, which have served to identify the strongest issues.

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Farm Loan Bonds were created by Act of Congress in 1916, as a means of extending long-term credit to deserving farmers. They are issued by both Federal and Joint Stock Land Banks, supervised by a Federal Farm Loan Board of five members, including the Secretary of the Treasury.

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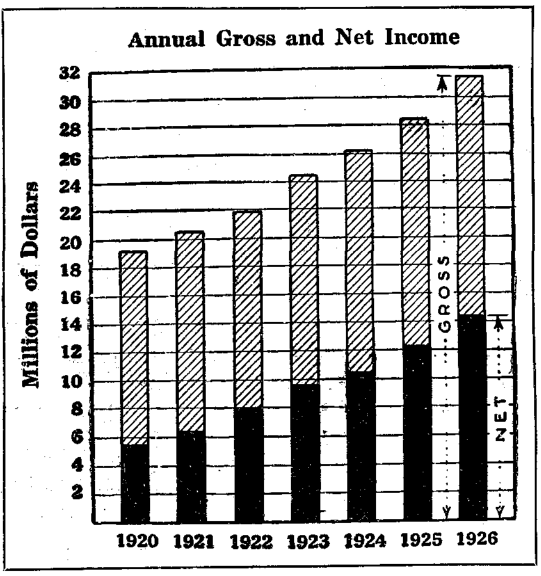

*Steady Growth in Earnings*

The steady growth in Associated earnings from year to year is a result of the usefulness and value of the service rendered. Through service in a diversified and widespread area comprising 14 states, earnings are but slightly affected by business conditions in any one locality.

Associated investors appreciate the stability of the earnings of the company. There are now over 37,000 investors in Associated securities.

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*Write for our Illustrated Year Book "L"*
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## INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
*Continued*

feudal lands were placed in this bank. The imperial household is understood to hold over fifteen thousand shares. The closure of the institution had an immediate effect on the stock exchange, where, at the opening, stocks fell rapidly.

But in the meantime the financial crisis had occasioned a political crisis. The Privy Council, which is a peculiar Japanese institution, combining certain high judicial and executive functions, refused to allow the Cabinet to issue an ordinance providing a guaranty fund to help the Bank of Taiwan. Premier Wakatsuki promptly resigned. Baron Tanaka, head of the opposition Seiyukai party, was chosen Premier and at once organized a Cabinet. The new Premier, born in 1863, is said in the dispatches to be the son of a servant in one of the old feudal families. But however this may be, all accounts agree that he is one of the strong men of modern Japan. He is spoken of as an exponent of conservatism at home and the "strong hand" abroad. He has twice been Minister of War in previous Cabinets, and is said to have been responsible for Japan's Siberian expedition against Soviet Russia. At any rate, to quote a New York *Sun* correspondent in Tokyo, his appointment "immediately strengthened the stock exchanges at Tokyo and Osaka and injected the virus of confidence into the financial veins of the nation." While his party does not control a majority in the Diet it is assumed in the Tokyo dispatches that his emergency measures will be ratified and that later on the Diet will be dissolved and a new election ordered.

Premier Tanaka's first emergency step was the declaration of a three weeks' partial moratorium beginning April 25 which will prevent wholesale withdrawals from the banks while permanent measures are being put into effect. The Government announced that it had decided "to adopt a thorough policy of financial stabilization." The chief feature of the Government's relief measures will be the furnishing of a guaranty fund to the Bank of Japan which will be used to help other banks. It is expected in New York financial circles, we read in the New York *Times*, "that the country's banking system will be drastically revised, possibly with the Federal reserve system as model." The same paper hears that the Japanese authorities are planning "to push a readjustment program such as other countries were forced to adopt following the war; this will include the liquidation of lines of business which have not proved profitable, and a general conserving of resources." A wireless dispatch to *The Times* reports that Premier Tanaka has issued a statement declaring "that the chief aim of his Government was to clear up the economic unrest, invigorate the national spirit, and, on the basis of the fundamental policy of the industrialization of Japan, to renovate the administrative methods, improve education, decentralize administration, develop agrarian districts, enforce social policies and maintain sanctity of the imperial power."

The president of the great Yokohama Specie Bank is quoted by the Associated Press as follows:

> The financial earthquake was certainly quite severe, but that which remains has stood the test. The weak ones have gone down. Consequently, the ground is much firmer.
>
> The moratorium will give the Government time to prepare and adopt a thorough stabilization plan; therefore we believe the trouble is practically over.
>
> Furthermore, we think that the after effect will certainly be good for Japan's foreign trade, and one inevitable result will be a drop in commodity prices.
>
> Those speculating on any severe further fall of the yen [recently 46½ cents; par value 50 cents] will regret it, because basic conditions do not justify a lower rate.
>
> This financial upheaval was most startling, but we believe it will be good for the entire economic structure.

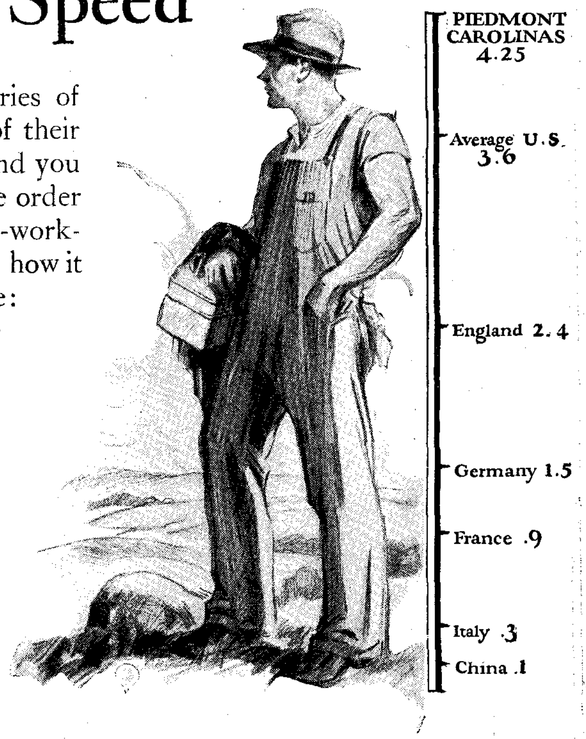
The history of the panic which now has Japan in its grip dates as far back as the Armistice, say observers in Washington, whose views are summarized by the New York *Journal of Commerce:*

> The combination of circumstances at that time—Russia's dependence upon Japan for supplies, war-time prices and heavy profits from shipping—brought about a "silk-shirt" era similar to that experienced in this country. At that time much of the profits so made were turned back into solid assets from which it has been impossible to realize in short time. The post-war liquidation which followed subjected Japanese business to the same stress as was borne in other countries in 1921-22, and industry had hardly recovered when the earthquake of September, 1923, occurred.
>
> Following the earthquake, relief bills were adopted which were to have been liquidated in 1925, but it was found impossible to care for them at that time, and they were extended a year and, in 1926, were again extended. It became apparent some weeks ago that liquidation of the bills could not be handled this year, and several measures were considered whereby government loans would be floated to take care of the most pressing bills and relieve the strain upon the banks.
>
> At the same time, conditions in the silk industry have not been favorable for an extended period.
>
> Observers here point out that much of the difficulty resulting from the failure of the Bank of Taiwan, which was followed by numerous other failures, is due to the fact that the Japanese banking system is based more upon European methods than those of the United States, with the banks heavy holders of the stocks of corporations and business concerns, and with a lack of liquid capital which would make it possible to meet sudden demands for large amounts of money.

Even without the earthquake, Japan's difficulties probably would have made their appearance in some form, thinks *The Journal of Commerce:*

Where Wealth Grows at Triple Speed

HORSE POWER PER WORK MAN



Rank the leading countries of the world in the order of their industrial strength . . . and you have ranked them in the order of their horse-power-per-work-man. You can readily see how it works out from this table:

| | |
|---|---|
| Total U. S. | 3.6 |
| England | 2.4 |
| Germany | 1.5 |
| France | .97 |
| Italy | .31 |
| China | .12 |

As the horsepower-per-workman increases, prosperity increases. In Piedmont Carolinas the horsepower-per-workman is 4.25.

DOES that explain why per capita wealth is increasing there *three times as fast* as it is in many other states?

While wealth marches at the quickstep in Piedmont Carolinas, this region is far from completely industrialized. (Latest census figures show four counties with 252 industrial wage earners out of 74,000 population—less than 4/10 of 1%!)

Throughout this section, less than one fourth of the total labor available has been recruited to industry. Three times more men are ready for jobs in mills and manufacturing plants than have them.

With so many men working on small farms, living expenses are low. Food, housing, fuel, clothing and many other items are lower. One careful estimate is that living costs the Piedmont Carolinas workman $7 per week less than it does the average workman in older, more highly industrialized sections of the country. And usually his standard of living is higher.

There's more elbow room. He spends many more weeks out of doors. There is a complete lack of un-American ideals.

These all help to explain why the total wealth has increased 660% in the last 20 years—33% a year. They explain, too, why alert, experienced business men have established themselves here and made relatively small investments grow into substantial fortunes.

You ought to have all the facts about Piedmont Carolinas—"Where Wealth Awaits You." *You can get just the information you want by writing to our Industrial Department, Room 302, Mercantile Building, Charlotte, N. C., which gladly places its facilities at your service.*

*To Owners of Large Businesses*

You can dominate the market for your goods by creating a "monopoly of advantage" over competition—in lower costs, lower overhead and increased production.

See how it has been done by southern mills in the textile field, with abundant labor, smaller investment in land and buildings and a productive 10-hour day. Investigate fully.

*To Men Starting Small Businesses*

Every outstanding business success is based on taking advantage of all the supplemental aids to growth supplied by a rapidly and soundly developing community. No other part of the country offers such opportunities to industry and the individual. Write.

*Markets*

With 5,000 miles of broad, modern, hard surfaced roads a network over the region, shipment by motor truck supplements the service of 6,000 miles of railroads in transporting goods to market.

Some idea of the potentialities of nearby markets may be gained from the fact that annually Southern textile mills purchase $107,000,000 worth of equipment and supplies.

The South imports from other states some $45,000,000 worth of ceramic products—chinaware, electrical porcelain, floor and wall tile, sanitary ware, and refractories.

Practically all of the textiles used in the furniture industry are imported, together with much of the hardware and fittings used by that industry.

And the Carolinas alone yearly bring in $335,000,000 worth of foods and feed products.

The possibilities of supplying these and many equally rich markets in other lines afford splendid opportunities to those who are able to profit by the many advantages of the Piedmont Carolinas.

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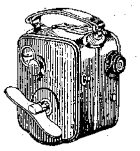

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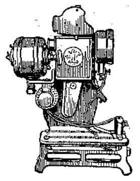

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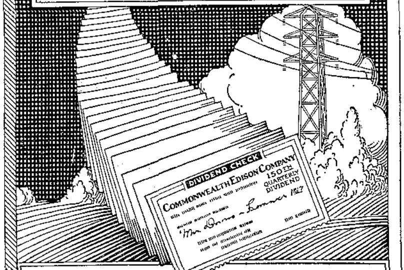

**Chicago**

will soon celebrate a sesqui-centennial in the public utility investment field. On May 1st this company issued over 42,000 checks in payment of the 150th consecutive dividend of the Commonwealth Edison Company and its predecessors. May we send you the new year book?

Commonwealth Edison Company
*The Central Station Serving Chicago*

## INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
*Continued*

Japan has always had a tendency financially toward great paternalism and government and banking support of business. It has apparently been the prevailing sentiment in Japanese finance that failures of every kind were to be avoided as long as feasible, and financial housecleaning to take place behind closed doors. Whenever this is possible, of course, it is desirable, but the Western countries have never yet found a remedy for compulsory liquidations. We pretended that we had done so during 1920-21, but the fatherly aid then given by the banks did not prevent the greatest epidemic of business failures followed by the most serious bank-failure epidemic ever known in our history. Sooner or later, Japan had to go through a similar experience.

Japan, thinks another Washington correspondent, Henry Suydam of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, has been affected by the civil war in China, which has interrupted close trade relations with that country:

> The first financial institution to collapse was the Bank of Taiwan, which is the semi-government agency for handling the camphor monopoly and other business enterprises in Formosa. For some time business in this colony has been much deprest, due to the disruption of the Chinese market for its products.
>
> The failure of the Bank of Taiwan was followed by the closing of banks in Osaka, where again the depression is chargeable, in large part, to the Chinese situation. Osaka is the seat of the textile industry, and it has supplied the capital for large cotton-mills at Shanghai, which have been closed much of the time during the past two years on account of strikes.

Besides the effects of deflation and earthquake, says the New York *Times*, "Japan has also been suffering from the social effects of the industrial revolution through which she began to pass after her rise to world power":

> This has been intensified since the war by communistic ideas. Despite the fact that Japan made a treaty with Russia in 1924, and received positive assurances that the Soviets would not indulge in propaganda in Japan, their activities have continued to add to the unrest. The impact of radical theories on a society imbued with reverence for authority and with devotion to tradition has resulted in even greater unsettlement than occurs when Communist propaganda is attempted among Western liberals.
>
> Finally, the political rivalry of Japanese parties during the last few years has been intense and has been characterized by wholesale charges of corruption. As the first genuinely popular elections are now in the offing, politicians are busy preparing themselves to make use of the enlarged franchise. The principal stable factor in political life remains the imperial throne. There are no indications that the young Emperor has failed to inherit the intense loyalty which was so devotedly given to his father. He is, of course, more modern in his training, but he continues to be regarded as the embodiment of the spirit of Japanese nationhood.

**Saves Many Lives in Church Fire**

IT might have been an appalling tragedy—a panic.

"The church was crowded for amateur theatricals. I was awaiting my cue when I saw flames licking at the stage draperies. A carelessly dropped match had set them ablaze. The thought of panic flashed through my mind, 300 people terror-stricken, trying to escape through one door.

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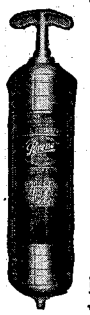

**Be prepared. See that your home, your church, your school are protected with Pyrene Fire Extinguishers.**

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Take this lesson to heart—all you who are active and on your feet every day—who enjoy dancing, walking and sports. Allen's Foot=Ease, the Antiseptic, Healing powder for the feet, takes the friction from the shoes, soothes tender, tired, aching, smarting feet, absorbs perspiration, relieves calluses, corns and bunions, and saves your stockings.

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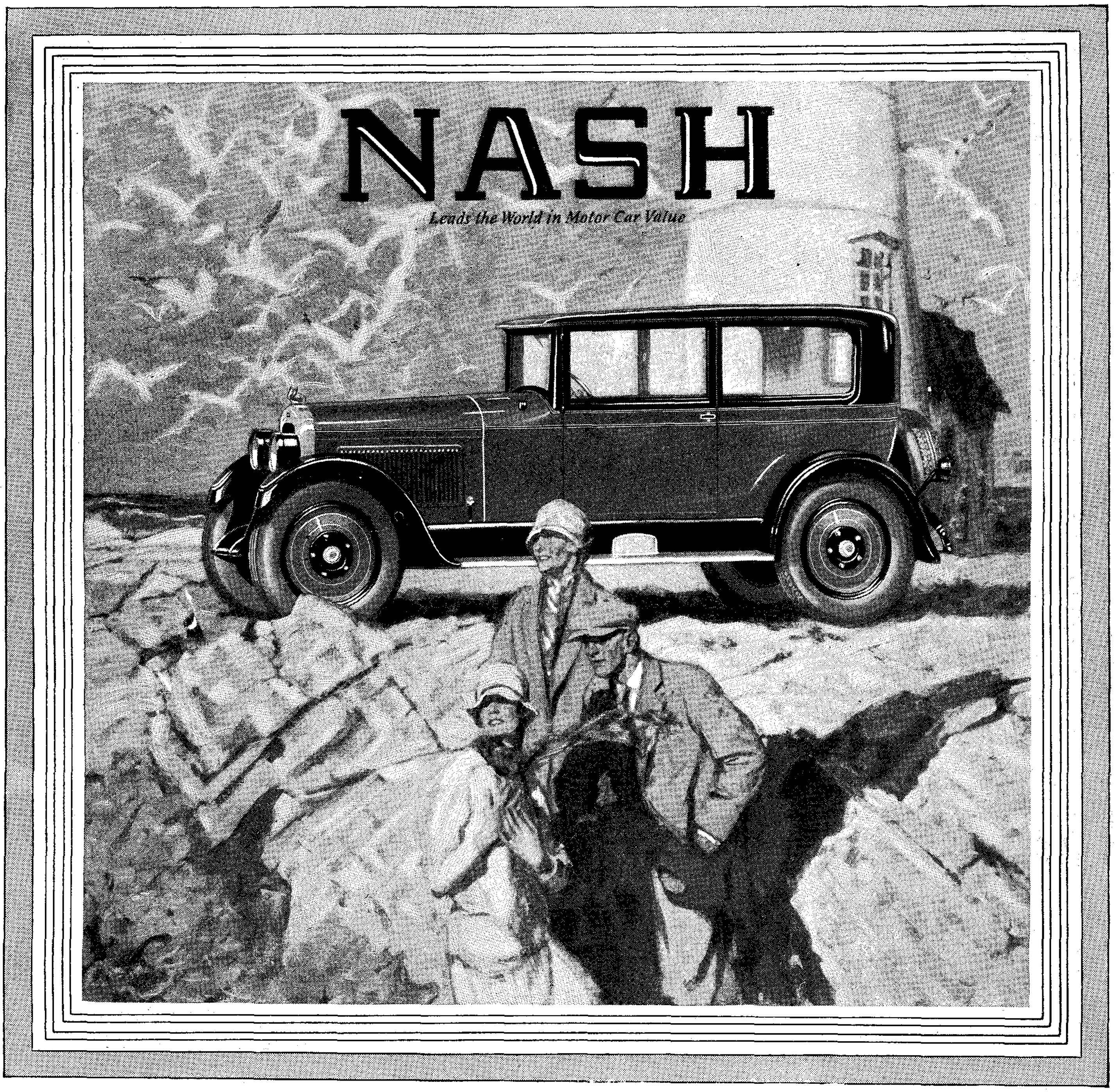
**ALLEN'S FOOT=EASE**

STANDARD DICTIONARY superiority quickly becomes plain to the man or woman who investigates.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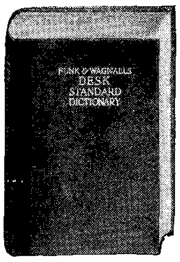

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# CURRENT EVENTS

## FOREIGN

April 20.—Cantonese soldiers publicly execute 100 radical agitators in Shanghai, and simultaneously Cantonese moderates adopt resolutions demanding the expulsion of Michael Borodin and other Red Russians from China.

Mexican rebels hold up a Guadalajara-Mexico City train of the National Railways of Mexico near La Barca, State of Jalisco, and kill about 100 passengers. Seventeen American passengers escape.

A band of Nicaraguan Liberals defy the orders of the United States prohibiting fighting within 2,000 yards of a railroad, and are driven from the village of Posoltega by American marines.

April 21.—American marines and others of the foreign Legations' guards take control of the western wall of the Soviet Embassy compound in Peking in order to tighten the defense of the Legation quarter. Gen. Chiang Kai-shek, leader of the moderate section of the Nationalists, resumes his campaign to the North.

Roman Catholic Church authorities in Mexico deny that the rebels or bandits who massacred train passengers at La Barca were led by Catholic priests.

April 22.—Dr. C. Wu, son of the late Dr. Wu Ting-fang, former Chinese Minister to the United States, is appointed Foreign Minister of the Moderate party of the Cantonese Government. Eugene Chen, however, will continue as Cantonese Foreign Minister until the question of the Nanking anti-foreign outrages is settled.

Archbishop José Maria Mora y del Rio, head of the Roman Catholic Church in Mexico, and two other archbishops and five bishops are ordered deported from Mexico. They represent the last vestiges of Roman Catholic episcopal authority remaining since the conflict between the Mexican Government and the Church began last year.

Emperor Hirohito of Japan signs a moratorium edict sanctioning suspension of payment throughout Japan for three weeks, to meet the financial crisis.

The British concession at Tientsin is transferred to the control of a council made up of five British members and five Chinese members, with a Chinese chairman possessing the deciding vote, says a dispatch from London.

Tito Zaniboni, former Socialist Deputy, and Gen. Luigi Capello, are convicted of a plot to assassinate Premier Mussolini November 5, 1925, and are sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment. Others implicated receive varying sentences.

April 23.—American refugees arriving in Shanghai report that the whole Yangtze River valley is in state of anarchy.

April 24.—A Roman Catholic priest is reported executed at Rio del Cuale, State of Jalisco, Mexico, after having been captured in an engagement with government troops.

Twenty-two persons are wounded at Essen in a clash between the police and German Fascists directed by Adolf Hitler, who, with General Ludendorff, staged an abortive putsch in Bavaria in 1923.

April 25.—Foreign war-ships are reported fired on again by Chinese from the south bank of the Yangtze River, and British war-ships silence Chinese guns.

April 26.—The preparatory disarmament Commission of the League of Nations adjourns, having been able only to reach an accord on the limitation of military effectives and air forces.

DOMESTIC

April 20.—Clarendon, Arkansas, is submerged by the overflow from the White River, one of the tributaries of the Mississippi, and elsewhere in the Mississippi valley the flood rises, covering millions of acres and causing inestimable damage.

April 21.—Nineteen persons are drowned when the government launch *Pelican* sinks at a levee break at Knowlton's Landing, fifty miles south of Helena, Arkansas, on the Mississippi River, and several negroes are drowned at the Stops Landing levee, Mississippi.

April 22.—Additional breaks in the Mississippi Valley levees bring the total known dead to thirty-eight, make 75,000 people homeless, and inundate more than 7,500 square miles of land, with the crest of the flood still to come. President Coolidge issues an appeal in behalf of the American Red Cross for $5,000,000 to aid the flood victims.

April 23.—Archbishop Mora y del Rio, Primate of the Roman Catholic Church in Mexico, and other Catholic prelates deported from that country, arrive in San Antonio, Texas, where they deny charges by the Secretary of the Interior of Mexico that they had chosen deportation in preference to a trial on charges of instigating rebellion.

President Coolidge directs Secretary of Commerce Hoover to supervise relief and rehabilitation work in the Mississippi valley, the War Department rushes tents, food and medicine to relief centers, and Henry M. Baker, national director of relief work of the American Red Cross, establishes headquarters in Memphis, Tennessee, where the toll of the flood to date is put at sixty dead, 100,000 homeless, and many towns flooded or washed away.

The Good-will Flyers of the United States Army complete their Pan-American flight and land at Miami, Florida.

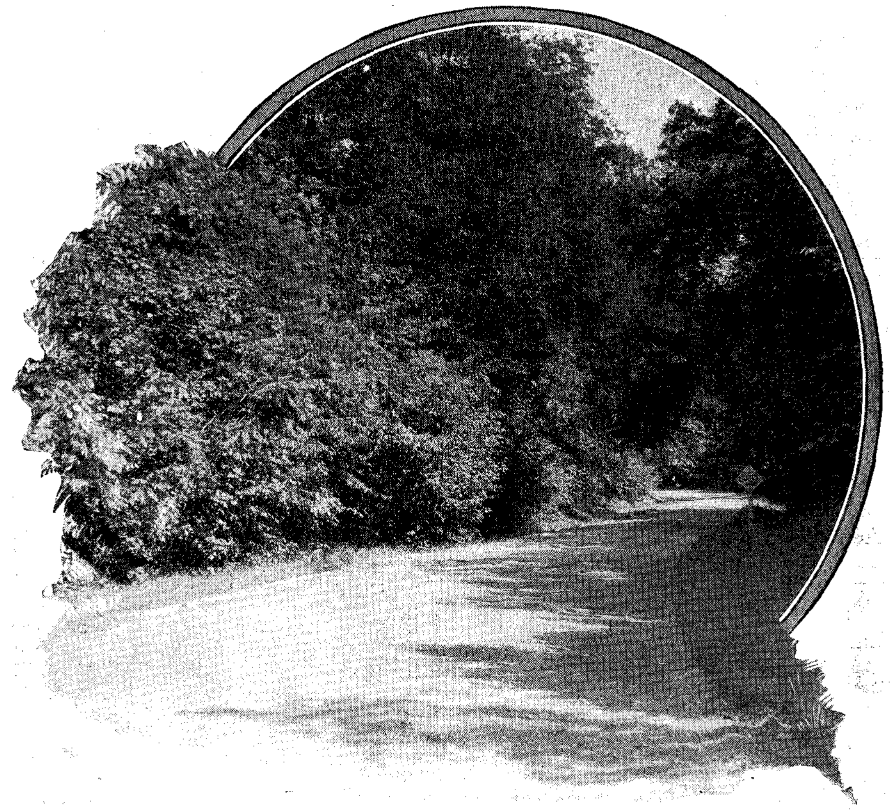
April 24.—Twenty-three women and children marooned in one house at Winterville, Mississippi, are reported drowned. All persons in the delta below Greenville and Vicksburg in the path of the oncoming wall of water are warned to get to the levees immediately. Steamboats begin leaving Memphis for the relief of the stricken.

April 25.—In a speech at the twentieth anniversary dinner of the United Press Association in New York, President Coolidge outlines the policy of the United States in Central America and China, predicts an agreement with Mexico over the oil and land questions, and says that the United States will not embark upon a program of military aggrandizement.

Six more towns in Arkansas are inundated by flood, and the overflow of the Mississippi covers many more thousands of acres in Mississippi and Louisiana.

April 26.—Gov. O. H. Simpson of Louisiana decides to cut the Mississippi levee below New Orleans in order to save that and other cities. A total of 6,000,000 acres is now under water, with the flood still rising.

Lieut.-Com. Noel Davis and Lieut. S. H. Wooster are killed when the biplane *American Legion*, in which they were to have attempted a non-stop flight between New York and Paris, crashes to earth at Messick, Virginia.



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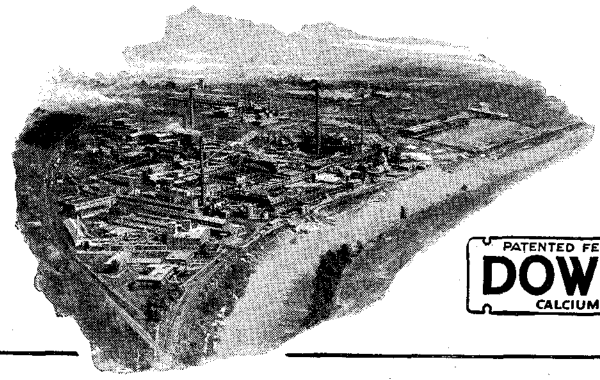

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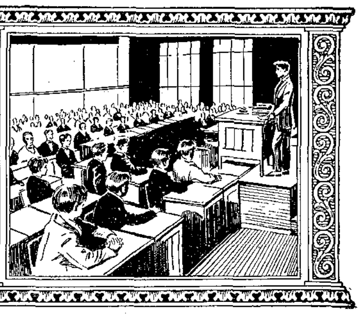

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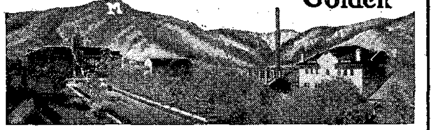

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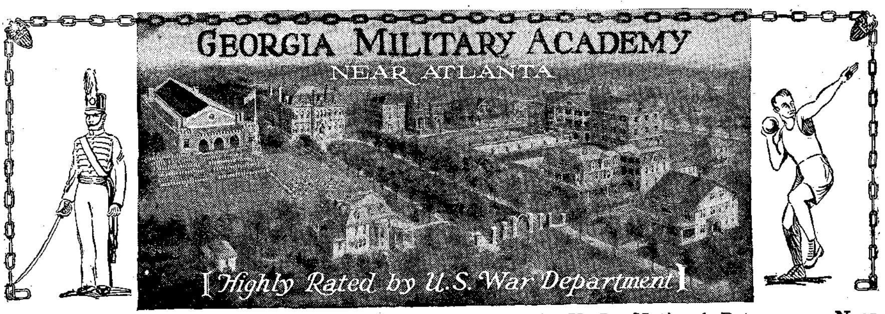

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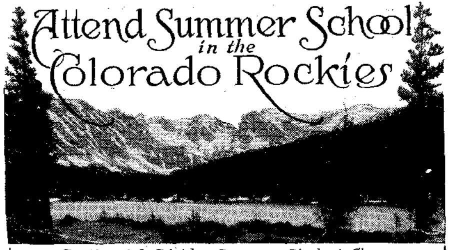

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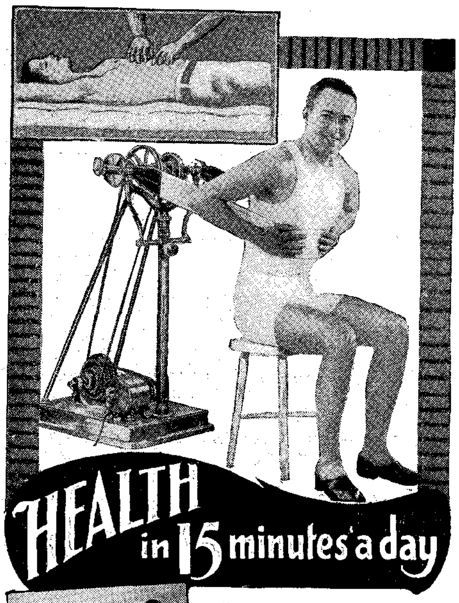

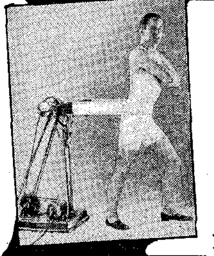

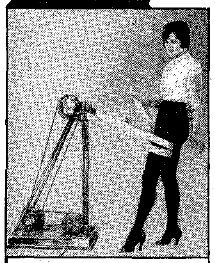

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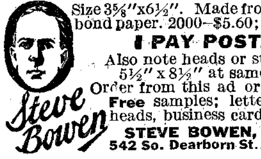

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